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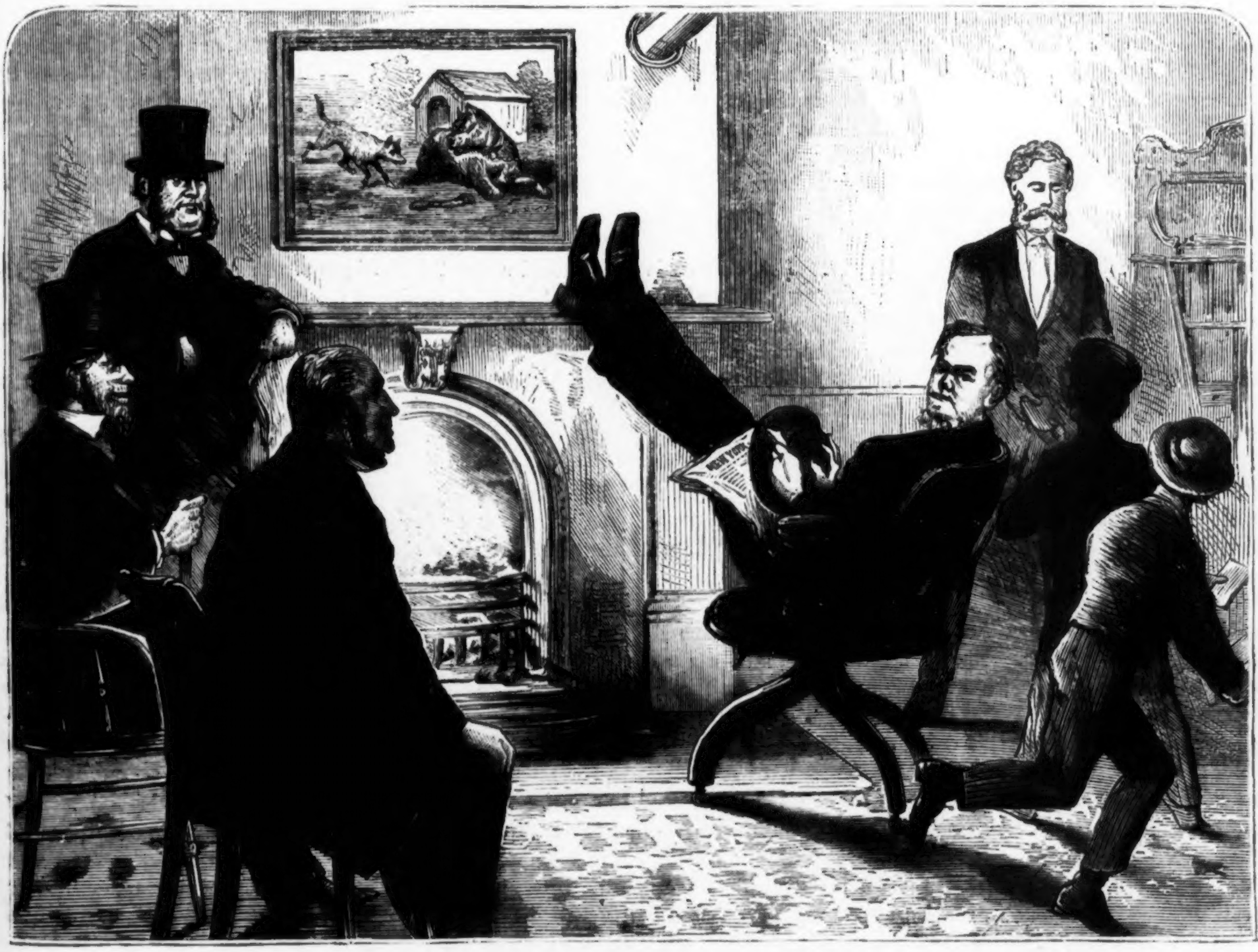
THE CAREER OF A GREAT SPECULATOR.

BY RICHARD B. KIMBALL, LL.D., AUTHOR OF "WAS HE SUCCESSFUL?"

IT IS the restless people who make a nation great. Whatever may be said of the virtues of a contented spirit, and the duty of being satisfied with the lot in which Providence has placed us, it is an undeniable fact that it is the restless and the non-contents who serve to build up and advance the prosperity of a country. The man who is tortured by the idea that other regions exist outside the limits of what is absolutely known can get no rest for his soul till he has adventured in search of them, and thereby adds a new world for man's industry and enterprise to occupy. The teeming brain of the inventor finds no slumber while pregnant with the thick brood of ideas which are to revolutionize the modes of labor and material, while furnishing new appliances for both.

From the time that Abraham, the first explorer of whom we have any record—left his country, his kindred and his father's house, and went forth into the land of Canaan, through the long list of great names of ancient and modern history, down to the most recent of African explorers and of Arctic navigators, there stands forth the fact that we are indebted for the world's progress to the RESTLESS ones of the earth.

And so in detail. The farmer leaves his cultivated lands and goes westward to break up and subdue new territory. The young man who has achieved the ownership of a ferryboat becomes discontented with his small craft, until, by an untiring energy, he controls the navigation of large watercourses. Not content with that, he devises



DANIEL DREW SELLING FIFTY THOUSAND SHARES OF ERIE, SELLER'S OPTION, ONE YEAR, DURING THE SPECULATION OF 1872.

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new lines of railways and new combinations, till he gets possession of great thoroughfares of travel and transportation. A young shopkeeper in a very small way, by his tireless activity builds palaces which he fills with merchandise, and defies the competition of the metropolis and of the whole country. At an earlier period, another man with a restless spirit came among us from a foreign land, learned our language, and, penetrating beyond the extreme confines of civilization, opened up a great fur trade, by which he laid the foundation of a fortune so colossal that it has scarcely any parallel in history.

All these were restless, agitated spirits, which nothing could quiet, nothing satisfy, nothing control.

These same men probably (unlike great navigators, and great explorers, and great inventors) had no thought save to serve themselves and their interests; but their interests were connected with the public service, and their strivings and their rivalries and their labors served all the while to benefit mankind. A new steamboat route, a new line of railway, a new ocean course, while it enriched the restless agitator of new enterprises, served for the public benefit. Indeed, it seems to be the general dispensation that the work of selfish people in their greed shall in the main inure to the good of humanity. They harness themselves to the car of Progress, and if they fall in the traces, there are others who take their place.

There is, however, a restlessness and a vigor untiring, which never sleeps, but is always on the alert, which claims a class of men as its slaves, compelling them to work laboriously and wearily, day by day, without intermission or the hope of intermission, with no respite of the Sabbath as a day of rest, and with scarcely a thought of cheerful recreation. This restlessness and vigor untiring may be termed the Demon of Speculation, and its slave, in general phrase, may be termed a Speculator.

A speculator, in the ordinary sense, is one who purchases something in the hope of selling it at an advance; but the reader who, in his simplicity, adopts this as the full meaning of the word, will be greatly mistaken. In common parlance, there is the speculator for a fall, as well as the speculator for a rise, but whichever way he works, he can by no possibility serve any useful purpose. He may enrich or impoverish himself, but he does nothing whatever to advance the interests of a community. His circuit is large. He has the area of the soil, all the products which we call merchandise, and the entire list of the stock market for his field of operations. He is active, untiring, in fact sleepless, in his labors; but in all that he does, and he does a great deal, he accomplishes nothing for humanity, nothing to aid the race.

A very few years ago, the ordinary observer, passing down Broad Street from Wall, in the neighborhood of Exchange Place, in business hours, would have seen, somewhere in that vicinity, a common hack with a pair of horses attached.

The driver would seem to be the idlest of men. He never sought a fare, and appeared to be unconcerned whether he ever got one. This is what the casual observer would arrive at. There were knowing ones of the Stock Exchange who watched the hack and its rounds from place to place, as a mariner would look after his compass. It might stop five minutes on a certain corner, or it might stop one hour, but wherever it stopped and howsoever long, a strange interest appeared to settle about its movements. Whoever had any curiosity about it might be satisfied if he waited long enough, for after a while, a tall, gaunt, square-faced man, with high cheek-bones, would appear; a man slightly bowed in stature, and with keen gray eyes, which shone like Bessemer steel; a man whose countenance, once seen, it would not be easy to forget. This man would enter the carriage and be driven to another locality, not far away; but to whatever locality, his movements were watched with eager expectation, as if large money interests depended on them; and so they did, for the tall, gaunt, square-faced man, with high cheekbones and Bessemer-steel eyes, was Daniel Drew, who held in the hollow of his hand the fortunes of many a stock, and, in consequence, the fortunes of innumerable large and petty dealers therein.

The recent demise of this, in many ways, remarkable man, affords not only a proper opportunity to refer to the main points of his career, but also to make some observations on the business which occupied him in the latter part of it.

For more than forty years he was a prominent figure in affairs in the City of New York, consorting with or opposing the giants of unrest who aided its progress, while engaged in furthering their own profit.

Daniel Drew was born in the little town of Carmel, in Putnam County, a scraggy, mountainous spot near the Highlands of the Hudson, in the year 1797, and he died in the City of New York on the 18th of September, 1879, in his eighty-third year. Even to this day, the place of his birth is in a wild and not greatly frequented region. As you drive over the hills of Putnam County, leaving the more frequented roads and following wilder paths away from the main course of travel, it is difficult to make yourself believe that you are within a few miles of our great metropolis. If such is the aspect at the present day, what must it have been at the commencement of the century, when the country was sparsely settled and New York contained but 60,000 inhabitants?

What opportunity was there for a lad among those bleak hills, with small chance even for the commonest school education, to fight his way into notice and into large and successful achievement? The boy was awkward and ungainly, but bright, apt and ready, full of pluck, energy, spirit and restlessness. There was no contentment in his nature; no satisfaction in a quiet, laborious work on the little farm at home. Not that the boy objected to work—on the contrary, he was all work—but he was not content with a routine which promised so little return.

He had a great deal of genuine romance in his composition. The first evidence we have of it, is his hiring himself out to do garrison duty in place of a drafted soldier, in 1813. This was when he was sixteen years old, and since there is no record to the contrary, it is fair to presume the duty was faithfully performed.

His next occupation was still more picturesque. It seems in one of his excursions to the banks of the Hudson, a short distance from his home, the advertisement of what was called a traveling caravan attracted his attention, and he resolved to attend the "show." We are not informed how he mustered the twelve-and-a-half cents for his admission. Doubtless his natural thrift had led him to put a few shillings by.

The scene on the arrival of the caravan was suited to his ardent nature. He at once made acquaintance with the leading spirits of the enterprise, which resulted in an engagement. The occupation was not particularly beneficial to the morals of the youth, but it gave him an opportunity to see the world and life as it existed outside the locality of his rude home among the hills. It sharpened his wits; it gave him, young as he was, a certain experience of men and things; and if there was anything over-credulous or trustful in his nature, it certainly put these qualities speedily to flight.

The period succeeding the close of the war of 1812 was marked by great financial distress over the land, and, as is the consequence always of pecuniary revulsions, a greatly increased attention was paid to the subject of religion all through the country. There were many revivals, and prominently in the Methodist Church, in which creed Daniel had been nurtured. The influence reached everywhere, and our traveling caravan soon came within its scope. There could have been no more fruitful field—a lot of young fellows, full of a wild impulse, in no sense bad, beyond the unhappy tendency of our mortal nature, generous in a way, with a certain rollicking enthusiasm which constant change and a free life gives.

It was on this occasion that young Daniel Drew had forcibly recalled to him the lessons which a pious mother early instilled in his youthful mind, and he fell most powerfully "under conviction." In eloquent terms (for when is the plaint of the heart not eloquent?) he gave frequent accounts in the inquiry meetings of the strong workings of the inner man. It does not appear that he then felt he had reached "saving grace." On the contrary, it would seem that he did not claim to have done so. But he had received a moral shock, and it was enough to make him quit the caravan, with all its fascinations, as well as the largely increased pay which was offered him.

The boy could not go back to the farm. He did not consider himself converted. He refused to become a preacher. His genius haunted and hunted him. There was no chance for enterprise in his section, save one—New York had grown since he was born; it was fast becoming a metropolis. It had to be fed, and food meant, in a large degree, beef. Whatever the uncultivated lands back of the Hudson could *not* bring forth, there were grazing lands there, and cattle were abundant. Daniel Drew, though not really converted, yet with his mother's teachings thick in his heart, decided to become a DROVER, and in that capacity to venture himself, at the age of nineteen, against the shrewd ones of what was already known as "Bull's Head."

Figure an uncouth boy, with some rough helpers, behind a drove of cattle, taking his chance on that market! There were plenty of people to chaff him; but somehow it turned out he was posted—knew more than any who came about him, and disposed of his stock exactly at the top of the market.

By-and-by, the youth of nineteen, after a period of successful traffic, had possession of the Bull's Head Tavern, and actually kept the house for a period of six or seven years. It was situated on the corner of Twenty-fourth Street and Third Avenue. There are many of our New York readers who perfectly recall the great cattle-mart at that famous corner. It is now about twenty-five years since the mart was changed. Daniel Drew came there as the proprietor of the place in 1820. The spot was estimated at a trifle over two miles from New York. At that time there was a milestone on the corner of Houston Street and Broadway, marked "1 Mile to New York."

At the time when Drew was in possession, the tavern had an entirely country appearance. His sign-board swung from a post standing at the corner of the street, and under it hung the dinner-bell with a rope attached. General Gates's mansion stood behind a cluster of fruit-trees opposite. Apple Jack, sweet cider and brandy-and-water were the staple drinks passed over the bar, and dispensed at 6¼ cents per glass.

It was here that Daniel, at the age of twenty-three, commenced his important accumulations. His ownership of the tavern largely aided him in his cattle business. He bought from adjacent counties, and, carefully extending his operations, he came at last to penetrate into Pennsylvania, thence to Ohio and other States of what was then the "Far West." He personally drove, with his assistants, the first herd of cattle—2,000 in number—over the Alleghanies. The journey lasted two months. The cattle reached New York in good condition, and the profit was very large.

This particular enterprise proves that Mr. Drew had already accumulated a handsome property, for it must have required $25,000 in cash to have carried it through.

We ought to have stated that about the time he took up the business of drover, he attended a second revival meeting in the Methodist Church at Carmel, where he was converted, and on that occasion he united with the church, and continued a member in regular standing to the day of his death. It does not appear, however, that his religious convictions had the effect to render him specially scrupulous in his cattle transactions, or to make his conduct different from that of those with whom he associated when keeping the "Bull's Head." All that time, however, his expressed convictions of religious truth were strong, and these certainly had the power to preserve him from overt acts of dissipation or immorality. He married at twenty-three, very happily, and his home-life thereafter runs like a golden thread through his entire career.

After seven years of remarkable activity at the "Bull's Head," and when about thirty years old, Mr. Drew's occupation, lucrative as it was, no longer satisfied him. He had amassed what was then called a handsome fortune, and his genius and energy sought a new field for development.

What seems to be accident, gave it its direction. The navigation of the Hudson River by steamboats had become a profitable business, which was rapidly increasing. The old Hudson River Association had placed many fine boats upon their line. There were smaller boats which, from time to time, appeared in opposition, only to be bought off, while other lines were established for partial distances between New York and Albany.

It happened about this time that a river steamer called the *General Jackson* belonged to Jacob Vanderbilt, brother of Cornelius. This boat was running between New York and Peekskill, and it blew up. A friend of Mr. Drew considered this a good opportunity for putting on a boat to occupy the place of the exploded one. Little respect seems to have been paid to the rights or misfortunes of the owner of the ruined craft. This friend was the owner of a steamer called the *Water Witch*. He persuaded Drew to invest some money in the enterprise. The newcomers soon discovered that they were not to have things altogether in their own way. Mr. Drew found himself immediately confronted by a man whose affairs it was not safe to interfere with or intrude upon. This man was Cornelius Vanderbilt, whose brother Jacob's boat had been destroyed. Cornelius was fast monopolizing the river trade, and he took quick steps to retaliate on the trespassers. He built a new, swift boat, called the *Cinderella*, and ran it in opposition to the *Water Witch*. A great deal of feeling was developed on both sides, and especially between the rivals principally interested.

The fare was reduced alternately by one side and the other, until it reached a shilling! Indeed, the story goes, that on one occasion a proclamation was made by Drew that he would take passengers for nothing, and give them a good supper. It is said that the *Water Witch* lost over ten thousand dollars that season, a large sum for a small boat on a way route. The fortunes of the *Cinderella* must have been equally disastrous.

Vanderbilt and Drew were in the habit of meeting almost daily on the dock, when the former would indulge

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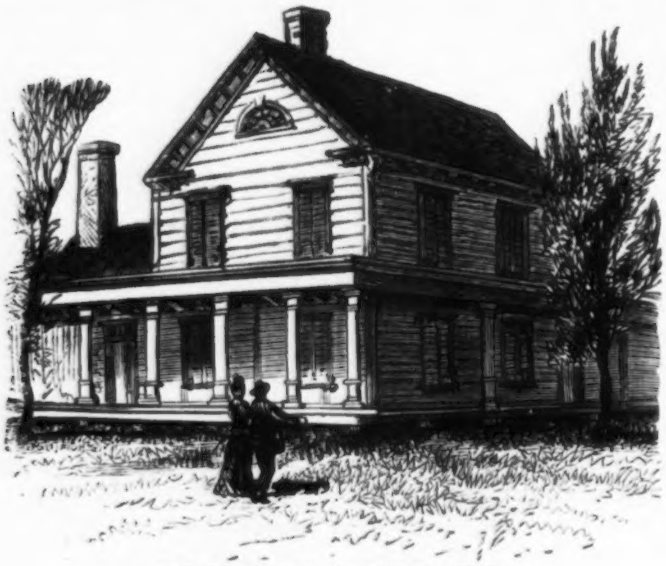
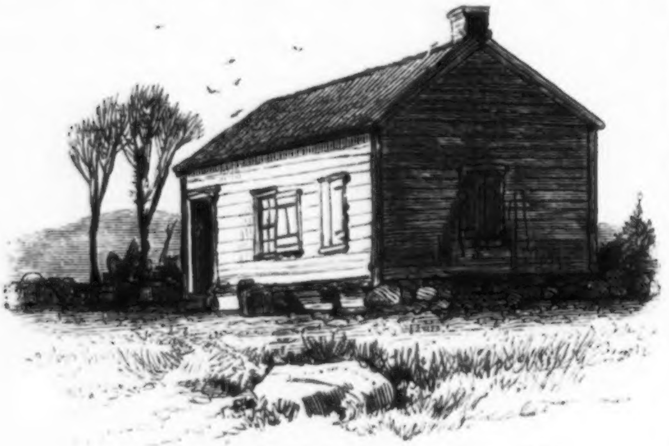


OLD HOMESTEAD OF DANIEL DREW.

his humor by chaffing his opponent in every conceivable way. He would tell Drew that he knew a great deal more about cattle than river business, and that while he could run a tavern first-rate, he would find it a very different thing to run steamboats. Then again, he would assume a serious air and advise Drew, as a friend, to give up a business that he knew nothing about, and in which he was sure to lose all his money.

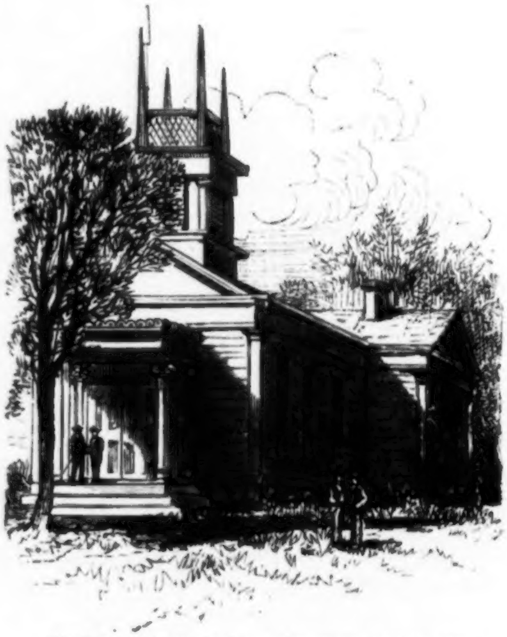


OLD SCHOOLHOUSE ATTENDED BY DANIEL DREW.

Vanderbilt could not have taken a course better calculated to strengthen Drew's tenacity of purpose in going on with what he had begun. He did more than go on. He carried the war into Africa. He built a fast boat called the *Westchester*, to run against the Hudson River Line from New York to Albany. The *De Witt Clinton* and the *Swallow* were then the night boats of that line, and were very fine ones for the period. The *Westchester* was not so large, but she was faster than the *De Witt Clinton*, and nearly a match for the *Swallow*, then the fastest boat on the river.

The writer recalls perfectly, when a youth, standing on the deck of the *De Witt Clinton*, and seeing, with intense chagrin, the *Westchester* pass her early in the evening. After this, Drew purchased the *Rochester*, a remarkably fine boat, which could successfully compete with the *Swallow* in speed, and, indeed, was the faster boat of the two. This was the germ of the famous "People's Line," since so celebrated in the navigation of the Hudson. Mr. Drew soon put on a third boat, and for a long time the fare between Albany and New York was one dollar, till at last the Hudson River Line gave in—or, in other words, sold out—to Drew, who immediately restored the fare to three dollars. It was then that Drew formed his co-partnership with Isaac Newton, a famous steamboat man of New York, who was the owner of two first-class steamers—the *North America* and the *South America;* and thereupon was organized, with the boats of Drew and Newton, the "People's Line," which company inaugurated, built and set afloat those magnificent floating palaces which have become the wonder of the world, making the watercourse of the Hudson famous with travelers for all time.

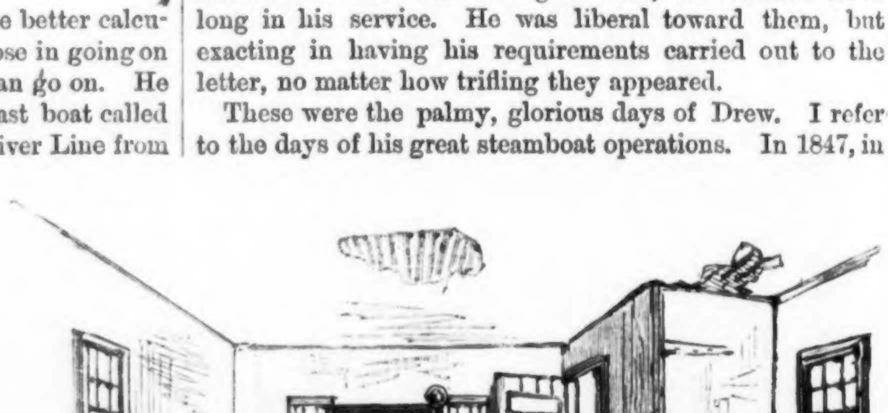
The first of these was the *Isaac Newton;* then followed the *New World*, the *St. John*, the *Daniel Drew*, the *Dean Richmond*, and the famous *Drew*. These last two boats cost $800,000 apiece; and when the *Isaac Newton* and *New World* were refitted with new engines and furniture, there was expended $300,000 more in the work.



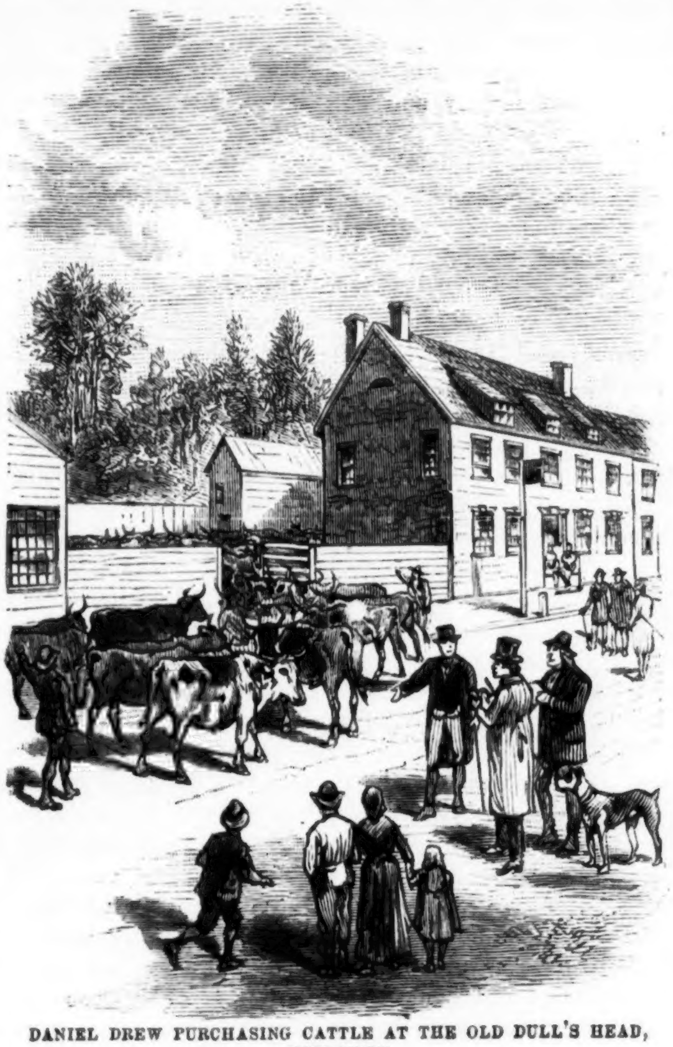
CHURCH, NEAR OLD HOMESTEAD, BUILT BY DANIEL DREW.

That these boats should have held for so long a period undisputed sway on the Hudson was owing, not so much to their magnificent appointments, as to the perfect discipline which attended their management. This was due to Mr. Drew, who was the ruling spirit of the line. He chose his subordinates with great care, and retained them long in his service. He was liberal toward them, but exacting in having his requirements carried out to the letter, no matter how trifling they appeared.

These were the palmy, glorious days of Drew. I refer to the days of his great steamboat operations. In 1847, in



THE SCHOOLROOM WHERE DANIEL DREW RECEIVED HIS EDUCATION.



DANIEL DREW PURCHASING CATTLE AT THE OLD BULL'S HEAD, NEW YORK.

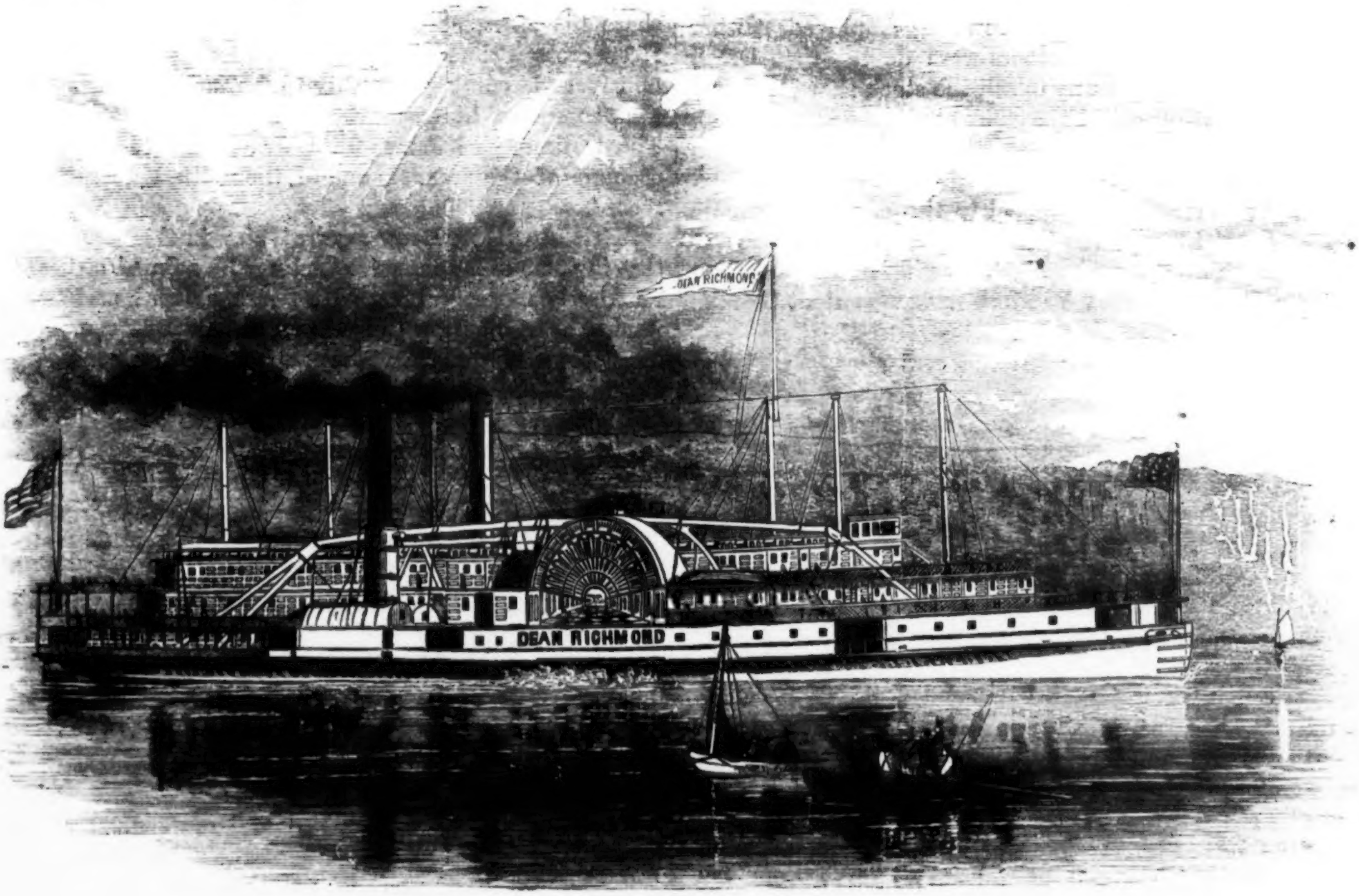
conjunction with George Law, he established a line of steamers from New York to Stonington to run in connection with the railroad from there to Boston. It was entirely successful. Later, he, in conjunction with his old rival, Vanderbilt, secured a controlling interest in the stock, and thus the Stonington Line was firmly established.

In all his steamboat affairs Drew seemed never to make mistakes. In fact, no man ever lived in this country who more thoroughly understood the business, comprehending all its needs and requirements. In this he was the superior of Vanderbilt. The latter was fond of putting on cheap boats—Drew believed in building good ones. In "steamboating," it was Drew who went for permanent work, Vanderbilt for change. How these men afterward occupied reversed positions, we will see by-and-by.

Drew had now become so rich—counting his fortune by millions—that he decided to start a banking business in the City of New York. He was fortunate in the selection of his partners, and for many years the house of Drew, Robinson & Co. was among the most solid and successful in Wall Street. It continued about fifteen years, and was terminated by the death of one partner and the retiring of others. All the members of the firm accumulated fortunes.

While at the head of that firm, Mr. Drew got to be a large operator in stocks of various descriptions, and to gradually lose sight of his other enterprises, until the whole force of his nature appeared to be absorbed in the fluctuations of the Stock Board.

We approach now what should be termed the miserable and unhappy period of Daniel Drew's career. We do not mean to say that he was miserable and unhappy in it, but that the period when he gave himself up to mere stock-gambling, without the least thought of connecting anything he did with any laudable enterprise whatever, was a miserable and unhappy termination of a famous beginning. It is a melancholy picture which is afforded by the man whom we saw at sixteen bearing a musket on garrison duty, doing hearty work in a traveling caravan, driving cattle to market from his native hills, conducting



THE "DEAN RICHMOND."

immense droves over the Alleghanies, establishing lines of steamboats such as the world never saw—I say it is a melancholy picture, the one now to be presented, of this man, before so finely energetic and so largely and so usefully employed.

By degrees, after the establishment of his banking-house, he gradually worked into all kinds of stock operations, in which he was almost always successful, and when the house dissolved he gave himself entirely to the "Street."

The history of his connection with various railway stocks (for it was in these he operated) and the manipulations resorted to for putting them up and sending them down, would literally fill volumes. He dealt in all these stocks purely as a speculator. He never bought to hold. He no longer had ambition to control any lines of travel. He cared for no permanent ownership of any of them. He had no thought for the good of what was almost his native city; no heed for the interests of transportation routes which might benefit New York, or for the opening of new territory whose trade might enrich it. When considerably past middle life, he entered the area of bulls and bears, the to take his chance in an occupation where to be scrupulous was to be a failure.

In these stock speculations Mr. Drew was very often pitted against his old rival, Vanderbilt. The difference now between the two was this: Vanderbilt was endeavoring to build up, extend and own, permanently, a mighty railway property; Drew was seeking simply to get money by playing fast and loose with the stocks he controlled or thought he controlled. When these two men adventured into each other's territory, the smaller fry of the Street were in desperate danger. For each had his partisans, but woe to the partisans who trusted to "points" received from either.

Vanderbilt had taken up the Harlem road when the value of the stock was little more than nominal, determining to become the proprietor of both the lines known as the Harlem and the Hudson River Railroads. The matter was so well managed—many brokers being employed, neither of whom knew what the others were doing—that Drew, who undertook persistently to sell the stock short, was cornered. Vanderbilt called the stock at about 280! In fact, Drew was completely at the mercy of his opponent. On this occasion he undertook to raise the cry of "conspiracy," and threaten an appeal to the courts. The two met. "Daniel," said the Commodore, "don't go for to plead the baby act, anyhow. Come up like a man, and settle." It is said that Vanderbilt was content to take $250,000 and let "Daniel" off.

But the fortune of war did not rest always with the former. Drew for many years had absolute mastery of "Erie," a line for passenger and merchandise traffic in direct rivalry with Vanderbilt's routes. Drew had played a very bold and hazardous game in the manipulation of the stock, till Vanderbilt by degrees, and in a manner the most cautious and skillful, had again caught Drew "short." The secret was communicated to two or three of the Commodore's confidential friends (his associates at the club in his evening game of whist), so that they might take advantage of the state of things. The trap was set, "Uncle Daniel's" foot was in it, and Vanderbilt had only to decide on the auspicious moment for springing it.

With all his control of the Erie Company, Drew could not legally create a new issue of stock; but it happened, under its charter, that the Company had a right to redeem any of its bonds by the issue of fresh stock—dollar for dollar. What did Uncle Daniel do? He caused the Company to vote the creation of a large amount of bonds for certain legitimate purposes of the road (as it could do legally), and then purchasing the bonds, they were immediately surrendered to the Company and shares issued in their place. These were tendered to the Commodore in answer to his call.

It was on this occasion the agonizing cry was raised in the Street, "The bottom has fallen out of Erie!" and the bulls went frantically about, seeking how best to respond in cash for stock they supposed Uncle Daniel could not deliver.

It was now Vanderbilt's turn to cry "conspiracy," and threaten appeal to the courts. He suffered immensely, and the intimate friends who had gotten the "point" got more than they bargained for, and were very heavy losers. The smaller fry went by the board altogether.

It was in his manipulations of Erie that Drew was most successful in money-getting. He carried the Company in his pocket. His trade with its fortunes was a winning one, because he completely controlled those fortunes; and to bet against him was to bet against a certainty. He loaned the Company at times immense sums of money, always well secured. On one occasion he made a loan to it of a million and a half of dollars. He could put the stock up and he could let it down at his pleasure, by loaning or withholding money. Once he sent the stock up from 10 to 40, and raked two million dollars cash out of the operation.

The desperate fight in which Vanderbilt engaged against Drew, Fisk and Gould in the matter of this same Erie, will not soon be forgotten in the annals of the Stock Exchange. The three fled from New York to Jersey City with the books and papers of the Company in their possession, in order to avoid the service of an injunction and other process. They continued for a while in a state of siege, the newspapers being filled from day to day with details and anecdotes of what was passing on both sides.

This species of banishment chafed Uncle Daniel particularly. Things began to look squally. His more youthful companions took matters easier, and did not appear to share his apprehensions. The result was that one night Drew crossed the river, proceeded directly to Vanderbilt's house, and, coming speedily to an understanding with him, compelled his associates to accede to the compromise. The testimony of James Fisk, Jr., in which he gives an account of the scene, is one of the wittiest narratives on record.

A friend of Mr. Drew says of him in this connection, that in some of his monster dealings he seemed at times to be utterly unscrupulous. He was a skillful architect of panics, knowing how to trade on financial fear or apprehension. Through a wilderness of wrinkles, as he grew old, his keen gray eyes twinkled with the vitality of one-and-twenty. He was always on the alert. No "job" was too small for his notice; no operation too large for his grasp.

It is impossible to follow his career through all his great and sometimes marvelous stock and bond operations—now with a "solid," then with a "fancy"; now with a "trunk," then with an insignificant "side" line of railway. He was a perfect master of the art of how to be long and short of stocks at the same time—a very difficult performance, called in the parlance of the Street "straddling." For more than thirty years he "beared" the market, and accumulated an immense fortune. In fact, he was the feature of the Street.

There came at last a period when Drew's good fortune began to forsake him. The life of the speculator is: Self against the World; and, in the long run, the world is more than a match for the speculator, and he must finally succumb. When he does succumb, there is no one to mourn for him. There is nothing remaining of a bold, venturous, selfish and unscrupulous career beyond the jests and the quips and the tales (often invented) told by the heartless and reckless survivors.

A time had come when Drew began to feel the presence around him of men younger, more active, more vigorous, and, possibly, more unscrupulous than he. He doubtless believed, by reason of his larger experience, that he could circumvent these newcomers, and still hold the field.

He was mistaken. In the effort made by him to manipulate "Toledo & Wabash"—one of his favorite stocks—he lost half a million. Twice that sum was sunk in an attempt to "corner" "Northwestern." As his losses increased, his caution seemed to desert him. He took almost altogether to the "fancies." He delighted in "cliques," and "corners," in "puts" and "calls." Various complications involved him in heavy lawsuits; so that his daily life for years was one of struggle and turmoil, until 1876, when he went into voluntary bankruptcy.

His troubles did not end here. He was pestered by some of his creditors, who instituted inquisitorial proceedings touching the disposition or loss of his large wealth. His answers on the occasion revealed a singular state of things. He kept no books; his transactions he carried in his head, except so far as his brokers had account of them. The "boys" had got his money—that was all.

At the age of eighty, here was the result of his long career of "operating" in Wall Street. Prominent as he had been, and as he continued to be till he failed to "come to time" on his contracts, just so soon as he did fail, he was lost sight of by the wild beasts of the arena, and exists only as a memory there.

We have alluded to the position Mr. Drew held in the Methodist Church. He kept up his interest in it zealously, and showed his sincerity by a liberality consistently maintained throughout his life. He was a trustee of the Mulberry Street Church, in New York. He built a handsome church near his country home, and endowed it with $1,000 a year. He established the Drew Seminary in New Jersey, at an expense of $250,000. He was a trustee in numerous benevolent institutions, where he gave liberally, including the Wesleyan University, the Concord Biblical Institute, and the Troy University. As before stated, he was very happy in his family relations.

There has been a great deal of jesting and low witticism expended on the subject of Mr. Drew's "piety"—these mainly from persons who not only lay no claim to "piety" themselves, but who find amusement in jokes at the expense of those who do. There really is nothing out of the common course in Mr. Drew's conduct in this regard, considering the mixed mold of our poor humanity. In short, it is neither inexplicable nor unusual.

Every one of us must be sensible of carrying about with him two distinct natures (deity and devil, we may say): one of which is of the earth, earthy; the other impels us from time to time to look to something higher and purer. These two natures are in antagonism always. In the main, the grosser one, with a large proportion, retains the mastery; but at times the other self asserts sway, and demands acts meet for repentance.

No one can accuse Mr. Drew of being a hypocrite. He was as much the reverse of one as possible. He had strong, self-willed, tenacious and resolute qualities, and there was no room for the hypocrite among them. When he claimed to be a believer, you may be sure he was sincere. When he attended carefully to the requirements of his church, it was because his heart at the time was in the work. Yet he was the most inveterate stock-gambler of his day; scattering at times the Street with the wrecks of ruined hopes and fortunes, without mercy and without pity. He had not experienced sufficient "saving grace" to restrain him from his darling occupation, and so he kept at work at it with all his might. His was the common, every-day example of what is termed the "worldly Christian"; only he was a pronounced character, who entered into no half-way performances, and what he did, he did boldly and without reservation.

If in his operations Mr. Drew was unscrupulous, merciless, without the least commiseration for an opponent, it must be remembered these were also the qualities of the men opposed to him; in fact, they were the rules of the game, and, as he used to say, he simply fought the devil with his own fire. The same moral conditions pervaded the entire crowd of combatants. It was because Drew was smarter than the rest, and outwitted them when they were trying to outwit him, that he came in for so large a share of criticism. He knew too much for his adversaries—that was all.

It is a melancholy spectacle which we have exhibited to the reader, but it is not overdrawn: we mean that of the life of the mere gambler in stocks. It is one thing to go into a well-appointed gaming establishment where you can risk your money fairly, and where you know that there is no plot to cheat, deceive or circumvent you, and a very different and much more dangerous thing to embark on the waves of the Wall Street sea, exposed to its rocks and breakers, its shoals and quicksands, where you can hear only the gibberish of "long" and "short," of "straddles" and "margins," of "corners" and "pools," of "puts" and "calls"; where to be cunning and sharp, and keen and cute, are the most necessary and therefore the most commendable qualities, and which must be exercised on all occasions without scruple and without remorse.

What might have been Mr. Drew's career had he continued to devote his genius and his energies to the legitimate enterprises of the day, instead of embarking on this unhappy sea, it is almost impossible to calculate. No one in the land could have exceeded him in such a course, and he would have built up a monument for himself to last for generations.

It will not be uninteresting to add that the last two or three years of Mr. Drew's life were spent peacefully in his family. He enjoyed conversing with his old friends, and could be frequently seen seated in some one of our first-class hotels, apparently relishing the society of his acquaintances.

He retained his physical vigor and his faculties till the last. His death was sudden, and attended with little or no suffering.

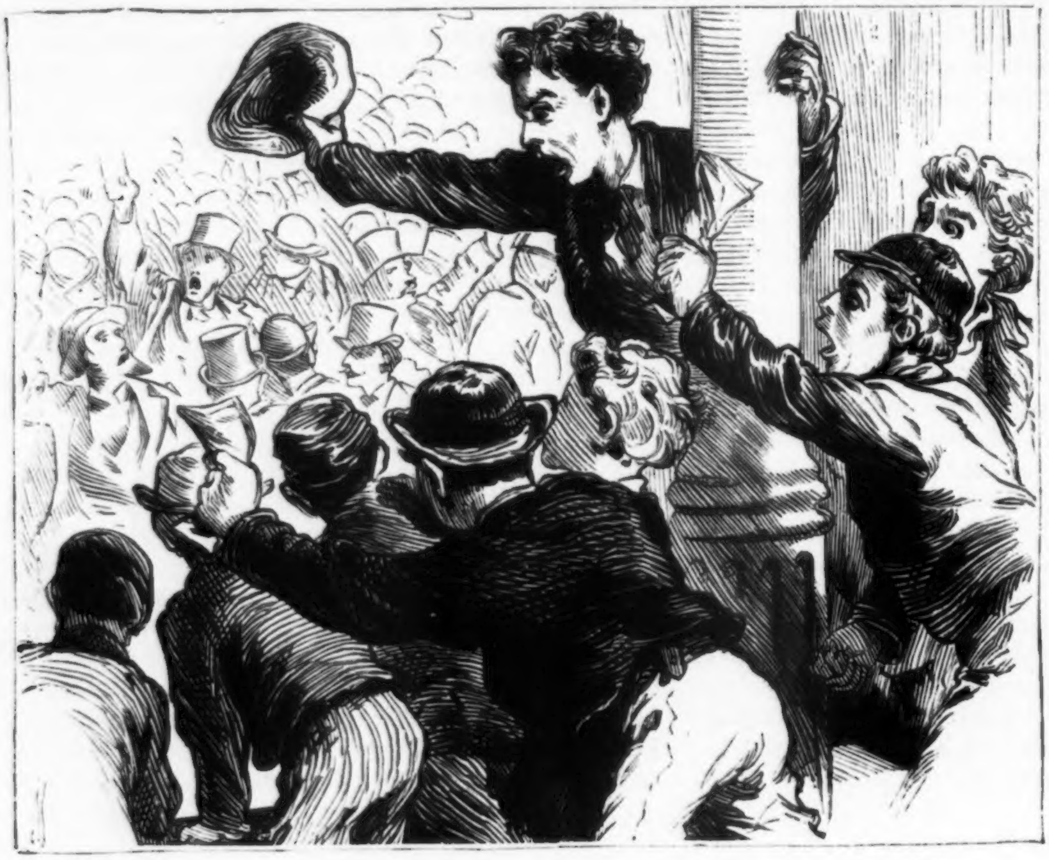
ONLY JUST SAVED.

Willie Stansfield was clerk in a London and Indian bank. He was an orphan, and had but one or two distant relatives. Mr. Manley, a life-long friend of his father, had procured him his present appointment in the bank, of which he, Mr. Manley, was a director; and Mr. Turner had known him from boyhood, and counselled him on all important matters.

"Willie," said the latter, "what is this whisper which reaches me that something more than a kind feeling has arisen up between you and Laura Manley?"

"There may be people in the world so clever that they have penetrated both into Miss Manley's heart and my heart, and there discovered a secret," he answered; "but that

XUM



CROWDED STOCK EXCHANGE DURING ONE OF DREW'S SPECULATIONS.— SEE PAGE 641.

any person ever saw the smallest outward manifestation of affection between us, I most positively deny. You will see in a moment, Mr. Turner, how awkwardly I have been placed. I confess it at once, I am strongly attached to Miss Manley, and I do not think I am uncared for by her; but what an outrageous thing for me to entertain the smallest hope of any useful result! Here is Mr. Manley, who was my father's friend, and has been mine, no doubt. He is a man of great wealth, and of high position and influence. He has only one child, Laura. How do you think he is likely to view any advances toward her by his humble *protégé*—the clerk in the bank at a hundred and fifty pounds a year?"

"Do you imagine Mr. Manley has any suspicion of this matter?"

"No; he cannot have the slightest."

"I fancy he has."

"Mr. Turner, look here: I am doing all I can to induce the bank to give me an appointment just vacant in India. My application is to come before the directors to-morrow. Mr. Manley, as you know, has been in the country for months. I have written to him, begging him to support my request; if he does, it is sure to be granted, but——"

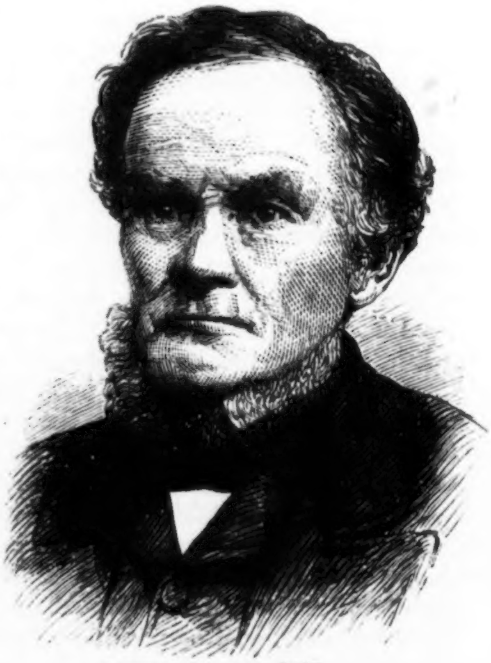
"Well, why do you hesitate?"

"Why, though Mr. Manley is my very kind friend, he is such an odd-tempered, impulsive man, that I never can rely upon him in any particular matter. If he should refuse me in this, I shall not hesitate to tell him frankly that it will be a proceeding so inconsiderate, showing such a thorough want of real interest in my welfare—such a complete callousness——"

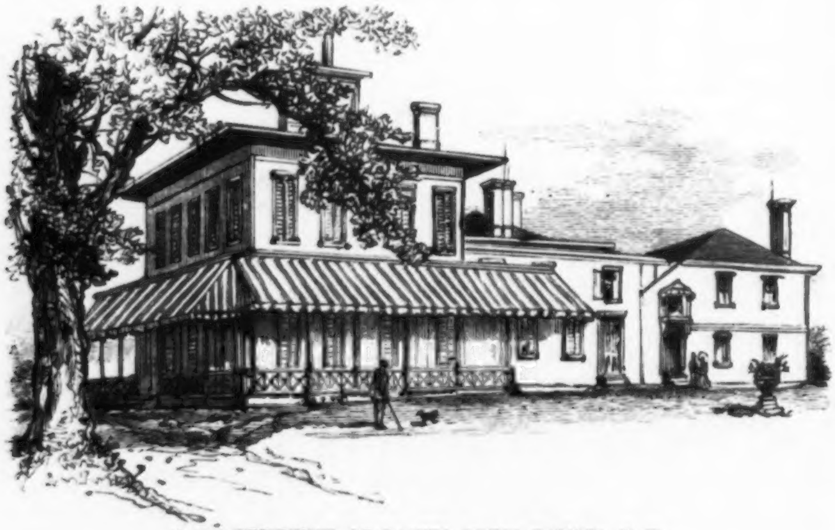
"Mercy on me, Willie—spare me another outburst! Let us await events."

These soon revealed themselves. The speakers were in Willie Stansfield's lodgings when the above conversation took place, and Mr. Turner was leaving, when the postman brought a letter. Stansfield read it, and then flung it into a far corner of the room.

"I thought as much!" he exclaimed, in a fury. "Of course he refuses. Read it, Mr. Turner. Just tell me what you think of that! Mr. Manley pretends to be my friend. He once told me that he assured my father, when he was dying, that he would never lose sight of me. And what does he do? He gets me a trumpery berth in a bank, and invites me now and then to his house; but the moment I ask him a real favor, which would cost him nothing, but which would give me something like a chance in life, he turns away. Oh, I hate such hypocrites! I will write and tell him so."

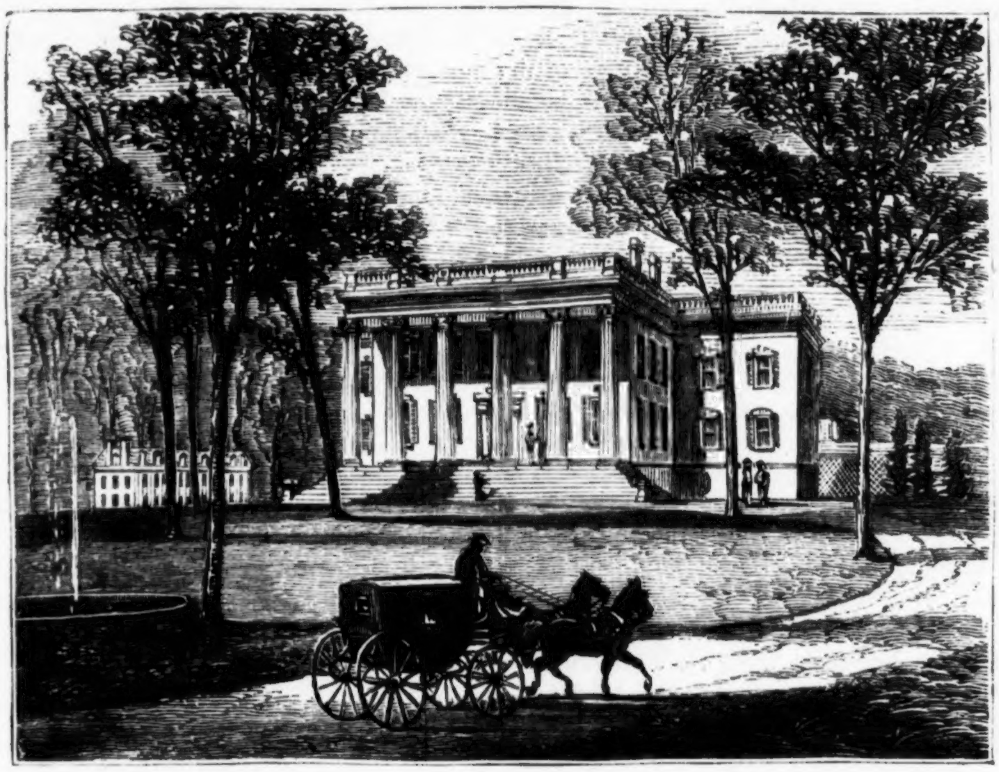


DANIEL DREW IN 1867.



LATE RESIDENCE OF DANIEL DREW, CARMEL, N. Y.

"I wish it had been otherwise," said Mr.



THE DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, MADISON, N. J.

Turner; "and I own I do not altogether understand it," he added, as though some special thought perplexed him; "but, Willie, I cannot hear of your writing Mr. Manley as you propose—it would be both foolish and wrong."

"Maybe, but I shall do it."

"Then you quarrel with me also, Stansfield."

"I shall be very sorry, but my mind is made up."

"So is mine, and if you send this letter you will not see me again for a long time."

And Mr. Turner left. Then the letter was written, and a vastly stupid letter it was, of course. In fact, Willie Stansfield was slightly demented at this time. He saw the secretary of the bank, and spoke in such unmeasured terms, that the secretary plainly told him the board would not improbably think he had better leave the company. That afternoon Stansfield went home in a worse state of mind than ever.

It was two days after this that Mr. Turner, hearing that Mr. Manley had come to London, went to see him at his club. They were well known to each other.

"I am glad to see you, Turner," said Mr. Manley, "more especially because you perhaps can throw some light on the movements of that stupid boy, Stansfield. Where's he run off to?"

"Run off! Really, I don't know. I haven't seen him for a couple of days. In fact, I quarreled with him over a threat of his writing you in what I saw would be a most unjustifiable strain, about you not supporting his wish to be sent to India."

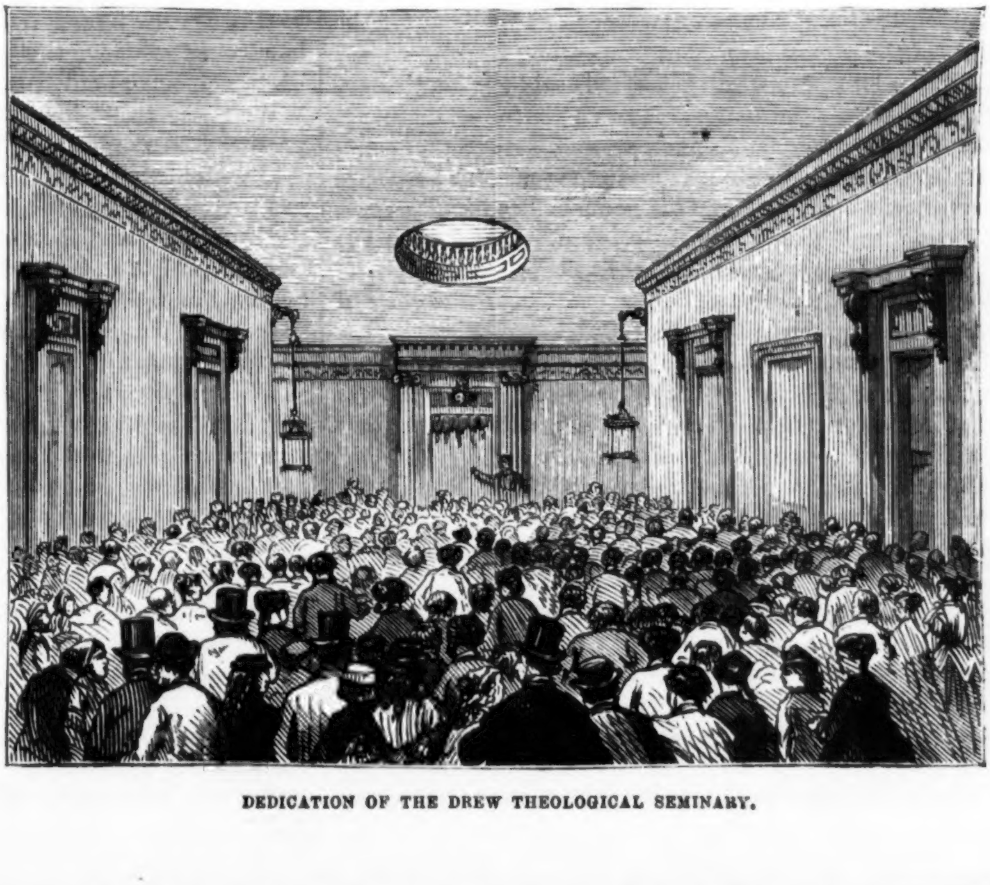
"Unjustifiable! The letter came, sure enough, and was simply abominable. One would think I had done him some deadly injury. 'Master Willie must not go to India,' I said to myself, 'and I will write and tell him so. Yet I must not let him see what is in the background, and which may never go to the front. I must simply decline to aid him, and he will well know I have his interest at heart." But now it's all over," exclaimed the old gentleman, with heightened color and flashing eyes. "He has gone his own way—his own headstrong, foolish way—and he has ruined himself."

"Did I understand you he is not forthcoming?" asked Mr. Turner.

"Just so. He's made off like a scamp—not that he is one, but what will people think? The dreadfully stupid boy, after writing me as he did, must go and downright bully our secretary at the bank, who gave him a hint that harm might come of it. Whereupon, it would appear, the idiot returned to his lodgings, paid his few debts (for he was a thrifty and honorable young blockhead), put his trifling possessions together, and disappeared with them in a cab."

"Truly deplorable. But now the thing is to find this crazed lad. We must take all necessary steps—the police—advertisements ——"

"Not one, so far as I am concerned, Turner. That youth might, in time, have been my son-in-law—rich, blessed with a dear and loving wife—every kind of happiness at his—but no, we are parted. He may be a fool, he may be a madman. To neither will I trust my Laura. My decision is irrevocable; pray, say no more. Willie



DEDICATION OF THE DREW THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Stansfield must do something very praiseworthy indeed, before he returns to my favor."

He thought of these words in many an after-year.

"What a hopeless couple of men to deal with!" soliloquized Mr. Turner, as he wended his way home. "One the impersonation of violent temper, and the other of obstinacy. And so this quarrel, which might so easily be arranged, is to cause ever so much suffering and injury, without any prospect of a termination. It is truly deplorable."

It was; but as to bringing Willie Stansfield back, that was out of the question. He had already started for America.

* * * * * * *

There is something doubly alarming and horrible in those instances of wickedness for which no motive can possibly be assigned. As I, in my mind's eye, five years after the conversation just related, see a human being on whose face is stamped indelibly cruelty of the vilest order, crawling about a railway embankment in the United States, I have a shuddering conviction that some diabolical monstrosity is about to be perpetrated. And so it is. The wretched creature is carrying a huge bar of iron (stolen from some store, I suppose), and with it he slips down the embankment, at the risk of his life, until he reaches the entrance to a tunnel. There, across the rails, he deposits his burden. He is careful so to place it that by no possibility shall the engine of the doomed train, now fast approaching, clear its path of the incumbrance. He chuckles as this assurance strikes him fully. Then he smites the bar a heavy blow with the palm of his hand, and dreadful madness glistens in his coal-black eyes as he mutters, "Fine, fine!"

A minute after, and he is over the embankment again; and half an hour subsequently, when all is confusion and horror and suffering, he quietly tells the story of his deed, and is borne away with loathing to await the time when it shall be pronounced whether he shall be put out of life as a malignant criminal, or be henceforth well housed and cared for as an interesting lunatic of peculiar propensities.

Into that train, now coming on to its fate, there stepped at the terminal station an elderly gentleman and a beautiful girl. They had come to America from England for the benefit of the young lady's not over-strong health.

"What a lot of fog we do get here!" said the gentleman, testily. "We started because it was a charming morning, and now we are in a damp mist, getting darker every moment. A blessed invention, those fog signals, for I am sure the engine-driver cannot see his hand before him."

"Papa," said the young lady, timidly, and with the dreamy air which we associate with the looking back on long-past events, "did you notice a gentleman who entered the train as we were just starting?"

"A young man with brown hair and dark-gray eyes? Yes, Laura; and I thought how wonderfully like he was to that headstrong lad, Willie Stansfield, who will turn up again, I suppose, one of these days."

"Do you think, papa, it could possibly have been he?"

"There is no saying. We always assumed he went abroad. He may be here—may be in this train. I well remember the last words I said to Turner about him, that he must do something very praiseworthy before he could return to my favor. I dare say, like the rest of the world, he is striving and struggling. Laura, this is indeed a wretched day for traveling."

But Laura's thoughts were upon the brown hair and the gray eyes.

"This is the station, Laura, before we come to the long tunnel. On we go again. How we all of us cry out for change! Restless creatures we human beings are! Bah! the idea of my moralizing!" and the hard-headed business man laughed at the notion.

"I don't see anything to laugh at, papa. I feel a little dull, myself, at the moment. Do you know, I fancy I am in a more critical state than you think. I may not live, you know, papa. I *may not.* If I should die, you will not bury me here? You will take me home, and——"

"My Laura, my Laura!" exclaimed her father, drawing her to him and embracing her; "what has come over you? What sudden alarm is this?"

They were alone in the carriage, and the old man's tears dropped unchecked.

"It will pass away, I dare say, papa; but a curious presentiment came over me, and I felt weak. I will talk of other things. I wish this journey were ended, for I am rather frightened at such darkness."

"There is nothing to fear, my girl. This line is admirably worked, and all contingencies are provided for, and——"

No! Not that of a heavy bar lying on the rails, placed there after the last train had been signaled "All right."

CRASH!

The huge engine reared up as if in rage, and fell back on the foremost carriages. The hind part of the train was jerked off the line, the carriages falling around and upon one another in hideous confusion. Only a few of the centre carriages escaped injury. How many passengers were killed I cannot tell you now. In a sense, they were favored above the cruelly wounded, for the summons was immediate, and was immediately obeyed.

Mr. Manley rose from the embankment on to which, by some eccentricity of movement of the falling carriages, he had been thrown. For a minute all was confusion in his mind. Then memory returned. Where was Laura? She remained in that shattered compartment upon which another carriage was partly resting. He could just hear her voice now, crying for her father.

The old man shouted for help, but there were far worse cases, and no help came. A cry then arose that the train on the other line was just due, and the way being blocked by the *débris*, another accident was imminent. A loud wail of despair issued from the poor father, as fruitlessly he strove to remove the great mass of fragments in which his daughter was entombed.

Who was this who, attracted by the doleful cry, approached to render aid?

Mr. Manley did not know at the moment. He simply saw a young and powerful man, and he clutched him by the shoulders, and then even sinking on his knees before him, the old man besought him, by all he held dear, by all his hopes of present and future, to save his child. "Save my Laura, my Laura, sir, and all I have shall be at your command!"

What a start the young man gave! One more close look into the supplicant's face, and then to work. What superhuman force was this which cast aside this huge bar and that immense beam? See how the fragments fly, as though they were but the slight pieces of a child's plaything!

To the right, to the left, the masses roll; the work is more than half done, when the cry arises that the whistle of the unstopped train on the other line is audible. Stand aside! No use working further. Death must have his additional victims. On comes the train.

Only at the last moment did Willie Stansfield succeed in clasping the frame of Laura Manley, and bore it away.

Saved! Who could take her from him now

XUM

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

THE name of Mary Stuart, to judge by the number and ardor of her biographers, as well as by the strange fascination with which it falls upon our own ears, is, and will be, a spell equally potent in all times. But her character has perhaps formed the theme of more controversy, "more diversity of opinion—as well in excess of advocacy as in illiberal reprehension"— than that of any other historical personage, ancient or modern. Yet, be her faults extreme, her weakness unpardonable, we must confess it ever difficult to judge impartially the unfortunate; and, saying nothing about the halo of feminine loveliness, mental and physical, which to a certain degree constantly obscures the graver outline, even to a critical eye, of the object it encircles, it is almost an impossibility to regard a life of such unprecedented misfortune—years spent in melancholy confinement, and terminated by a violent death—without feeling that, while the character of Elizabeth, were it of spotless pretensions otherwise, would be completely marred by the circumstance of her unfortunate kinswoman's execution, that of Mary is elevated by the injustice which dictated her fate, and the meekness with which it was accepted, into the dignity of a martyr.

Mary Stuart, Queen of Scots, was born in the palace of Linlithgow, in December, 1542. She was the daughter of James V., seventh King of the Stuart line, and of Mary of Lorraine, daughter of Claude, Duke of Guise, the founder of that family which had so conspicuous a part in the politics of France in the sixteenth century. Her birth took place at one of the dreariest periods of Scottish history, her father dying, when she was but a few days old, of mortification consequent on the defeats which the Scotch had voluntarily met with from the English at Fala Muir and Solway Moss; while the disappointment at the intelligence that a daughter, instead of a son, had been born to him, further accelerated his demise.

The Earl of Arran, head of the House of Hamilton, and heir-presumptive to the throne, was made Regent by the Parliament. Mary was crowned, September 9th, 1543. Very early in Mary's infant life her tiny hand was pledged to her cousin, Prince Edward of England, the only son of Henry VIII., who had resolved upon this match for his afterward Edward VI. At first he was successful, and a treaty was made, July 1st, 1543, providing that Mary should be sent to England when she should have attained the age of ten years, and that she should marry Edward as soon thereafter as possible.

When Henry found that the widowed Queen of James was resolute in retaining her daughter under her own care, he threw off the mask, and commenced hostilities against her realm, never afterward failing to mark his ill-feeling, and leaving tangible proof of it in the disposition of the English succession, which, missing Mary, the descendant of his eldest sister, was to descend to the younger, in case his own direct House failed to survive.

When Mary was between five and six years old, she was reluctantly parted with by her mother, who, dreading her insecurity, formed for the child a treaty of marriage among her own relations; and, in betrothing her to the Dauphin of France, intrusted that Court also with her safe custody and education up to the period of her marriage. Hitherto, the young Queen, secluded in the Castle of Stirling, and afterward in the privacy of Inchmahome, a little island in the Lake of Menteith, had progressed so far as her tender years would admit in such studies as Mary of Lorraine's excellent sense directed. These had been shared by four young ladies taken from the first Scottish families, and called "Queen's Maries," from the circumstance of all bearing that name.

> "Last night the Queen had four Maries,
> To-night she'll ha'e but three;
> There was Mary Seyton, and Mary Beaton,
> And Mary Livingstone and me!"

sings the old ballad; the "me" being Mary Fleming, the grandchild of James IV., and daughter of Lady Fleming, governess to the youthful sovereign.

Accompanied by her miniature *dames d'honneur*, these four Maries, the destined Dauphiness set sail from Dumbarton in July, 1548, and arrived safely at Brest, in France, August 14th, having escaped the English vessels sent to intercept her, and she was warmly received by Henry II., who treated her as a daughter. In the hunting-palace of St. Germain, the young affianced pair were educated together. Mary Stuart's uncle, the Cardinal of Lorraine, superintended her studies; Pasquier instructed her in history, and George Buchanan, one of the first scholars of the sixteenth century, in Latin; while the poet Ronsard instructed her in *belles lettres*. At the age of thirteen she pronounced a Latin oration, which was much applauded.

Mary soon learned to dance—"in the Spanish minuet she was equaled only by her aunt, the beautiful Anne of Este, while no lady in the court could eclipse her in the galliarde." She also rode, even in childhood, with peerless grace; and as for music, this was an accomplishment in which nature formed her to excel, possessed as she was of an intuitive and hereditary taste for it, one which was seconded by the excessive care expended in developing her talents to proficiency.

Catharine de Medicis, the mother of Mary's destined husband, one of her enemies in after life, and who was always cold to her, could not refrain from offering a tribute in her praise, and in a letter to Mary of Lorraine, she says that "for a child of her tender years, there was nothing about her she could wish altered."

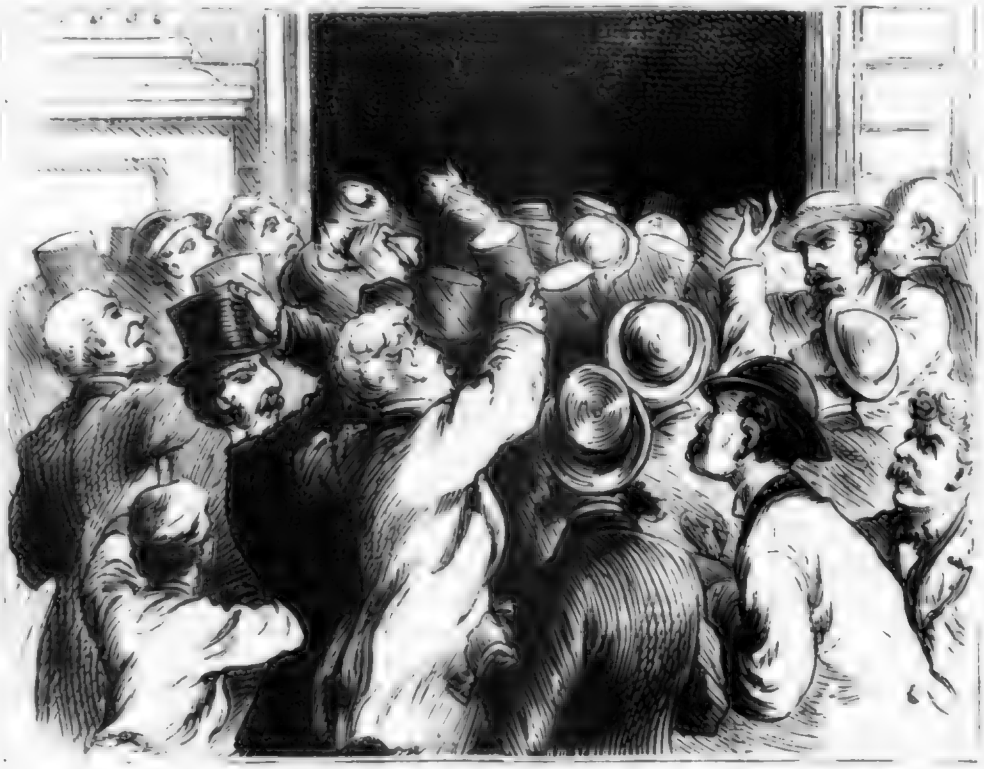
The letters of her uncles, the Guises, to their sister of Scotland, were constantly filled with accounts of her grace, beauty and intelligence; and Mary returned the partiality with all her warm little heart, declaring that their care of her "was incredible," nor could they do for her more "if she were their own child."

These years were the only happy ones in Mary's calamitous career; and in after life she unceasingly recurred to them, preserving an attachment to the land of her adoption far exceeding any she had entertained for that of her birth.

In 1550, Mary of Lorraine came over to visit her daughter, returning to Scotland all delighted with her beautiful child. They never met again, for before Mary repaired to Scotland the beautiful Queen-mother was no more.

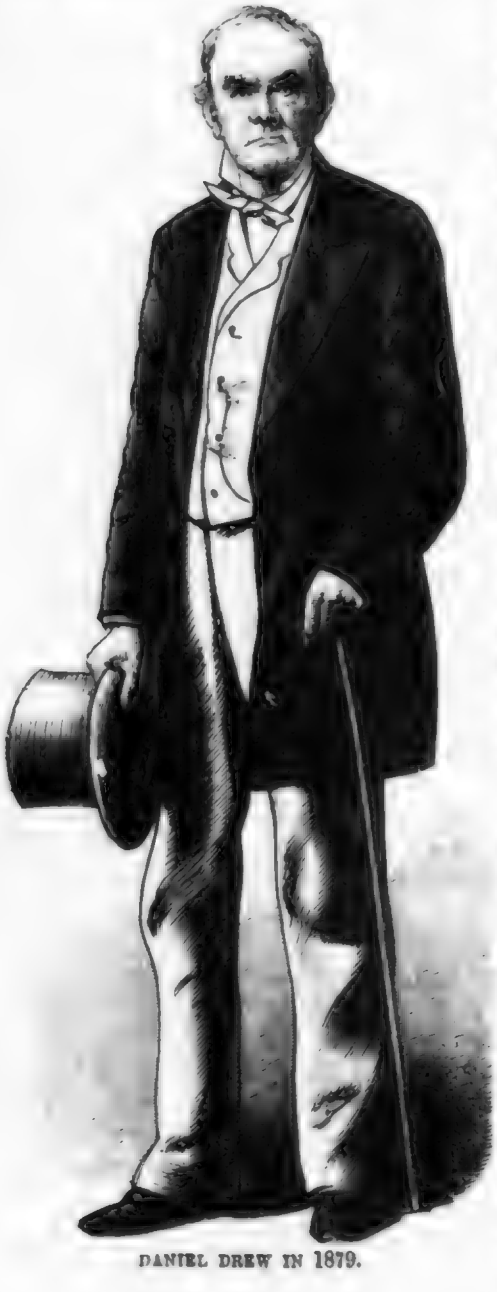
In 1551, Mary's hand was formally demanded of Henry II. for Edward VI., but she herself refused to listen to the demand. The wide-spread dominion and power of the Spanish branch of the House of Austria having incurred the favor of the House of Valois, Henry II. determined to complete his alliance with Scotland by Mary's marriage with the Dauphin Francis, which accordingly took place early in the year 1558, with the utmost imaginable pomp.

Francis, sickly and feeble from his birth, formed a far less interesting object to public curiosity than did the beautiful Mary, who at this period united an almost perfect *contour* of feature and form with an intelligence unrivaled in a girl



SCENE IN THE FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL DURING A DREW SPECULATION.—SEE PAGE 641.

of sixteen. Very graceful in stature, the finish, if it may be so termed, of Mary's figure was even more remarkable than its general expression of beauty. "Her forehead and temples were formed, as well as her small, delicate ears, in exact symmetry; her throat was slender and graceful, as was her rounded waist; and her hands were the smallest and most beautifully shaped in the world. Her complexion inclined to the brunette, the color of her hair and eyebrows being dark."



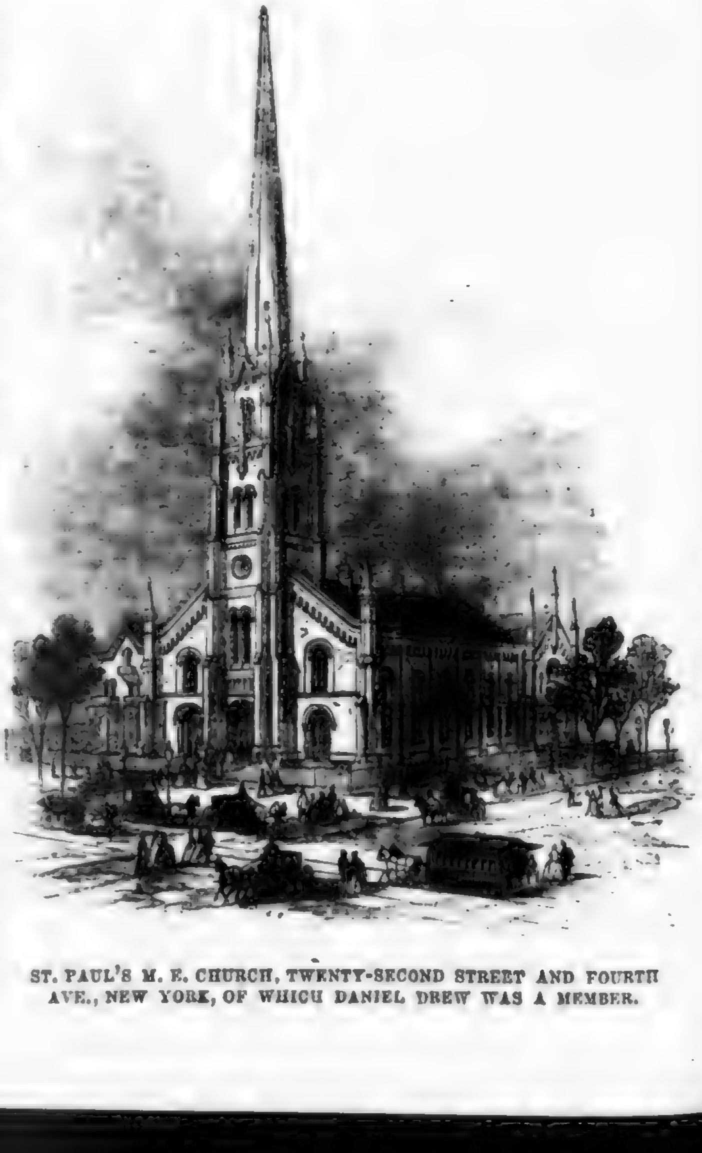
DANIEL DREW IN 1879.

The writer saw a picture of the ill-fated Queen of Scots at Abbotsford. It was the head and face subsequent to decapitation, and said to be the best likeness of the hapless Mary. Sir Walter Scott valued this *authentic* portrait immensely.

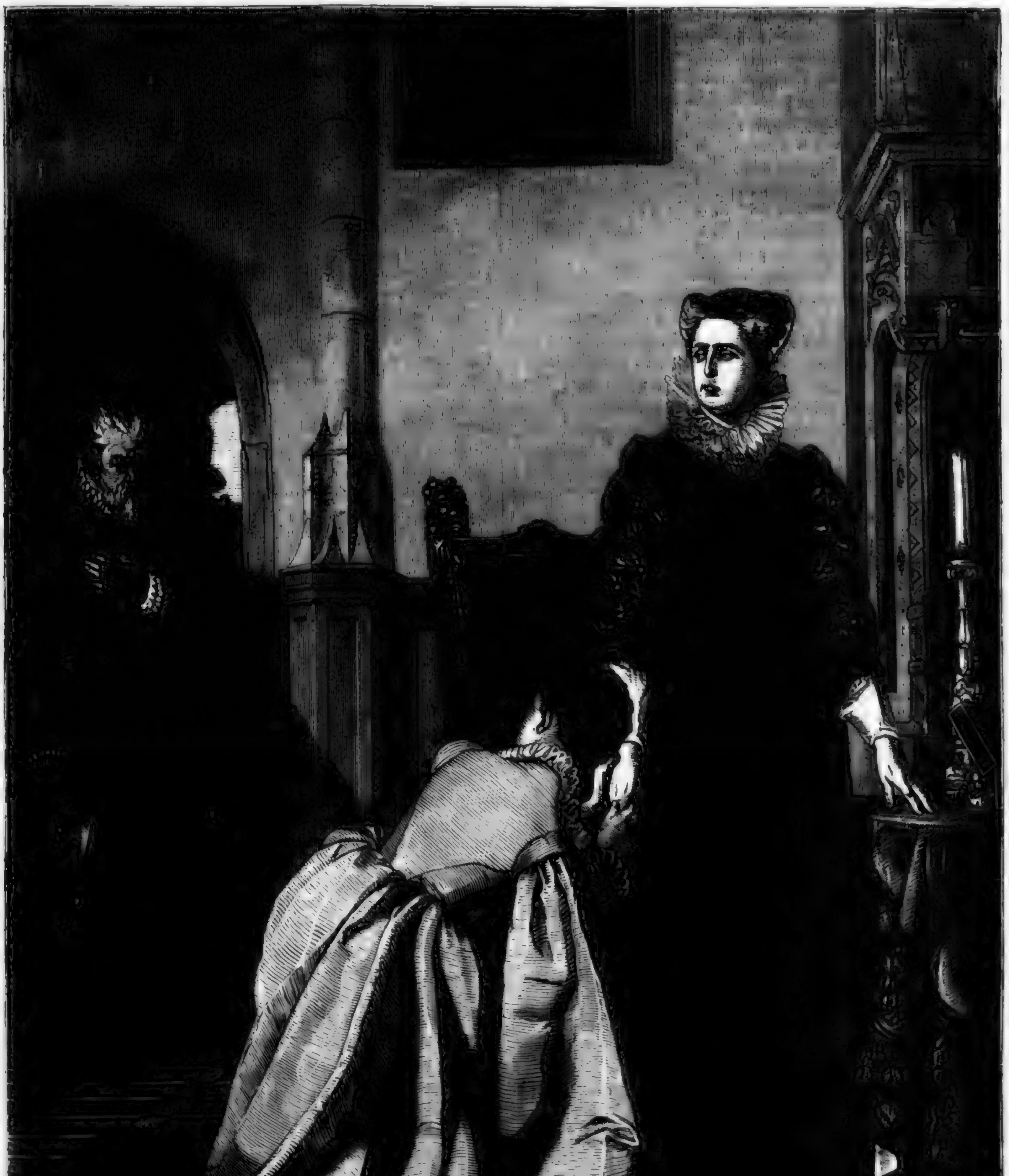
Mary was a favorite with her husband's father, and when he was accidentally killed in the tournament of 1559, she found herself Queen Consort of France and sovereign of Scotland in her own right. Henry II. dying July 10th, 1559, Mary was Queen of France from that date till the death of her husband, Francis II., December 5th, 1560.

When Mary I. of England died, November, 1558, Henry II. caused the Dauphin to quarter the arms of England with those of Scotland, declaring that Mary Stuart was legitimate heir to the English crown, as descended from Margaret Tudor, eldest daughter of Henry VII., and that Elizabeth, daughter of Henry VIII., by Anne Boleyn, was illegitimate, a statement verified by the declaration of her own father, Henry VIII.

In an evil hour, the young pair, Francis and Mary, suffered themselves to be proclaimed, at a tournament, not only King and Queen of Scotland, in addition to the titles of Dauphin and Dauphiness of France, but declaring Mary



ST. PAUL'S M. E. CHURCH, TWENTY-SECOND STREET AND FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK, OF WHICH DANIEL DREW WAS A MEMBER.



THE EARLS OF KENT AND SHREWSBURY PRESENTING THE DEATH-WARRANT TO QUEEN MARY AT FOTHERINGAY CASTLE.

XUM

"*Reine d'Angleterre*"—Queen of England—an announcement received with frantic enthusiasm by the Parisians. Terribly did Elizabeth avenge this insult in the aftertime.

The coronation of Francis and Mary took place at Rheims in the following September, and the young King died on the 5th of December.

Catharine, who has been accused of poisoning a son who openly declared his intention of reigning without her assistance, conceived a violent dislike to her daughter-in-law, and no sooner was the breath out of the body of the young King, than, with unseemly haste, she caused Charles IX., a boy of ten, to be declared Regent.

Suitors appeared for Mary's hand—the Kings of Sweden and Denmark, and Philip II. of Spain, who wished to wed her to his son and heir, Don Carlos. Mary, through the instrumentality of her mother-in-law, was coldly treated in France, and resolved to return to Scotland.

In that country the French Catholic party had been overthrown, and the English Protestant party triumphed, aided by Elizabeth's forces. By the treaty of Edinburgh, made July 5th and 6th, 1560, it was provided, among other things, that the French should leave Scotland, and that the Scotch sovereigns should cease to bear the arms and title of the sovereigns of England. In addition to this, the treaty contained a clause which would forever bar Mary's claim to a throne deemed by the Catholics her actual right. Mary refused point-blank to sign this treaty, and although Elizabeth endeavored to induce her to do so by insinuation and by threat, all attempts to shake the resolution of the Scottish Queen were unavailing.

When Mary resolved upon retiring to Scotland, a determination sadly and reluctantly conceived and tardily carried into execution, she applied to Elizabeth for a safe conduct through England, but it was refused unless she would ratify the treaty of Edinburgh, which she once more refused to do. Her voyage was at length arranged, and, everything in readiness, Mary embarked, determined to brave all risks, on the 15th of August, from Calais.

Mournful and inauspicious in its every augury, the grief of Mary at parting with her beloved France to undertake this melancholy voyage, has been recorded by many writers, while the Queen's own *chanson* bidding adieu to the country is universally known. "Bathed in tears, the fair young widow, prostrate on a couch, watched from the deck the receding shores of a country which she was destined never to revisit. Despair seemed to take possession of her heart, and it was a relief to the four Maries, who never yet separated from their royal mistress, to behold her gradually weeping herself to sleep."

On her arrival in Scotland she found the power in the hands of the Protestants, and submitted to what it was impossible to resist. Her chief ministers were her natural brother, the Lord James Stuart, and Maitland of Lethington, who were among the ablest statesmen in the country. She expressed herself favorable to toleration, and asked it for herself, but obtained it with difficulty. Her position was one of great embarrassment. Sincerely Catholic, she was the sovereign of a people who had accepted the Reformation, and who displayed the utmost enmity to the old faith. Stealthily watched by the Reformers, every action was communicated to the English Court; but, unused to deception, and heedless of policy, Mary conducted herself as though surrounded only by friends. She introduced masques and dancing at Holyrood, instituted a species of refinement never before exemplified in the Court manners, and, assisted by a retinue of the most accomplished French nobility, spent much of her time endeavoring to soften and polish manners which appeared to her little less than barbarous.

But another innovation met with a more decided opposition than had hitherto been deemed politic by the reproving eyes around. Knox and his companions had borne with sullen gloom the "fiddling and uncomely skipping" of the Queen and her ladies; but when they followed it up by attending Mass in the chapel of the palace, the grave accusation against her by those who would not permit their Queen the liberty of conscience they themselves claimed, set sparks to the smoldering discontent, and flamed up into murmurs which Mary's uniform courtesy, dignity and gentleness had scarcely power to repress. Still, her reign for some time was prosperous. Her brother, who was at that time attached to her, counseled her wisely, and acted vigorously.

Circumstances made it advisable that Mary should marry. Elizabeth wished her to marry the Earl of Arran, but to this Mary would not consent. She desired to become the wife of Don Carlos of Spain, and refused the Dukes of Nemours and Ferrara; but the Spanish marriage met with so much opposition, both at home and abroad, that she had to abandon all idea of it. She was urged to accept the hand of the Archduke Charles, third son of Ferdinand I. (1563), but the proposition found no favor with her.

Queen Elizabeth proposed her favorite, Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester; though she was by no means sincere in desiring such a match ever to take place. Mary's pride at first revolted from marrying a subject; but after an interval of anxiety and annoyance, urged by her nobles to ally herself with some one of her numerous admirers, and not less prompted by the inclination of her own heart, at the time fairly enslaved, she fixed her choice upon her cousin and Elizabeth's, Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley, and sealed her fate by as ill-assorted and lamentable a match as could well have been planned under her peculiar circumstances.

Darnley was handsome and accomplished, but was fickle, and his talents were small. Mary had now been a widow between four and five years, and was twenty-three, while her husband was but nineteen. Mary had worn the weeds of a widow ever since the death of Francis; but she threw them off on the 29th of July, 1565, and gave her hand to Darnley in the Chapel Royal at Holyrood, in the presence of the *élite* of the Scottish Court.

According to the researches of Prince Labanoff, it appears that some months before this public solemnization of the nuptials, Darnley and his royal "ladye-love" had been secretly married at Stirling Castle, the Queen's secretary, David Rizzio, to whose instrumentality the bridegroom was largely indebted for his progress in her favor, having converted his apartment into a Catholic chapel for the occasion.

David Rizzio was the son of a poor musician of Turin, and was born in Piedmont, in 1533. From Turin he went to the Court of the Duke of Savoy, and thence to Scotland in the *suite* of an ambassador, who selected him because he was a good linguist. Mary's first meeting with Rizzio at Holyrood Palace is the subject of our frontispiece. The Queen made him one of her pages, and after the removal of Raulet, he became, in December, 1564, her secretary for the French language. All her foreign correspondence passed through his hands; and, upon her marriage with Darnley, he was appointed Keeper of the Privy Purse.

Darnley attributed Mary's unwillingness to give him the power as well as the name of King to the influence of Rizzio, and affected to believe that he was dishonored by the Italian. The favorite's rapid promotion, his arrogance, avarice and low birth, had aroused the envy and anger of the nobles. By the Protestants he was viewed with disfavor on account of his religion.

XUM

An agreement, partly written and partly verbal, was entered into by Darnley, Morton, Maitland, Ruthven, Lindsay and others, for putting Rizzio to death. Just before the execution of the design, Darnley was required to sign another bond, in which he gave his assent to whatever they should do. In the evening, while the Queen was at supper, in company with the Duchess of Argyle, a few courtiers, her French physician, and Rizzio, the apartment was filled by the armed conspirators. Darnley held the Queen, who was in an advanced state of pregnancy. Rizzio cowered behind her, and clung on to her dress. One or two of the assassins stabbed him in the breast, and then, dragging his body into the antechamber, dispatched him with more than fifty wounds.

The writer was shown the alleged mark of the unfortunate Italian's blood, staining the oaken floor at Holyrood Palace; and also the narrow stairway down which the conspirators dragged the dead body after the assassination.

Mary was for a time the prisoner of the conspirators, but by deceiving Darnley she effected her escape. She pursued the murderers of Rizzio with implacable resentment; and it was at this period, when disappointed in the character of a man she had believed perfection, that she permitted the intimate counsels of the turbulent and ambitious Bothwell.

This man was little calculated by nature to attract the attention of a lady who estimated beauty so highly as did Mary Stuart. He was, to quote Miss Strickland's words, so ugly, "that the defects of his person were such as to defy scandal itself to insinuate she preferred him to her husband." He was awkward, ill-favored and one-eyed. The secret of the paramount ascendency of Bothwell over the mind of the Queen will never, perhaps, be wholly cleared up, nor will it be known how far her connection with his subsequent crime renders her the object of blame or pity.

On June 19th, 1566, Mary gave birth to her only child, afterward James VI. of Scotland, and James I. of England, at Edinburgh Castle, but the joys of maternity were cruelly damped by the contemptuous neglect of the father of her offspring.

Bothwell resolved upon getting rid of Darnley, and urged a divorce. This Mary refused to listen to. Bothwell then joined in a conspiracy to kill Darnley, and it is charged by Mary's enemies that the project was communicated to her, and that she offered no serious opposition to it; but Mary's friends urge as against this that she indignantly refused to sign a warrant for the execution of the deed when demanded by Morton, though Bothwell earnestly besought compliance. Darnley was then ill of the smallpox, at Glasgow. There he was visited by Mary, and nursed by her. On his recovering sufficiently to travel, he was removed to the provost's house, at Kirk of Field, near Edinburgh, where Mary attended him with much apparent kindness, passing several nights under his roof. This house was blown up on the night of February 9th, 1567, while the Queen was attending a masquerade at Holyrood Palace, given in honor of the marriage of her maid-of-honor, Margaret Carwood.

Of Bothwell's guilt of the murder there is no doubt whatever; but to pronounce Mary cognizant of the plot, would be to deprive her of all further interest or sympathy during the remainder of her troubled life. Her share in it, if share she had, is not clear, and the main point in that "Marian controversy," which has continued to the present time, turns upon the question of her participation in Bothwell's conspiracy.

Bothwell was tried, but his trial was regarded as a mockery, since Mary continued to regard him with favor, and to bestow signal marks of approbation upon him. He sought to marry the Queen, and was divorced from his wife.

On April 24th, while returning from Stirling to Edinburgh, she was seized by Bothwell and conducted to his castle of Dunbar. She was allowed to return to Edinburgh on May 3d, when Bothwell's device was completed. Her intention to marry him was then announced. He was created Duke of Orkney, and on May 15th they were married.

This marriage created, as well it might, universal disgust, and the Queen was hooted in the streets of Edinburgh, while banners depicting the bleeding body of her murdered consort were flaunted in her face.

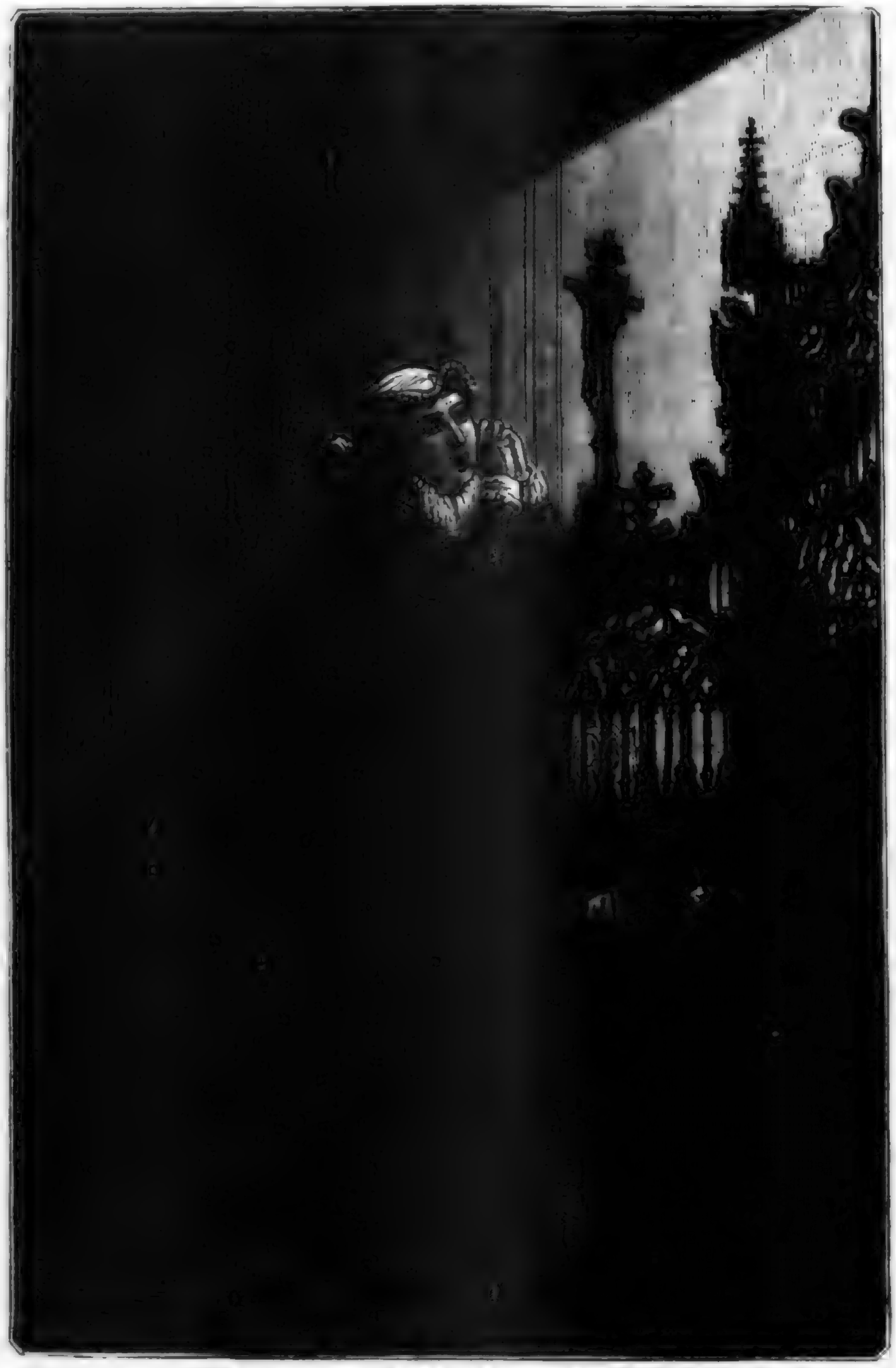
A conspiracy which had been formed against Bothwell, composed of the chief nobles, now assumed a serious magnitude, and hostilities broke out early in June. The confederates seized Edinburgh, and when the two armies met on Carberry Hill, June 15th, Mary was deserted by most of her troops, and compelled to surrender. Bothwell fled, and never returned. The Queen was committed to Lochleven Castle, where, on July 24th, she signed an abdication in favor of her son, and other acts arranging the government, of which Murray was to be the head as Regent.

For nearly the space of a year Mary dragged on an anxious imprisonment; yet even in the isolated island fortress, the beauty and address of the Scottish Queen raised friends to her cause. The son of Lady Margaret, assisted by another youth, planned and almost executed her escape. In the garb of a laundress, she had already reached the boat which was to bear her across the loch, when all was discovered by the dazzling whiteness of her hand, which, in momentary forgetfulness, she exposed to observation.

A second and more successful attempt was made at midnight on the 3d of May, 1568. The keys were purloined by George Douglas, while the family were at supper, and having given exit to the Queen and her attendant lady, the brave lad, closing the gates, threw the keys into the water. On reaching the shore, whither a skiff in waiting speedily bore her, Mary was greeted by several of her still loyal nobles, and, mounting a fleet steed, rode to meet other partisans, who, joining her, attached rapidly to the royal cause a considerable force. Her army was defeated at Langside, May 13th, by Murray. On observing the rout of her adherents, Mary fled many miles to the Abbey of Dundrennan, and then, in an evil hour, and despite the entreaties of the Lords Herries and Fleming, she crossed the English border, and, arriving at Workington, in Cumberland, with a retinue of only twenty persons, threw herself on the generosity and protection of Queen Elizabeth.

For a time she was treated with some consideration by Elizabeth, but the latter assumed the part of judge between Mary and her opponents, and affected to decide on her guilt or innocence of the charges preferred against her. The examination was unfairly conducted, and injured Mary's reputation.

A conspiracy was formed by Babington in 1586 to liberate Mary. This conspiracy was the means of consigning the unfortunate Queen of Scots to Fotheringay Castle. Mary was first incarcerated in the year 1568, being then but twenty-six years old, and in the bloom of womanly loveliness. When, on the morning of the 11th of October, 1586, the commissioners from Elizabeth arrived at the castle to bring Mary to a mock trial, the shadow of the ax looming in advance of them, they were received by a very different personage. Misery and confinement; "hope deferred that maketh the heart sick"; the constant foreboding of unseen malevolence dealing unscrupulously toward her; the repeated sorrows resulting from the successive failures, and the consequent destruction of those who desired her welfare—these needed not the additional ills of unwholesome and scanty provisions and accommodations which Elizabeth's means dictated, to bow down the noble carriage and pale the lustrous beauty of the once admired Queen.



QUEEN MARY AT PRAYER THE NIGHT BEFORE HER EXECUTION.

On October the 25th, 1586, Mary was doomed to die. Three months were allowed to elapse before her execution. In an hour more fatal to her own fame and future peace than to the fortunes of her victim, Elizabeth signed the warrant for Mary's death, and commissioned the Earls of Kent and Shrewsbury to carry out its purport. Upon the 7th of February, 1587, these two noblemen, arriving at Fotheringay Castle, informed the captive Queen that the sentence announced two months and a half before by Lord Buckhurst must now be fulfilled.

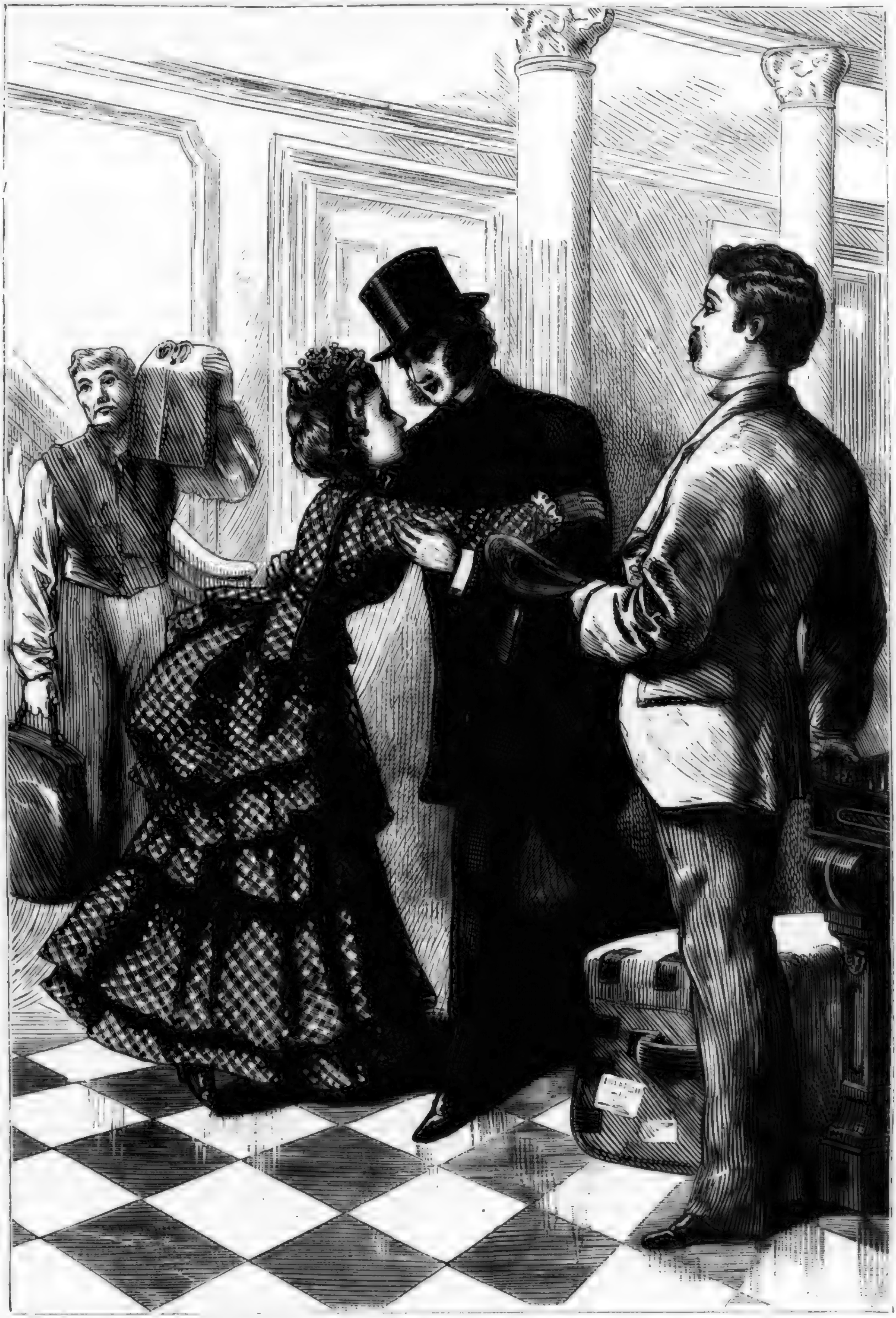
Upon hearing the intelligence, she made the sign of the Cross. "God be praised!" she exclaimed, "for the news you bring me. I did not expect such a happy end after the treatment I have suffered, and the dangers to which I have been exposed for nineteen years in this country."

She made all her preparations for death with deliberation. "Upon the fatal morning of the 8th, when they came down-stairs, the Queen, followed by Andrew Melvil, who bore the train of his Queen, ascended the scaffold with the same care and dignity as if she were ascending a throne. She rested herself without changing color, and without losing any of her accustomed grace and majesty." She was denied the presence of her almoner, and was rudely importuned to change her faith by the bigoted Dean of Peterborough and by the brutal Earl of Kent, whose efforts she quietly and firmly repulsed.

Her last moments were spent in consoling her maids, and in distributing her blessing and her pardon; then, kneeling down, she bowed her neck to the executioner, exclaiming, "My God, I have hoped in Thee! Into Thy hands I commit myself!" As her head-dress was removed, her hair was discovered prematurely silvered by care and grief.

The ax, instead of falling on the neck, struck the back of her head, inflicting a horrible wound, yet she did not shriek or groan. Upon repeating the blow, the executioner struck off her head, and, holding it up, exclaimed, "God save Queen Elizabeth!" An old cloth, torn hastily from a neighboring billiard-table, was flung over the lifeless remains, and just as they were lifting the body to carry it to the state-room of the castle, it was discovered that Mary's little favorite dog had slipped beneath her mantle, and was nestling in the bosom of its dead mistress. Force alone could remove the faithful animal, which was found dead on the following day.

After being contemptuously neglected for six months, Mary Stuart's remains were buried in Peterborough Cathedral, Elizabeth acting as chief mourner, through Lady Balford. Twenty-five years afterward, they were removed to Henry VII.'s chapel in Westminster Abbey, by order of her son, James I.



NED GROSVENOR'S COURTSHIP.—"THE PROPRIETOR SUDDENLY WALKED UP TO THEM, AND BROUGHT THEM FACE TO FACE WITH A PALE, DISTINGUISHED-LOOKING OLD MAN, WHOM LOIS FLEW AT WITH A LOUD CRY OF JOY."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

CHILDREN.

Come to me, oh ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ah! what would the world be to us,
If the children were no more?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

NED GROSVENOR'S COURTSHIP.

Chapter I.

"I WONDER," pondered the Widow Ware, "what can make Mr. Earle so melancholy? It's beyond me!" and the old lady heaved a deep sigh.

So had she sighed many times before, when turning over in her mind the various eccentricities of her lodger. What could make him so sad?

Of his wealth and position there could be no doubt. The class of visitors, always on business, that frequented the old gentleman's rooms—large, commodious rooms, which Mr. Earle himself had furnished—were not such as run after poor men. He was rich, then, and popular; what more could he require to be happy?

"True," muttered the widow to herself, "he's not *overly* strong."

At the very moment that the old lady—so certain that her lodger was blest of heaven!—sat pondering on his many "privileges," as she phrased it, one of the many callers upon old Mr. Earle was with him.

"No news?" demanded that grave gentleman, looking up, as a person entered whose appearance was that of a man such as discerning persons might choose to consult in confidential matters; "no news, Baldwin?"

"Nothing, sir," replied the newcomer, with a quickly-checked sigh.

"It's of no use, my friend; I am utterly discouraged," moaned Mr. Earle, rising and beginning to pace the apartment in an agitated manner. "I shall never hear of my daughter again."

"Listen to me, sir!" exclaimed Baldwin. "Miss Lois cannot be lost forever. We *must* find her, sooner or later."

"Unless she is dead," sobbed the wretched father.

"If she were dead, we must have learned when, where, how. Remember, it has only been six months in all since she vanished from Chicago; only six months since, with the hope of finding her in this modern Babylon, we have come to New York. Keep up, sir, keep up!" added he, entreatingly.

Perhaps a skillful physician, with his hand on poor Mr. Earle's pulse, might have wondered, just then, how long it would be possible, in accordance with the rules of physical science, for soul and body to continue to strive on one against the other.

"Don't think it, sir—don't think for a moment that the Lord would will it that all your wealth should go to that good-for-nothing rascal, your—your brother."

A bitter smile passed over Mr. Earle's face at the unqualified and energetic expression made use of by his old and long-tried friend. And yet, how well he knew it to be deserved!

The mother of Horace Earle had married twice. To Horace, her eldest, her well-beloved and upright son—to him who had made her last days so peaceful and bright that many sorrows grew almost dim in her remembrance because of those latter days—she had left the wealth which a second widowhood had made hers.

Her last marriage, of which Louis Tresham, her younger son, had been the fruit, had been wretchedly unhappy, Maurice Tresham being openly and constantly unfaithful to his wife.

Louis was like his father, *bad;* and knowing him to be so, *utterly and irredeemably bad*, the mother had willed that a stated sum should be paid to him year by year, in quarterly installments, by Horace, his half-brother, and that the wealth left to her eldest son should never become the possession of the youngest, *except in case of the death of the former without heirs.*

"He would never do anything but harm with money," Mrs. Tresham had said; "and the more money he had, the more harm he would be able to do."

At the time of Mrs. Tresham's death, Horace had lost his wife, Alice; but, dying, she had left him an infant daughter, afterward christened Lois, and this child the father idolized.

Lois had grown to the age of fifteen, with rare loveliness of face and form, and every evidence of unusual intelligence.

She had, late one afternoon, been missed from her father's house in Chicago, and during the six months which had followed, Mr. Earle had failed in every effort to trace his lost daughter.

Six months seemed as six years to Mr. Earle, despite the unmurmuring and patient efforts which the unhappy father made to bear up against the heavy affliction visited upon him.

Two years passed by—slowly, indeed, to the seeking and waiting!—two years spent in every effort that wealth could effect or hope suggest, after that conversation with which my story opens, and at their close, the father of Lois Earle, with his friend, Jonas Baldwin, had once more returned to New York, after visiting every large city in the Union without success.

No new clew presented itself.

There were times when the saying which alludes to the exceptional difficulties in the way of finding a needle "in a bundle of hay" would present itself with a certain degree of unwelcome force to the mind of Earle's friend.

But he was a "never-say-die" sort of man, and neither by word or look suffered Mr. Earle to perceive his inward discouragement.

He still continued stanch and faithful to the task of seeking "pretty Miss Lois," and the duty, almost as arduous, of cheering his friend.

Chapter II.

It was about five in the afternoon, when a couple of men, one of whom appeared to be forty and the other about thirty-five years of age, emerged together from the Irving House, and turned into Broadway.

"It's an infernally ugly business," muttered the younger of the two, a handsome man, with a strikingly bad expression; "but I've begun it, and I'll go through with it."

"*Mon cher,*" replied his companion, "Anatole Duplau would not feel himself to respect you in a manner so high, *eeff* he did not feel himself *convince* that you will go through wiz it."

"My word's good for something yet," growled the first speaker, "though I *have* known you so long."

"You flatter me, my excellent Louis," replied the foreigner, stroking the slim, ink-black mustache, which overhung his evil mouth like a limp leech, "you are *dispose* to flatter me."

"The deuce I am!" replied the "excellent Louis"; "can't you hold your tongue while we're out in this crowd?"

"I would suggest to my amiable friend," replied the Frenchman, "that it is he who began the conversation of the present."

The amiable friend vouchsafed no reply, and the pair walked on, taking a direction that led them to Sixteenth Street.

Arrived there, they slackened their pace, and looked about them.

It was Winter, and cold. Perhaps that is why both arranged the mufflers which enveloped their throats, and drew their hats lower over their brows, thus giving an appearance to their "outward man" highly suggestive of the mysterious villain of the sensational drama, and contradictory likewise to that air of high fashion which their attire, always excepting the mufflers, was evidently intended to impart.

Almost at the same moment when the worthy couple turned into Sixteenth Street, a young girl emerged from a fashionable boarding-house, appearing not from the front door of the establishment, but from the exit leading out from the basement.

No eye that knew true beauty could have failed to linger on the face of this girl.

She appeared to be about seventeen. A deep sadness shaded her brow, and the pale, sweet lips were nervously compressed.

A thick knot of golden-brown hair lay in her neck, for it had almost broken loose from the confinement of a miserable piece of comb, powerless to control its heavy masses. Large hazel eyes, full of a yearning look of pain, gazed out upon that world which, to judge from their language, had been to her but sad.

The young girl's form was frail, and her hands and feet of a shape so delicate that they puzzled the observer by the strange contrast their refined dimensions afforded to the miserable poverty of her attire—a wretched faded gown of brown alpaca, never intended, it was evident, for the figure it disguised, rather than displayed.

The girl held in her slight hands a pitcher.

As she emerged from the basement-door, a shrill voice—that of the cook of the fashionable boarding-house—exclaimed:

"You, Mary Jane, hurry yerself, now, mind yer! Them folks is a-waitin' for their teas an' their coffees. It's a'most seven. An', mind yer, git good milk; d'ye hear?"

Mary Jane, probably used to the delivery of orders equally trite and musical, merely replied, in a sweet, timid voice, "I will return directly," and walked on.

As she passed into the street, she met the two men—the Frenchman and his companion.

Had she ever seen them before? If so, it must have been when they were differently attired, for there was no recognition on her part.

It is true that she but glanced up to avoid running against the pair, and then, lowering her eyes, passed on.

A hot flush had passed over the face of him whom the foreigner called his "excellent Louis." But he, too, passed hurriedly by the girl.

When she had reached a grocer's store in the neighborhood, the girl entered it, and reappeared presently with the milk in quest of which she had been sent into the street.

She again passed the Frenchman and his companion, who had followed closely behind her, and were now turning the corner. Then she re-entered the fashionable boarding-house.

"It's an infernally ugly business," again muttered the Frenchman's friend.

"But your word, you say, is worth *a* something yet," replied the foreigner.

The only answer was a fierce look from his companion, of which Anatole thought it was wise to look perfectly unconscious, and to thrust into his by no means lovely mouth the top of an ivory cane, representing a horse's head, which he carried in his left hand, the right being affectionately laid within the arm of him whom he called Louis.

The pair sauntered on. The dark, desperate look still dwelt upon the face of Louis.

At last they entered a bar-room. From thence they proceeded, with the addition of "brandies for two," toward a noted gambling-house, which—Louis ejaculating that it was "cursedly cold in the street"—they entered.

CHAPTER III.

If my reader inhabits a "fashionable boarding-house," he or she will not be surprised to learn that the servants in such establishments are often shamefully ill-cared for, as to the accommodations during the time allotted to sleep. The rents are so enormously high, that the landladies turn every inch of room to account to place lodgers, and the domestics must, in consequence, fare as best they can.

And that "best" is very bad. The majority of these houses being old—once magnificent—residences, rats, vermin, drafts and damp are the almost invariable rule therein—features sadly at variance with the rich furniture of the parlors, and the apartments of the boarders.

It was in such a sleeping-room—a branching-out from the laundry, and probably originally intended as a closet or store-room—that we now find the girl whom we have seen, pitcher in hand, a few hours before in the street.

What is she doing—sleeping, or crying?

Crying. Well, that is a way women have. The fact that a woman is crying does not always argue that she has anything particular to cry about. In this case, however, *it did.*

It was between one and two o'clock when a slight noise aroused the attention of her whom we have heard called by the euphonious name of Mary Jane.

She was apparently used to hearing such a noise at that hour, for, after sitting up a moment, she murmured. "There will be another paper in the morning," and again attempted to sleep.

Dawn was but faintly breaking when Mary Jane's hand withdrew from the window-sill a slip of paper which must have been passed, and not without risk of discovery, through the crevice of the shutters.

This paper the young girl read. On it was inscribed:

> "Your present conduct is satisfactory, and while it continues, you are safe. But remember, one word will imperil *his* life. Upon your silence depends his existence."

XUM

Hot tears trickle down the pale, lovely face, and the young girl, with a heavy sigh, thrusts the slip of paper into her bosom.

"Watched for ever, and for ever threatened," murmured she.

Then, dejectedly, though patiently, she began moving about the kitchen, working as it would seem that she could not always have been used to work. She looked more like a young lady masquerading in kitchen-girl's attire than like a servant.

It was about seven when Bridget, the irrepressible and vociferous Hibernian cook, exclaimed, in her usual dulcet accents:

"Mr. Grosvenor's ringing like mad, you Mary Jane!"

Had Bridget been less dim-sighted than she had become through much absorption of the "crater"—a weakness in which that engaging female indulged with great frequency, owing to the alarming fact, as stated by herself, that she was "all day a-swallowin' thim hot cinders"—she might have observed that Mary Jane blushed as she left the kitchen.

Mounting the stairs, the young girl knocked timidly at the door of the front room in the second story. It was opened.

"What did you wish, sir?" asked Mary Jane, addressing a young man who stood before the fireplace blowing at an accumulation of paper, wood and cold coal, which operation, resulting merely in the sending upward of sundry sparks over his handsome and well-chosen attire, did not seem to afford him any great satisfaction.

CHILDREN.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 658.

As Mary Jane spoke, the young gentleman turned. A charmingly bright and handsome countenance became visible in the gray of the morning, as he replied:

"I thought I could save you the trouble, Mary—I won't say *Jane;* but you see I don't understand the *modus operandi,* and I'm obliged to hurry, for father has left me an awful amount of business on hand by going off to Europe. And you see, Mary, work I must, as sure as my name is Ned Grosvenor, or else the money won't be forthcoming with which I am to support you, when we get married."

"Oh! Mr. Grosvenor—Edwin—dear Mr. Grosvenor, please, *please* don't!" replied Mary—suppose we, like Edwin Grosvenor, drop the *Jane.* "You must not talk so, indeed you must not! I'm only a poor girl, and I can never marry you. I must *stay* a poor girl. *It's fate, sir;* it's my destiny; it must be so; *it has to be so,* indeed—indeed!" Here Mary wrung her hands.

"My dear Mary," replied Edwin Grosvenor, "I wish you to approach me and examine my by no means ugly phiz. Do you, calmly and dispassionately speaking, see anything in this noble and intellectual countenance that denotes the presence of a fool? If not, may I ask why you, Mary, persist, in spite of many and most irrefragable proofs to the contrary, in asserting that you are 'only a poor girl'? Mary, *why* will you not confide in me?" Here the speaker became oracular and solemn. "I know not why, Mary, but if you are not a lady, born and bred—*a lady,* I repeat, *born and bred*—then there are no ladies, say I; and what is more, you are the most beautiful girl I ever saw. There, now!"

The ingenuous face of Edwin Grosvenor grew flushed and earnest with enthusiasm, while "Mary Jane" endeavored to hide her own blushes, by bending over the unusually troublesome fire.

"Yes, Mary," resumed her suitor, "what I say is so. You don't choose to tell me the truth about yourself. Oh! that's it, don't protest to me, now"—here the speaker flourished a bootjack which he had taken up, and with which he was engaged in emphasizing his sentences by pointing it first at Mary and then into the realms of space. "But that does not change my feeling toward you, Mary, nor my determination, which for the last year has grown stronger and stronger, to make you my wife."

"Just think, Edwin, how angry your father would be at your marrying a servant-girl!"

"Don't 'servant-girl' *me,* Mary, now don't! Do you think I did not see you reading my *Corinne, ou l'Italie?* Do you think I did not hear you playing that *nocturne* of Chopin's that Summer afternoon, when the she-dragon that keeps this boarding-house and all the lodgers were gone out to the Park, and the servants to see the procession? Do you think I don't know that you wrote everything in this prayer-book?" Here Edwin drew forth from a drawer a prayer-book, with various selections from Myers's "Saint Paul" written upon the fly-leaves. "No, Mary, you have your own reasons for keeping up this mystery. Do it, do it, if you think it is a kind thing on your part toward the man who loves you. Keep it up—keep it up!" A pause. "Do you know what I think, Mary?"

No answer.

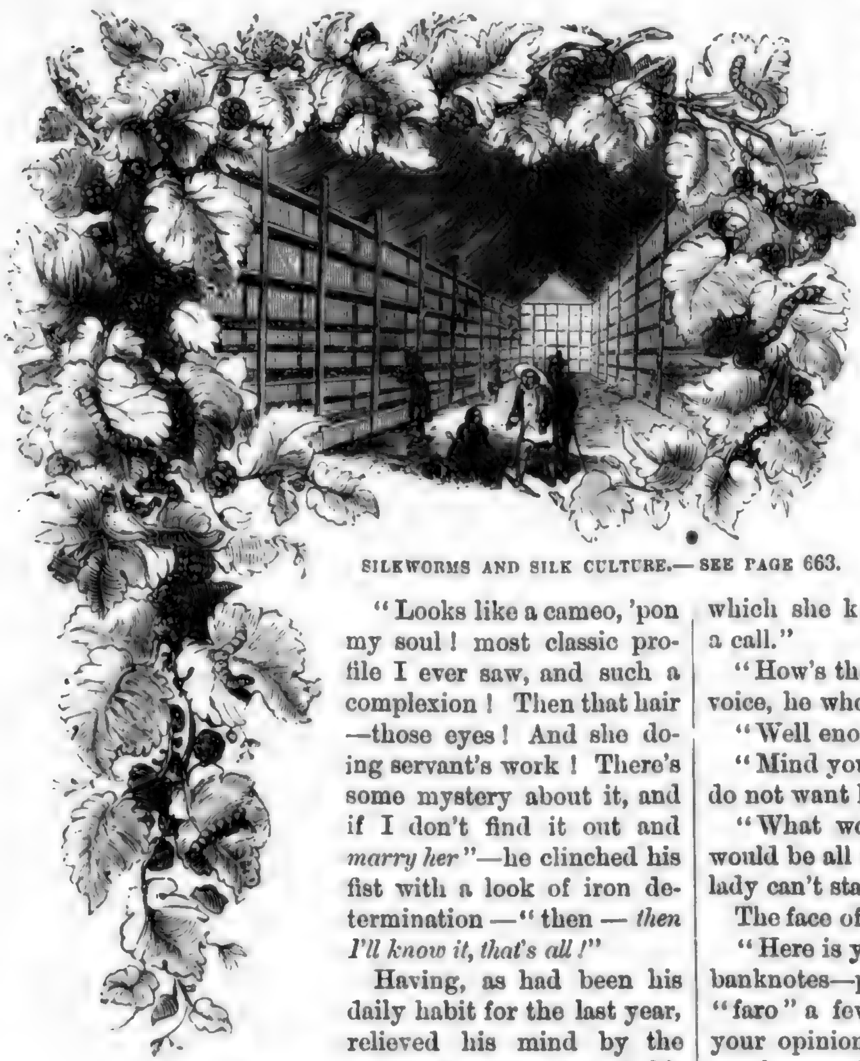
"I think you must have had a fiend of a stepmother, and that you ran off from her."

"Oh, no, Edwin!" exclaimed Mary, quite thrown off her guard. "Mother died when I was a baby, and father——"

Here she *remembered,* and stopped abruptly.

At this moment a bell rang, that of the front door, and before Edwin could stop the way, Mary had vanished.

Young Grosvenor looked after her with an expression of deep vexation.



SILKWORMS AND SILK CULTURE.—SEE PAGE 663.

"Looks like a cameo, 'pon my soul! most classic profile I ever saw, and such a complexion! Then that hair—those eyes! And she doing servant's work! There's some mystery about it, and if I don't find it out and *marry her*"—he clinched his fist with a look of iron determination—"then—*then I'll know it, that's all!*"

Having, as had been his daily habit for the last year, relieved his mind by the muttered expression of his innate resolve, the rich merchant's son finished his toilet by bestowing a last "brush" upon his already shining locks, and descended to the breakfast-table of Mrs. Smith's superfine establishment.

When, having finished his meal, he sallied forth, and passed the basement-windows on his way "down-town," the tearful eyes of Mary saw him pass, and became more tearful still.

CHAPTER IV.

ABOUT one week after the occurrences related in the preceding chapter, at the hour of eleven at night, a faint ring was heard at the door of Mrs. Smith's boarding-house.

The door being opened by a waiter, an individual entered whom the reader will have no difficulty in recognizing as the "excellent Louis."

"Is Mrs. Smith at home?" demanded he.

The waiter replied, "I think so, sir," and ushered the inquirer into the parlor.

A few moments after, a woman entered the room.

I wonder whether any of her boarders ever had the curiosity, when engaging rooms, to inquire into the antecedents of "Mrs. Smith"?

She was short, with an air that must have been at one period of her life audaciously meretricious. She had now subsided into the conventional semi-shabby, semi-dressy boarding-housekeeper look, and advanced to receive her visitor with that smirk which is intended to cause persons in search of lodgings to engage accommodations at as high a price as such amiability will lead them to do.

But meeting the gaze of Louis, and the stern, sarcastic look in his large eyes, the smirk vanished, and Mrs. Smith looked uneasily about her.

Then, walking toward the front parlor, she carefully lowered the gas, and beckoned her visitor toward a lounge in the back parlor. Both apartments were empty, save of herself and the excellent Louis.

"Happy to see you, Mr. *Buckley*"—she laid a peculiar emphasis on the name, which she knew to be an assumed one. "It is late for a call."

"How's the girl now?" abruptly demanded, in a sharp voice, he whom she thus addressed.

"Well enough," replied Mrs. Smith, sullenly.

"Mind you don't overwork her," said her visitor. "I do not want her to die."

"What would you care?" replied the woman. "It would be all the better, and really, it will come to that. A lady can't stand work, you know." Here she sneered.

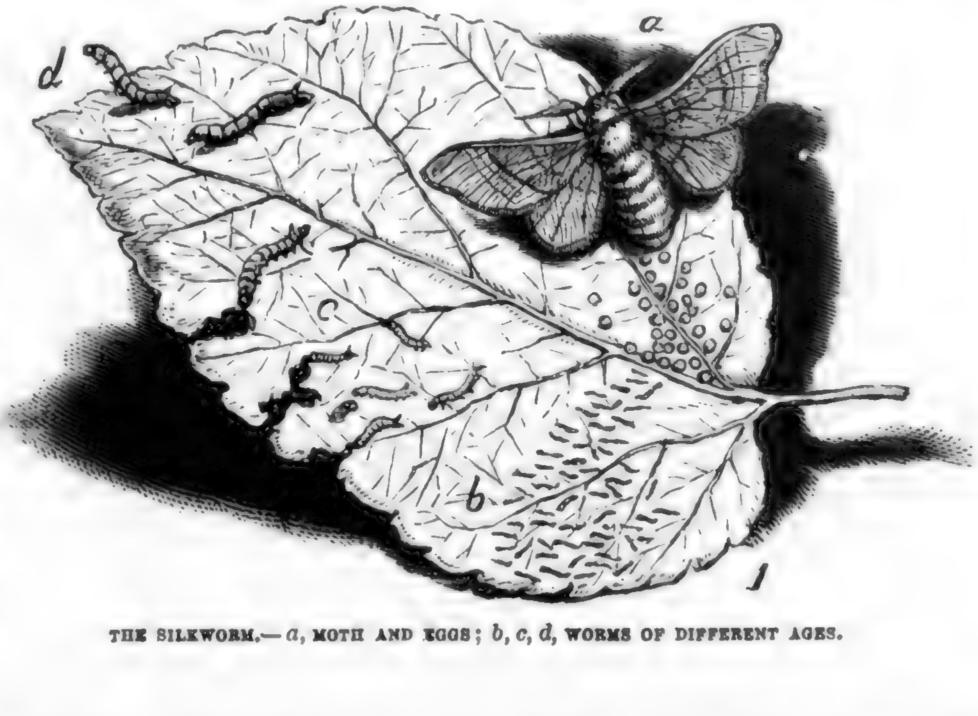
The face of Mr. Buckley darkened.

"Here is your money," replied he, drawing forth some banknotes—probably the remains of his winnings at "faro" a few nights before—"and oblige me by keeping your opinions to yourself, and by holding Mary Jane as much out of sight as possible."

"I cannot keep her out of the street without exciting remark."

"That's all very well for the time being. I cannot at present do with her any differently. I have but little money just now. She *must* work. If danger should present itself of her being seen in the street by *that person*, who may visit this city—nay, *has* done so, for aught I know—in search of her, lock her up. That will be the only way."

"That is *sequestration*, sir," replied the woman, with a cunning leer, "and I shall not do that for what you are giving me now. *There are ways* of hiding a person that



THE SILKWORM.—*a*, MOTH AND EGGS; *b*, *c*, *d*, WORMS OF DIFFERENT AGES.

are not so risky, but I could not do it in a house full of lodgers. You will have to think about this."

"I shall see! I shall see!" replied Mr. Buckley, rising. "In the meantime, there is no danger. As far as I can find out, *that person* is in Europe. Remember, keep your own counsel. Good-evening; there's some one waiting for me."

And as Louis departed, Mrs. Smith looked after him.

"Gone to join his precious French friend," muttered she; "birds of a feather always did and always will flock together. Well, I'll wait till the money's all his. *That person*, as he calls his brother, or his half-brother, Horace Earle, can't live for ever; the niece is in *my* hands, and when all's well, Mr. Louis Tresham, you'll have to open your purse-strings, or my name is not Sarah ——"

Here she was about to add a name that was certainly not Smith, but ended her sentence by muttering:

"Who knows but what he may think that I shall keep his secrets best *as his wife?*"

With this, Mrs. Smith retired to her apartment.

CHAPTER V.

THE excellent Louis and the amiable Anatole Duplau had certainly laid a very "neat" plot between them for the hiding-away of Mr. Earle's fair daughter Lois, as the intelligent reader has no doubt already guessed "Mary Jane" to be.

But it has ever been the weakness of men possessing the peculiar order of talent belonging to these worthies to have more than one game afoot at one and the same time, or, as Anatole Duplau would have phrased it, "*de courir plus d'un lièvre à la fois.*"

Mary Jane, having become, as we have seen, completely the slave of the threats of the wretches who had abducted her from her father's house, might have remained for years in this position. But having chosen for my story facts, at one time well-known and much talked of in this community, I have determined to change nothing in their true order. Let this plead my excuse for somewhat suddenly requesting the reader to follow me to—where in the world now?—to the Tombs!

Yes—the excellent Louis and the amiable Anatole have "run aground," and are now harbored, much against their "own sweet wills," in that anything but lovely abode.

It had happened "thusly," as Artemus Ward says:

Edwin Grosvenor, seeing the fair Mary so dejected, and yet convinced of her love for him, suddenly hit upon the expedient of employing a detective to watch every movement of his *inamorata;* and the excellent Louis, having resolved to threaten Mary thenceforth *viva voce*, instead of doing so by letter—he having imagined that his niece had taken to going into the street more often than was necessary, while she, in point of fact, was constantly running out to avoid the pressing attentions of Edwin Grosvenor—the officer employed overheard Louis Tresham threatening his victim, and, following him when going into an oyster-saloon with Anatole Duplau, managed—the officer was disguised—to overhear their conversation. This revealed the fact that Tresham had maintained his hold over Mary—or rather, Lois—by attributing a crime to her father which he declared that he would reveal to the world if Lois made any attempt to escape, or to tell who she was.

I have said that the Frenchman and his friend were guilty of the weakness of having too many strings to their bow. Yes—not content with the plot they were so cruelly carrying out, they committed a forgery. The following conversation at the Tombs will tell how they came there.

"Clear case, sir," says the criminal lawyer, seated with Tresham in his cell—the legal adviser is a regular Templeton Jitt—"everything against you, sir—*abduction*, and now, to cap the climax, *this forged note.* Bad case—bad!"

"I thought it was the business of a criminal lawyer to clear criminals," remarks Louis.

"But your confederate, this Duplau, who gags girls and lifts them into carriages," sneered a lawyer, "who drew out the money, and attempted to make off with it, probably intending to leave you in the lurch"—here Louis ground his teeth—"muddled the whole thing so when under examination, that it amounts to confession of the entire bearings of both affairs."

Whence we learn, my reader, that both the friendship and the cunning of the amiable Anatole failed the excellent Louis at the very time when he had most need of them.

* * * * * * *

"That is my story," exclaims Lois, ending the piteous recital, and remaining in the position she has maintained throughout, namely—don't be shocked!—standing with Edwin Grosvenor's arm around her waist; "and it has been months now since my wicked uncle and the Frenchman were put in prison. I receive no more threatening notes, the landlady has told me to go, and, as I no longer fear that my dear father will be imprisoned if I reveal the truth, I have told it all to-day, dear Edwin, to you. Will you take me back to Chicago to my dear papa?"

"Not till we are married, Lois—by-the-by, that's much prettier than "Mary Jane," ain't it, now?—and married we will be, day after to-morrow," replies Edwin, tossing his smoking-cap—the wretch actually smokes!—into the air.

Two days after, the prettiest bride that ever entered Grace Church was married within its walls, and with a string of groomsmen and bridesmaids, whom the "romance of the whole thing," they declared, had enlisted in favor of the groom; for Lois, though the rich Mr. Earle's certain heiress, and a very great belle—for so young a girl—while in Chicago, had not an acquaintance in New York.

All had gone merrily at the wedding, and the happy pair had reached their hotel, when the proprietor suddenly walked up to them, and brought them face to face with a pale, distinguished-looking old man, whom Lois flew at with a loud cry of joy, and clasped about the neck.

"Father! father!" exclaimed she, in accents that would have "brought down the house," if heard on the stage of any metropolitan theatre; "I thought I never should see you again—never!"

"Another month of suspense would have killed me, child," sobbed the old man; "and, indeed, had I not asked at the door of Grace Church the name of the couple who had just been married, I should never have known where my child had gone ——"

"Beg your pardon, sir," interrupted Edwin Grosvenor, "we were *both* 'going home to papa'—that is, to you—as you see, for the trunks are all marked for Chicago. See that, sir!" added he, pushing open the door of the beautiful apartments in the M—— H—— engaged that morning, and to be kept till the next day; "facts speak for themselves."

"Forgotten me, Miss Lois?" said a pleasant voice, just then, as Jonas Baldwin came in sight—he was never far behind Mr. Earle—and walked up to the bride.

"No, indeed, Jonas," replied Lois. "I am sure that you have done everything to find me. Think of that wretch accusing papa of crime!"

"Keep your counsel, Mrs. Grosvenor—beg your pardon for saying Miss Lois now—let him"—pointing to Mr. Earle—"think *he* found you; it will be better that he should, after all this sorrow. Crime, indeed! Earle never harmed a fly!"

"Then it was really you that found us?" whispered Lois. "I am sure of it, and I ought to have known papa was always good."

"I saw the announcement of the intended wedding in the *H—— J——l* and put it away in my pocket. Then I walked him over to Grace Church, without telling him anything—'fraid of the shock, you know—and then I just *suggested to him*, you know, to ask the names of the married pair. And here we all are," added Baldwin, rubbing his hands; "and long may it be before we part again, Mrs. Grosvenor."

"I don't see, for my part," replied Edwin Grosvenor, coming up at this moment with Mr. Earle's hand on his arm, "why we *ever* should part again."

Mr. Earle looked happy.

Mr. Grosvenor, the elder, when he returned from Paris, saw the thing in the same light, and tells the romance of his son's courtship and his daughter-in-law's abduction with peculiar gusto.

The amiable Anatole got off with a season of imprisonment; but the excellent Louis, seeing that he had done all the harm he cared to undertake, swallowed some laudanum, and, in consequence, departed from that transitory life which his "fate," as he said, "had not permitted him either to appreciate or embellish."

THE SAND BLAST.

Among the wonderful and useful inventions of the time is the common sand blast. Suppose you desire to letter a piece of marble for a gravestone: You cover the stone with a sheet of wax no thicker than a wafer, then cut in the wax the name, date, etc., leaving the marble exposed. Now pass it under the blast and the wax will not be injured at all, but the sand will cut letters deep into the stone.

Or, if you desire raised letters, a flower or other emblem, cut the letters, flowers, etc., in wax and stick them upon the stone; then pass the stone under the blast and the sand will cut it away. Remove the wax and you have the raised letters.

Take a piece of French plate-glass, say two feet by six, and cover it with fine lace; pass it under the blast, and not a thread of the lace will be injured, but the sand will cut deep into the glass wherever it is not covered by the lace. Now remove the lace and you have every delicate and beautiful figure raised upon the glass.

In this way beautiful figures of all kinds are cut in the glass, and at a small expense. The workmen can hold their hands under the blast without harm, even when it is rapidly cutting away the hardest glass, iron or stone, but they must look out for finger nails, or they will be whittled off right hastily.

If they put on steel thimbles to protect the nails it will do little good, for the sand will soon whittle them away; but if they wrap a piece of soft cotton around them they are safe. You will at once see the philosophy of it. The sand whittles away and destroys any hard substance, even glass, but does not affect substances that are soft and yielding, like wax, cotton, or fine lace, or even the human hand.

Friendship supplies the place of everything to those who know how to make a right use of it; it makes prosperity happier and adversity more easy.

SILKWORMS AND SILK CULTURE.

The common silkworm, known to naturalists as *Bombyx Mori*, is supposed to be a native of China, where for innumerable centuries it has been raised under artificial conditions that have without doubt had more or less influence upon its habits. From China it has been widely disseminated over the entire globe, until its rearing has become a business so extensive as to give employment to thousands of persons; and the manufacture of products from the silk of which its cocoons are formed requires for its proper development and prosecution the labor of many thousands more, as well as an investment of capital almost inconceivably great.

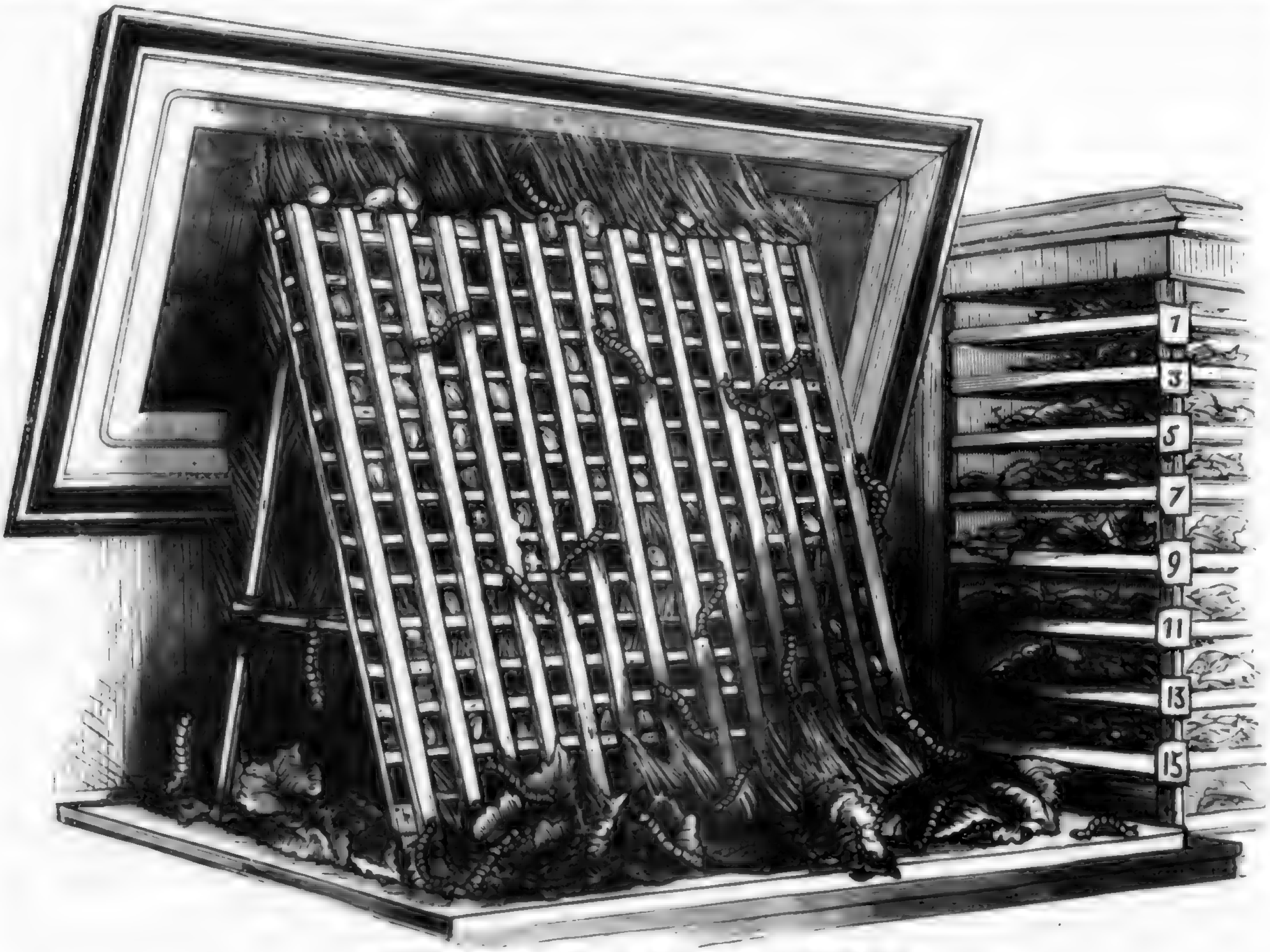
During the century-and-a-half, or more, since the introduction of the silkworm into America, the various attempts to make silk-culture profitable here have proved lamentable failures, mainly because of the cost of the requisite labor and of the want of a ready market at remunerative prices for the cocoons. At the present time, however, these obstacles seem to have been removed. With the increase of population, the amount of labor suitable for this work that cannot be profitably employed on other avocations has also largely increased; while the inventive genius of our people has constructed labor-saving machines so well adapted for the purpose intended that the labor question seems to be no longer in the way of success.

In the immediate neighborhood of almost every town or village there are numbers of small children, girls and invalids, whose strength is not sufficient to enable them to endure the long hours and severe labor of factory life, who could attend to all the details of silkworm raising, as well as those who are competent to fill positions requiring greater physical strength and endurance.

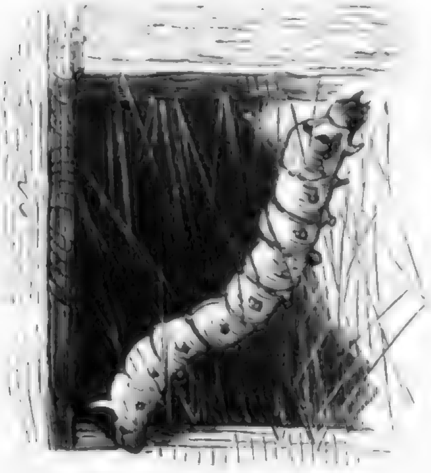
The fact that, except for fine sewing-threads and articles of that nature, it is found that the carded silk is quite equal to that produced by reeling directly from the cocoon, while it can be carded for a small part of the expense attendant upon reeling, has opened a market for the cocoons both whole and cut, that all the importations from abroad are not sufficient to supply. While the value of the raw silk, if reeled, is double that of the carded, or floss, silk, the expense of the reeling is more than proportionately great; consequently, for dress goods, ribbons, etc., the carded is coming into general use in our principal manufactures; and, as the expense and difficulty attending reeling was one of the principal obstacles in the way of profitable culture, this being overcome, we see no good reason why the production of silk should not soon be reckoned among the important industries of our country.

We make the above statements advisedly, after consultation with some of the principal manufacturers in the country, the most extensive of which are at Paterson, N. J., and Manchester, Conn.; where we were informed of the almost incredible amount of cut cocoons received from abroad, which, we feel assured, could be produced in this country for less than the cost of importation, and pay a good profit to the producer.

The four stages in the life of this insect are the egg, the worm, the chrysalis, and the moth. The eggs are nearly of the size and shape of mustard seeds, and, perhaps for this reason, are known by silk-raisers as seed. In color, they are at first of a yellowish hue, changing to gray or slate, and in some to green, depending upon the variety, for there are several varieties of the species. They are usually fastened to the substance upon which they are laid, most commonly on paper placed in position to receive them.

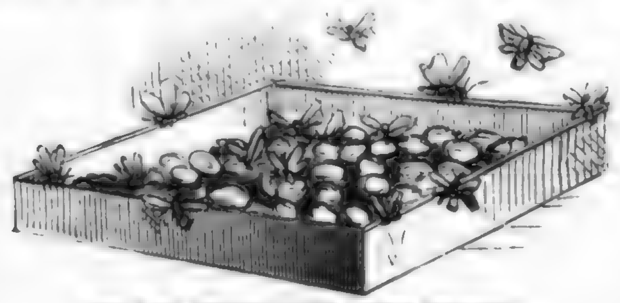


FEEDING-TRAYS AND FRAMES ON WHICH COCOONS ARE SPUN.

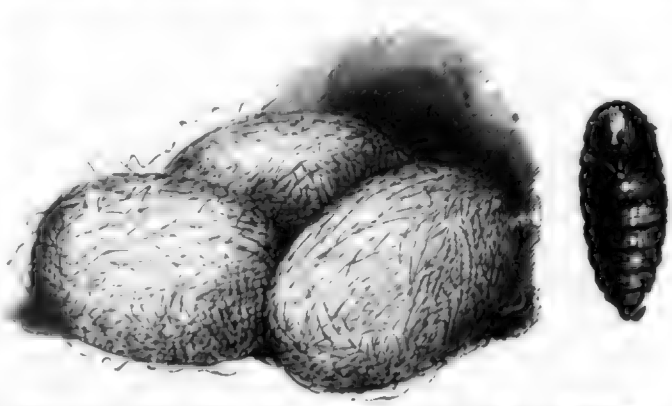


WORM PREPARING TO SPIN COCOON.

The female moth will lay 300 or 400 eggs, of which 40,000 will weigh scarcely more than an ounce. Their vitality is such that they are readily transported any distance — it being only necessary to keep them at a low temperature, but not so cold as to freeze them. Large quantities are annually sent from China to France by way of San Francisco and the overland route, a full car-load having at one time reached this city for transhipment by steamer across the Atlantic. The reason of the importation of eggs to France is, that a disease has appeared and spread very generally among the silkworms there, that saps their vitality to such an extent that the eggs of the moth are affected and the worms hatched therefrom are so weak as to be of little use. Up to the present time, we are not aware that this disease has appeared in America, and the consequence is that the eggs produced in this country are as desirable as those of China, and the demand for them has been so great that, in many instances, the amount received for them has been greater than that from the cocoons raised in the same establishments.

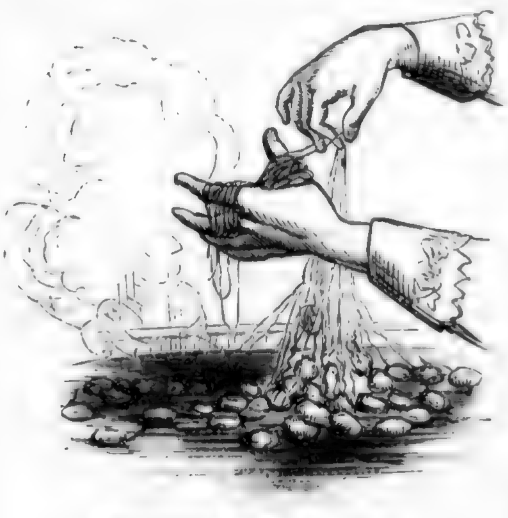


TRAY OF COCOONS, WITH MOTHS ESCAPING.



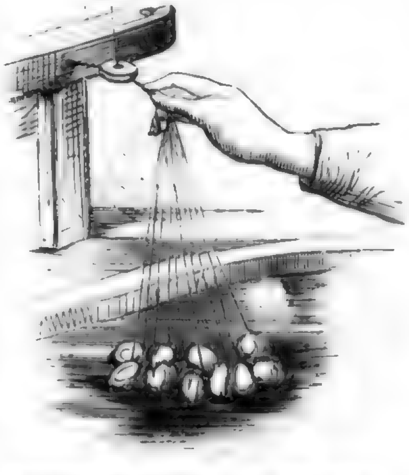
COCOONS COMPLETED, AND CHRYSALIS REMOVED FROM COCOON.

When the worms are desired, it is only necessary to place the eggs in a warm atmosphere for a few hours, when they make their appearance. When first hatched they are very minute, but commence feeding at once on food that has been placed within their reach, which is usually leaves of the *Morus multicalus*, although those of the white and black mulberry are sometimes used. It has been recently discovered that the Osage orange, a native

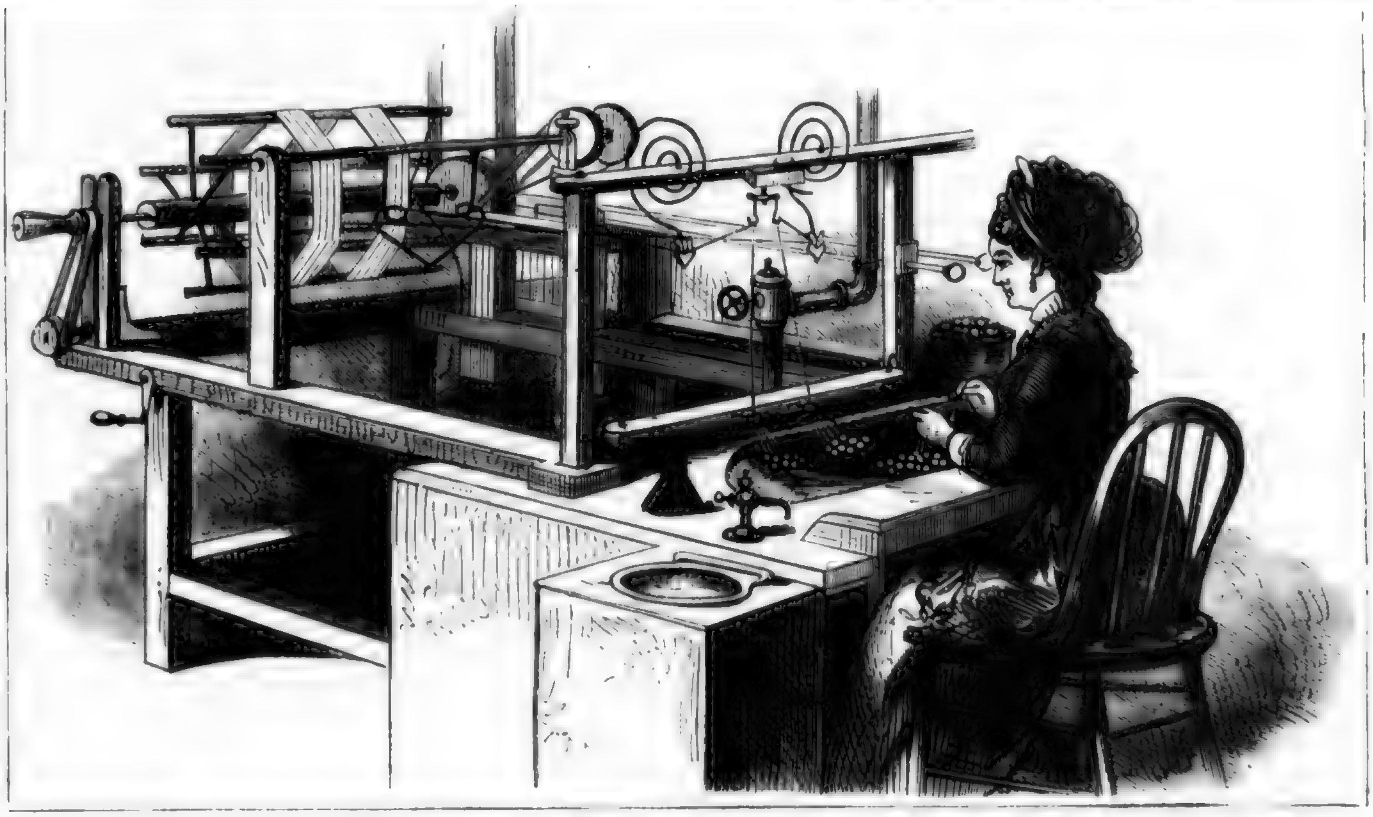


PRIMITIVE WAY OF REELING.

of Texas, is well adapted as food for silkworms, and is by some considered fully equal to any of the mulberries. Care should always be taken that the eggs be not hatched until the food is ready, for, as before stated, they commence feeding at once; but should this occur, they can be kept alive on lettuce for a few days. They grow rapidly, and when about a week old pass through what is known as the first molt, which is the shedding of their skin. At this time they cease eating for several hours, remaining in a dormant condition, and are called "sick."



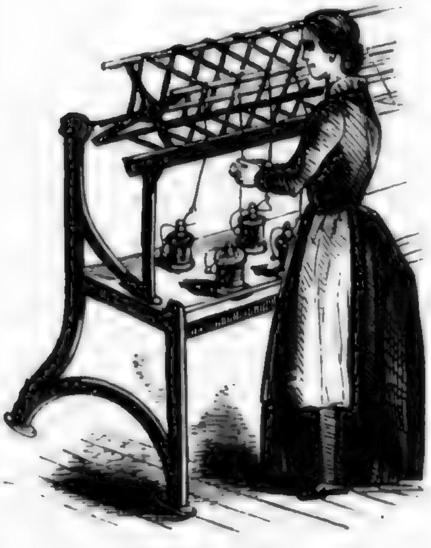
MODERN WAY OF REELING BY HAND.



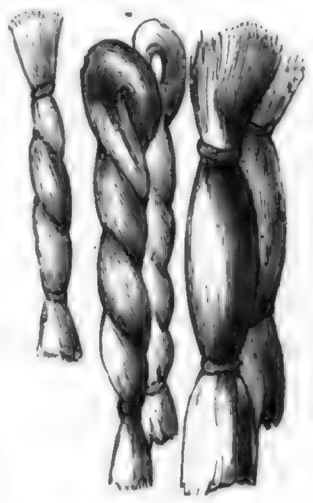
REELING BY MACHINERY.

The molting passed, they commence eating again voraciously for several days, but before the completion of another week have their second molting. There are four of these molting seasons, the last occurring when the worm is a little more than a month old. This past, the worm feeds voraciously for a few days, when it ceases eating, becomes apparently restless, and prepares for spinning.

Having selected a proper place upon which to affix its cocoon, which is usually on branches of trees, willow netting, frames, or other suitable arrangements for the purpose, the worm begins throwing a thread of silk from one point to another, as fastenings or bearings for the cocoon. We say thread, but, although it seems single, two threads are spun at the same time, which are glued together by a gummy substance. These being fixed, it proceeds to envelop itself in a coating made of a single continuous thread,



TWISTING THREADS TOGETHER.



HANKS OF RAW SILK.

XUM

and of sufficient thickness to protect the chrysalis into which the worm is now changing.

If desired for use, the cocoons are gathered soon after their completion, and exposed for half an hour to a temperature of about 200° Fah., which is sufficiently high to kill the chrysalis; but if left undisturbed for two or three weeks, the chrysalis becomes a moth, and the skin which has confined it bursts open, leaving it still confined within the cocoon. Cutting its way out, the moth is provided with means of exuding a liquid which dissolves the gummy parts of the cocoon, permits its silky threads to be separated, through which the moth forces its way, breaking in its progress so many of the threads as to render the cocoon unfit for reeling, although not entirely destroying its value, as it can still be carded and made into floss silk as stated above.

The moths are of a pale creamy color, nearly white, with a few brownish marks across the wings, about the size shown on page 661. The difference in the appearance of the sexes consists mainly in that the males have the broader antennæ, or feelers, with more slender bodies.

When the whole cocoons are placed in warm water, the gum adhering to the thread is dissolved, and the end becomes loosened. Several of these threads are taken together and reeled from the cocoons, which being properly twisted, form the raw silk of commerce. This is divided into organzine, or that produced from the best cocoons, and considerably twisted; tram, from the inferior cocoons, and slightly twisted; and floss, from the loose silk and cocoons that have been so damaged by the exit of the moth or otherwise as to be unfitted for reeling.

THE INVENTOR OF GAS-LIGHTING.

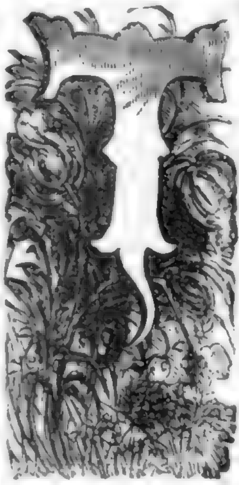
The inventor of gas-lights is said to have been a Frenchman, Philippe le Bon, an engineer of roads and bridges, who, in 1772, adopted the idea of using, for the purposes of illumination, the gases distilled during the combustion of wood. He labored for a long time in the attempt to perfect his crude invention, and it was not until 1799 that he confided his discovery to the Institute. In September, 1800, he took out a patent, and in 1801 published a memorial containing the result of his researches. Le Bon commenced by distilling wood, in order to obtain from it gas, oil, pitch, and pyroligneous acid; but his work indicated the possibility of his obtaining gas by distillation from fatty or oily substances.

From 1799 to 1802 Le Bon made numerous experiments. He established at Havre his first "thero" lamps; but the gas which he obtained being a mixture of carbureted hydrogen and oxide of carbon, but imperfectly freed from its impurities, gave only a feeble light and evolved an insupportable odor, and the result was that but little favor was shown to the new discovery. The inventor died, ruined by his experiments.

The English soon put in practice the crude ideas of Le Bon. In 1804, one Winsor patented and claimed the credit of inventing the process of lighting by gas. In 1805, several shops were illuminated by gas manufactured by the process of Winsor and Murdock. Among those who first used this new light was James Watt. In 1816, the first use of this gas was made in London, and it was not until 1818 that this invention, really of French origin, was applied in France.

Whoever will not in his turn serve those who serve him will go under, and as in the small so in the great.

MY AUNT'S MATCH-MAKING.



THERE were seven of us—all girls—and the youngest twelve years old. I think my father, a hard-working lawyer, who had a struggle to maintain his family in comfort, sighed sometimes when he looked at us, and wondered what would become of us all. But these thoughts did not trouble us much at the time of which I write. We were a quiet, domestic family, fond of each other, and with plenty of home duties and home pleasures.

Our mother was somewhat of an invalid. But my story has little or nothing to do with our home-life.

One of our yearly treats, which came round with as much regularity as the seasons themselves, was a visit to a maiden aunt, a sister of my father. She lived in the heart of the country, some twenty miles from our town, and to leave the heat and noise of the streets, and escape into such scenery and such pure air as surrounded Daisy Farm, was very delightful, even if our Aunt Bessy had not been the most hospitable and the kindest of old ladies.

Well, it was on a sunny June morning, and we were all seated round the breakfast-table, when the well-known handwriting appeared, and the usual invitation was read for two of the girls to go at once and stay as long as they could be spared.

It so happened that my eldest sister could not leave home just then, as our mother was more than usually ailing; and my younger sisters had a friend staying with them.

"So you, Alice, will have to go alone," was the decision of the rest.

"It will do you good, child; you look pale," said my father, looking up from his papers; "pack up and be off as soon as you can."

Nothing loath, I soon finished my preparations, and a day or two after I found myself in the train, whirling past green trees and hedges, my heart growing each moment lighter.

And there was the little country station, with my aunt's pony-chaise and fat pony, and the old servant touching his hat and smiling a welcome, the great dog barking his recognition.

But now I must confess—and I had better do it at once, before I introduce Aunt Bessy to my readers—that she had a weakness; and in consequence of this our visits to Daisy Farm had a drawback. My aunt was a match-maker! As simple and innocent as a child, yet, for all that, by nature a match-maker. She believed that marriages were made in heaven, but—perhaps for that very reason—she liked to feel that she was helping in the good work. We, her unmarried nieces, used to feel ourselves her special victims.

Indeed, "to get one of those dear girls settled" was her openly avowed desire. I do not deny that the motive was laudable, and I do not affirm that we were averse to matrimony.

Of course, remonstrance was useless—that was quite proper and natural, she thought, on our part, but she had a duty to perform all the same.

And we couldn't say or do anything to hurt her feelings—dear old auntie!—for she was so kind, so indulgent, so devoted to us, who used often to tyrannize over her.

After a warm welcome, I took possession of my little room; and then descended to the well-spread table, where tea was prepared—rich cream, home-made bread and butter, new-laid eggs, and a few early strawberries. Everything seemed to taste of the country; and while I ate and drank, auntie chatted, and told me the news of the village. Mrs. Langdale, the minister's wife, had another baby; a new shop was opened in the High Street; Mr. Clark, the village doctor, had a new assistant; the old Miss Morleys were really going to leave. Did I remember little Polly, the miller's pretty daughter? Well, actually that child was going to be married! Poor Mr. Smith, who had been ill so long, was dead; and young Tom Everett, who lived in that pretty farmhouse, was still a bachelor.

This last was bad news. Poor young Tom, an excellent but shy youth, had been devoted by Aunt Bessy to each of us in turns, and, like other delicacies of the season, was regularly served up at our visits. We devoutly wished him married, but at present, as aunt said, "he was evidently waiting for *somebody!*"

"But," she continued, "I have saved my most important piece of news till the last: the white house on the hill is finished and occupied!"

"Well, auntie, who has taken it?" I asked.

"Ah!" she replied, nodding her head mysteriously, "that's the interesting part of my story. An elderly gentleman, and a widower." (My heart sank.) "He is a man of property, and, my dear, I knew him years ago!"

"Indeed! What is his name?" I asked.

"Dr. Vernon," replied aunt. "He was a rising young doctor when we were acquainted, but he afterward went into the army, married, and our paths separated. I heard of him in India, but that was a long time ago, and I had forgotten there was such a man. And now it is remarkable that he should settle here, of all places. And just at this time, too! I always say there's a providence in these things. Of course I shall renew my old acquaintanceship."

"You are looking rosier already, I declare," was aunt's observation the next morning at breakfast. "What, have you been out?"

"Yes, auntie, and I have filled all your vases with fresh flowers."

"Good girl; but don't tire yourself. I shall want you to drive me into the village this morning."

So most of this my first day was spent exploring the picturesque little village, renewing old acquaintanceships, and making new ones.

Young Everett came that evening, and I thought him more stupid than ever.

Several days passed before I saw the possessor of the new house, though I heard sundry reports of him.

But one evening, coming in from the garden, I found a tall, grave, gentlemanly man, apparently about sixty, in the drawing-room, whom aunt introduced to me as Dr. Vernon. He staid some time, and I further discovered that he talked well, and was agreeable, though with a certain precision and formality of manner that prevented my feeling at ease with him.

I was a shy girl, and talked very little to the stranger; but aunt, finding out that we both played chess, brought out a board and set us down to it, while she sat by knitting complacently. I could not help wondering how much those observant gray eyes saw, nor could I help rather a guilty blush when I caught them fixed upon me. I lost my game thinking of these things, and did not propose another.

I heard him accept aunt's cordial invitation to come again, and then he begged her and her young friend to go to his house the next day to luncheon, and give him some advice as to the laying-out of his garden; "for I see you have a taste for gardening," he added, looking at aunt's pretty flower-beds.

I did not want to go, and told auntie so when he had left. But she only laughed at me.

I must say, however, that we had a very pleasant morning. Dr. Vernon was a perfect host. And certainly both his house and garden showed signs of taste and refinement.

"It only wants a mistress," observed aunt, as we drove home in the afternoon. "Dear me!" she added, "I never gave the doctor the little packet of seeds I took for him. Never mind, he is sure to look in this evening."

"I should think not, as we have been there all the morning," said I, astonished. But aunt was right—he appeared, and asked for a game of chess, at which I was again beaten.

Somehow, this soon became a common state of things. Whether the good doctor found his empty house unbearably dull, or whether he had a special love for chess, or what it was, I could not say, but certainly few days passed without our seeing him; and it became obvious that Daisy Farm possessed an attraction for the lonely widower.

And what did I think of our guest on further acquaintance? Beyond my admiration for him, I felt nothing, and was only vexed by aunt's hints, and, at last, her outspoken wishes.

"I do think, Alice, you are the most unimpressionable girl I ever saw," she exclaimed, one evening, when I had been listening in silence to her praises of our visitor, who had just left. "Most girls would be proud to be noticed by a man like that."

"Perhaps I am, auntie," I replied, indifferently.

"And do not you like him?"

"Yes," I answered.

"A perfect gentleman," she went on; "good, kind, clever and rich!"

"And old enough to be my father," I added.

"Nonsense, child! he is in the prime of life, and you are just the sort of girl who ought to marry a man older than yourself."

"Well, auntie," I said, laughing, "I am not asked yet."

"I know that," returned my aunt, quite gravely, "but I also know that he comes here a good deal, and I hear what people say. And he admires you, Alice, for I have heard him say so—he thinks you a nice, unaffected girl. All I want, dear, is your happiness, and that you should do nothing rashly. And remember that, though I put other things first, to be comfortably off is a great blessing."

No one knew that better than I did, and I sighed as I went to bed, thinking of the advantage such a marriage would be to my parents.

After breakfast next day I set off for a walk. I longed to get out alone into the country.

I chose my favorite walk by the river-side. It was Sailor's favorite walk, too; he always seemed to have an immense amount of business to transact along the banks and among the rushes, sniffing into the holes, and startling shy water-rats, which splashed into the river. And then Sailor plunged in too, returning to shake himself close to me in token of his friendly regard.

I had just thrown a piece of wood as far as I could into the water, and was watching the dog bounding after it, when I heard a voice call out:

"Who's that disturbing my fish? Come here, you good-for-nothing dog."

Just there the river curved, and the willows that lined its banks hid the speaker from my view; but, turning the corner, I saw a gentleman fishing, or rather, just now trying to fish, under disadvantages; for Sailor still swam up

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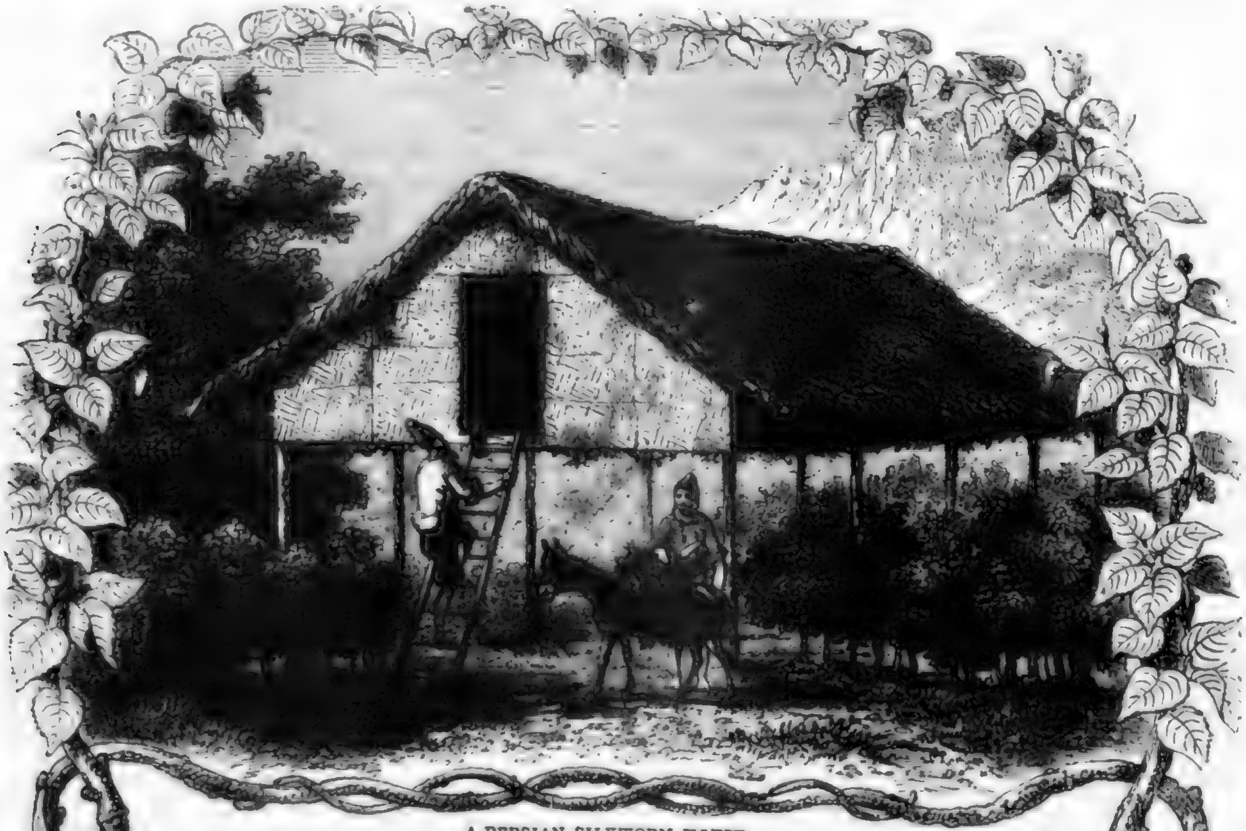
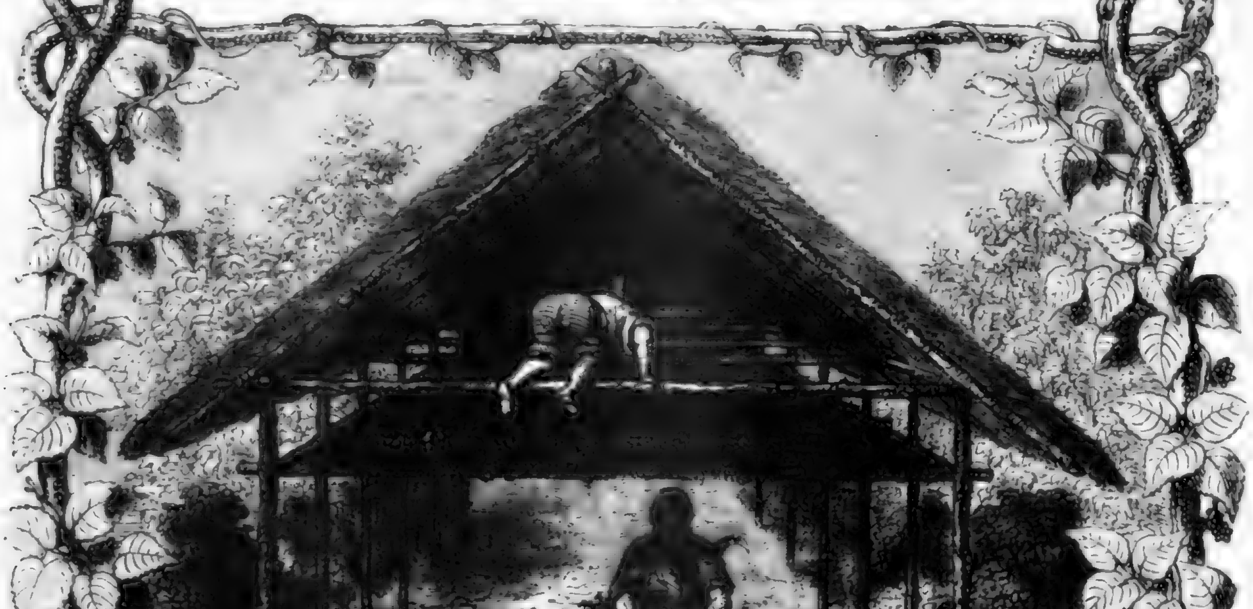


A PERSIAN SILKWORM HOUSE.



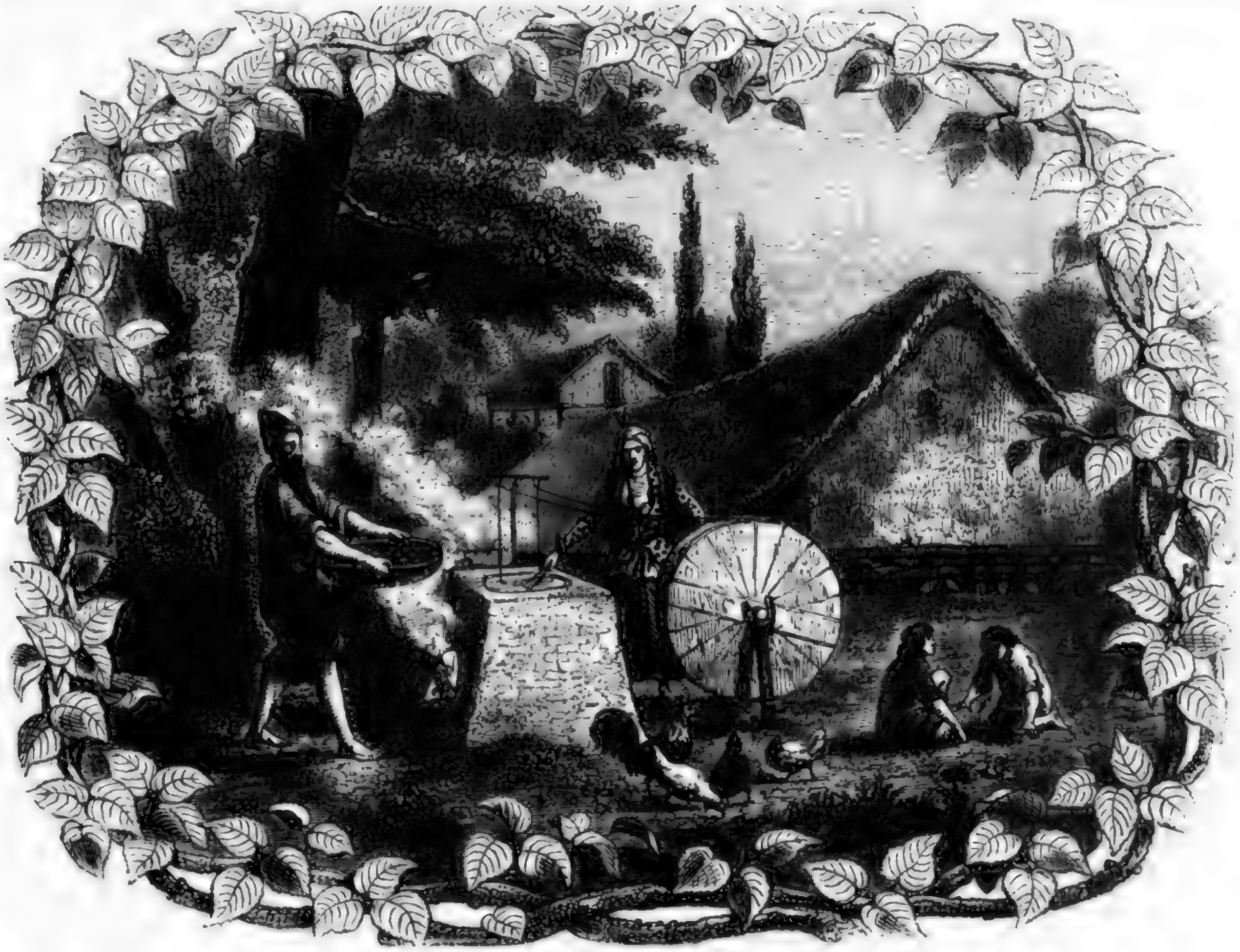
SILKWORMS AND SILK CULTURE.—INTERIOR OF SILKWORM HOUSE.—SEE PAGE 663.

and down, enjoying his cool bath, and sending out great widening rings all round him on the surface of the smooth water. The stranger took off his hat when he saw me, and I, feeling bound to apologize for Sailor, approached him, saying :

"I had no idea any one was fishing here, or I would have kept my dog out of the river."

"You would have found that rather difficult, I imagine. Pray, don't apologize. What a splendid fellow he is!"

The speaker was a young man—good-looking, sunburnt,

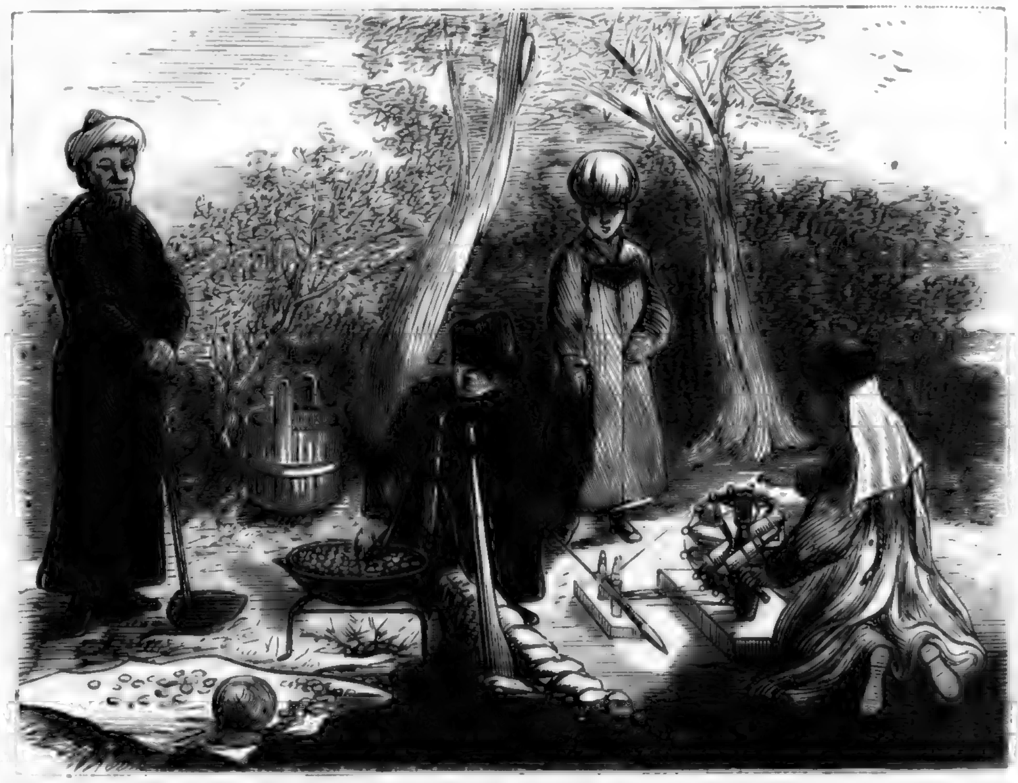


SILK-REELING IN PERSIA.

and with gentlemanly address. He made some more remarks about the dog, the weather, and the art of fishing, and I found myself chatting with him as if he were an old acquaintance. The time passed quickly, and I was startled to hear a distant clock strike.

"I must go," I said. "Come, Sailor, we ought to be at home."

"Have you far to go?" asked my new friend.



SILK-REELING IN TARTARY.

"There is the house," I replied, pointing to where between the trees the cottage was visible.

"Is not that Daisy Farm, where Miss Wingfield lives?" he asked.

"Yes; she is my aunt, and I am staying with her."

"How very strange!" exclaimed the young man; "I mean how strange that my uncle did not mention you. He told me about the cottage, and your aunt, but, as I have already stated, he did not speak of you."

"And who is your uncle, and who are you?" I asked, surprised.

He took off his hat.

"Allow me to introduce myself as Mr. Harry Vernon, nephew of Dr. Vernon, of White Hall—very happy to have made the acquaintance of Miss Wingfield, which I trust we may shortly renew."

"Of course we shall, for your uncle often comes to Daisy Farm. I wonder he did not tell us last night that you were coming."

"I only arrived to-day, and he is rather absent, and I dare say never thought of it. I am so glad we have made friends in this informal way—are not you?"

I assented, and with another good-by,

and call to the dog, I left him. My first thought was to tell aunt of this interesting meeting, but I changed my mind before I reached home. She might think I had not done quite right in talking to a stranger, and I felt rather a shyness in describing it all to her. Besides, it would all come out in the evening, when no doubt they would both call. So I contented myself with thinking over our interview.

"How much nicer the nephew is than the uncle!" was the conclusion I came to, as I hurried in to our early dinner, and was complimented by aunt on my becoming color.

About seven o'clock in came Dr. Vernon alone, and not one word did he say about a nephew. My morning adventure might have been a dream, and I almost thought it was. I went to bed thoroughly puzzled, and inclined to be angry with both uncle and nephew. I certainly would not meet the latter again if I could help it, as he did not care to come to the house.

"But perhaps Dr. Vernon will explain it all to-morrow," was my last thought before I fell asleep.

No; the morrow came, and with it the doctor, but no mention of his nephew, or of his having any one staying with him, and of course I said nothing.

The next day aunt asked me to take a dinner to a poor woman living at the other side of the village. As it was in the opposite direction to White Hall, I made no objection, and calling Sailor, I set off. I was quite determined to avoid Harry Vernon, and if I did meet him, to be very cool. I was thinking of this, when looking up, I saw Sailor bounding toward the very person who was in my thoughts, and giving him the friendliest greeting. In another minute, and before I had made up my mind as to my most dignified course, the young man stood before me, his face beaming with pleasure as he exclaimed:

"Miss Wingfield, I have been looking for you everywhere! Why have you forsaken your old haunts? I wanted particularly to speak to you."

"You would have found me at home, probably," I replied stiffly.

"Ah! that is the very thing I want to tell you about," he returned. "Confess that you are thinking me the rudest fellow you ever met."

There was no withstanding his frank, pleasant manner, and my displeasure partly melted away, as I acknowledged that I had thought it odd.

"Well, you see, it was all your fault for disappearing all yesterday, so that I could not explain matters; and I don't know how I shall do it now. You must be very lenient, or I shall fail. The truth is this," he continued: "my uncle—though as good as gold, as I of all people ought to know—is the most eccentric man possible. You may have found it out? Well, after my never-to-be-forgotten meeting at the river, I went home and told him about it, ending with a polite proposal to accompany him the next time he called at Daisy Farm. To my utter amazement my uncle said, quietly: 'Harry, you will greatly oblige me if you will keep away from Daisy Farm for a few days; in fact, if you will not make yourself known there at all until I give you leave.'"

"What an obedient nephew you are!" I observed, rather sarcastically.

"No," he replied, "it was not obedience—I do not know that I owe him that. But look here—he is the most generous friend any one ever had; in fact, he has been a father to me ever since my own parents died. And when he asks me a favor—which I do not remember his ever doing before—you see, I don't like to refuse. Was I wrong?"

"No, you were quite right," I exclaimed, warmly; "but what can be his reason?"

"I asked, but he only said, 'Never mind—you know that I never do things without reason, though they may seem unreasonable.' So I promised to do as he wished, but I did not promise to avoid you, and, curiously enough, he said nothing about that—no doubt knowing it would be useless."

"He probably meant it," I said, "and you had much better do as he wishes."

"If *you* wish it, I will instantly obey," said Harry Vernon.

Now, I felt that I ought to tell him to go, and I honestly tried to do so; but I hesitated, and he took advantage of my weakness. We had a delightful walk, and before we separated, just out of sight of the farm, I am afraid I had half promised to meet him the next day by the river.

That meeting led to more—I was only eighteen, reader, and our interviews seemed so innocent and were so pleasant—I must confess that after this a day seldom passed without one.

I never mentioned them to aunt. I often resolved to do so; but when the time came it seemed impossible. Was I happy? Feverishly so at times—but on the whole, no! A sense of wrong-doing oppressed me; I was not used to concealment; but it was not that only. I felt that Harry Vernon was becoming more to me than a mere acquaintance. I thought of him by day, and at night I dreamt of him, when I slept—for I began to lie awake, instead of sleeping the whole night through as I used to do. I was no longer the careless, light-hearted girl of a few weeks ago. My Aunt Bessy noticed the alteration in my looks.

"I can't think what has come over you, child," she remarked, one morning. "You eat nothing, and look wretched, and your spirits are so variable. You are as unlike my cheerful little Alice of old as can be, yet you say you are well and happy. You walk too much, for one thing—that I am certain. I shall speak to Dr. Vernon about you this evening."

"Pray don't, aunt! I am perfectly well; and why in the world should Dr. Vernon be troubled about me and my affairs?"

I spoke sharply; no wonder she looked troubled. The next moment, however, I repented, and kissed her; and in the evening the doctor "looked in" as he was passing—alone, as usual.

"Do not you think that long walks in this weather are bad for young girls, doctor?" she asked.

"Yes," he agreed—"especially by the river."

I hated him as I felt his piercing eyes fixed upon my face, and I knew that I was blushing.

I began to feel seriously displeased with Dr. Vernon for his silence, and with his nephew for giving in to him, and with myself for caring at all about it.

Several times Harry and I nearly quarreled—then I came home and almost cried my eyes out. This state of things could not last. One night, after lying awake for hours, I came to a resolution: I would go home. I almost wished I had never left that peaceful abode—it seemed to me that I had been away months, whereas, in reality, it was scarcely one.

The following morning I told aunt of my determination, and was, as I expected, vehemently opposed. Finding me firm, she tried persuasion, which I found much more difficult to withstand.

"Why should you go?" she urged; "are you not happy with me?"

All I could answer was:

"I am sure I am wanted at home.'

"They have not written for you, and you know you are wanted here—besides, I couldn't bear to send you home with such a pale face, and I should be particularly sorry for you to leave just now. Do, my dear, stop at least one week longer."

At last I consented to a compromise. This was Tuesday—I would wait till Saturday; and with this aunt was obliged to be content. I remember, after breakfast, quietly settling down to indoor employments, that I might run no risk of meeting the young man, while if the elder one came that evening I would not see him—that I was quite determined. On hearing Dr. Vernon's knock in the evening, true to my resolve, I retired to my room with the excuse, not altogether feigned, of a headache.

The next day was showery, and I spent it indoors again; but toward evening the weather cleared, and the cool fragrance tempted me into the garden. The rain had refreshed the vegetation, and everything was pure and delicious; the sky a pale yellow behind the trees, which stood out black against it; above, it was the deepest blue, and stars began to appear one by one. I wandered down the little shrubbery, and stood leaning over the gate which led into the fields. Soft whispers were heard among the boughs overhead, and perfumed breezes kissed my feverish brow. I do not know how long I staid there, but it had grown dark when I suddenly found that I was not alone. Harry Vernon (for I knew it was he) stood by my side. For a moment my heart gave a quick throb of joy, but I remembered my resolution in time, and turned to go.

"You are never leaving me without a word?" cried he, in a voice of distress.

I paused, and he continued:

"Miss Wingfield, I hear that you are not well, and that you are going away! Are these things true?"

"The last is certainly true, and nothing strange, either," I replied, in an indifferent voice; "I am wanted at home, Mr. Vernon, and certainly not here."

"How can you say anything so untrue? But I deserve everything you can say. I have no right to ask you to believe in me, but I do. Alice—*dear* Alice, trust me for one more day. To-morrow all will be right."

I could not resist his pleading, and after a hasty farewell I slowly returned to the house, in a state of blissful unconsciousness of all outer things. So engrossed was I by my own feelings that I did not at first observe, on entering the drawing-room, that it was empty—an unusual circumstance, for my methodical little aunt at her small table in her special arm-chair, knitting, was a regular sight every evening.

"Ann," I said, "where is your mistress?"

"In her room, I think, miss; she has been there some time; shall I tell her supper is ready?"

"No—I'll go," I said, running up-stairs.

Could she be ill? My conscience rather pricked me for leaving her, as I knocked at the door.

"Come in, my dear," she called.

She was sitting at the window with her back to me, and she did not turn round when I opened the door. I went up to her.

"Auntie, is anything the matter? Are you ill?" I asked.

"Not at all," said she; "I wanted to speak to you."

But still she waited, and kept her face turned away. I got frightened, but she did not seem ill. I caught a glimpse of bright color in her cheeks, and, though tears were certainly in her eyes, she was smiling.

"Alice," she said, suddenly, "Dr. Vernon has been here."

I saw no reason for the announcement of such a very common occurrence, so remained silent.

"He came for a special purpose," auntie resumed, presently; "he came to make a proposal. He wants a wife."

A sharp fear ran through me.

"Well, auntie," I said, quickly, "if he wanted me, you knew how I felt, and could tell him."

"But, my dear," she went on, with the same curious hesitation, it *isn't* you he wants. That's what's so absurd—I scarcely like to tell you."

It flashed upon me all at once. What a goose I had been! I knelt down and looked into the dear old face. Yes, it was actually blushing, and looking quite youthful—a thousand times sweeter and fresher, I thought, than half the girls' faces I knew.

"Auntie!" I exclaimed, "he has made you an offer—you can't deny it—and you have accepted him. I never was more delighted!"

"Are you really delighted, my dear? I quite dreaded telling you. It is so different from what I expected. He says he has never forgotten me since those days when we were young together; but I tell him it is perfectly ridiculous."

"It is not in the least ridiculous, auntie," I replied. "I admire the good doctor more than I ever did before, and I congratulate you both with all my heart."

Again and again that night I laughed at myself for ever having supposed that the grave Dr. Vernon had come to see me. Of course I had only been the excuse—I and the games of chess. It was his old love of years ago that had brought him evening after evening. Should I have felt the least bit mortified, I asked myself, if it had not been for the secret in my heart? And should I now confide that secret to my aunt? Not to-night, I resolved. It was getting late, and the dear old lady had had enough to agitate her. I went to sleep thinking of Harry Vernon's last words, "It will all come right to-morrow," and I awoke the next morning with them in my mind.

I laughed at auntie for having, I felt certain, put on new ribbons, but I am not sure that I had not been guilty of the same thing myself. At any rate, dear auntie was not too much taken up with her own concerns to remark:

"Why, child, how nice you look this morning! Dear me! to think how blind some people are."

"Some people see a good deal further than we give them credit for," I replied, kissing her. "It strikes me, auntie, that you and I have been the blind ones."

I don't think that either of us ate much at breakfast; and before it was cleared away, steps were heard upon the gravel path. And now aunt was destined to undergo as great a surprise as I had done the night before. The door opened, and two men entered. The likeness between them was very noticeable, though the doctor, I thought, seemed younger and brighter than I had ever seen him, while his nephew looked older and graver, with a somewhat anxious expression on his face. Aunt's look of bewilderment at the whole scene was a study!

Dr. Vernon gravely introduced the young man to her, and then, turning to me, continued:

"My nephew, Mr. Harry Vernon—Miss Alice Wingfield. Dear me! no introduction seems necessary. That is strange. And you are flushed, Miss Alice. Ah, those walks by the river! I fear the harm they did can never be undone. Well, young people, since you seem to be perfectly acquainted with each other, I dare say you will not object to a stroll in the garden this bright morning, while I have a little conversation with my friend here."

He turned with such a tender smile to my aunt, as he

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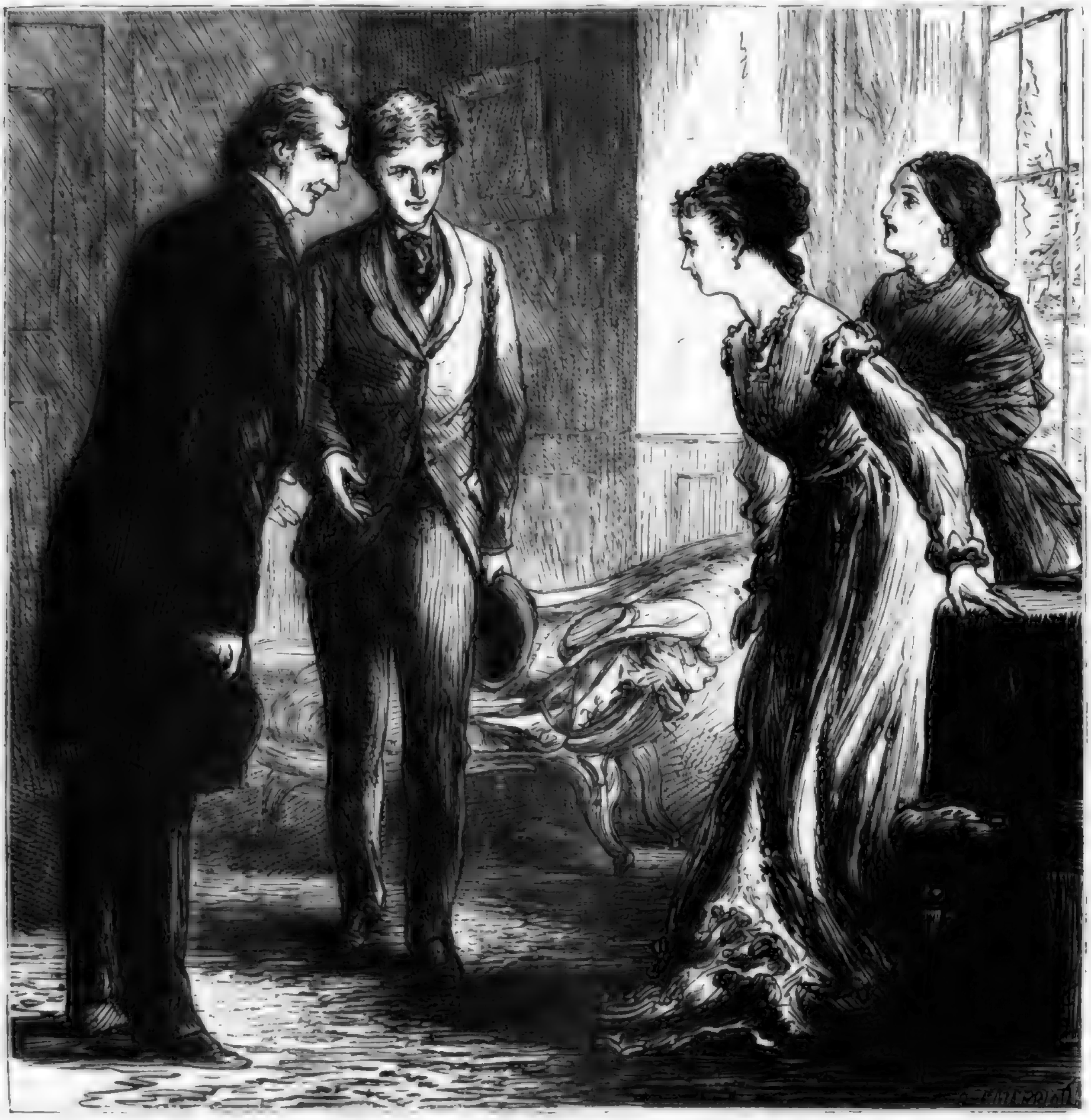
finished his speech, that I loved him for it. Then Harry and I wandered out into the dewy fields, and the seeming mystery was explained to me and to my auntie at the same time.

Like many mysteries, it was simple enough when solved. Dr. Vernon, although untoward circumstances had separated him from the girl he admired when young, had always retained a vivid remembrance of her charms; and when he unexpectedly met her again, the former influence, notwithstanding years of changes and absence, instantly revived.



MY AUNT'S MATCH-MAKING.—"MY NEPHEW, MR. HARRY VERNON."—SEE PAGE 666.

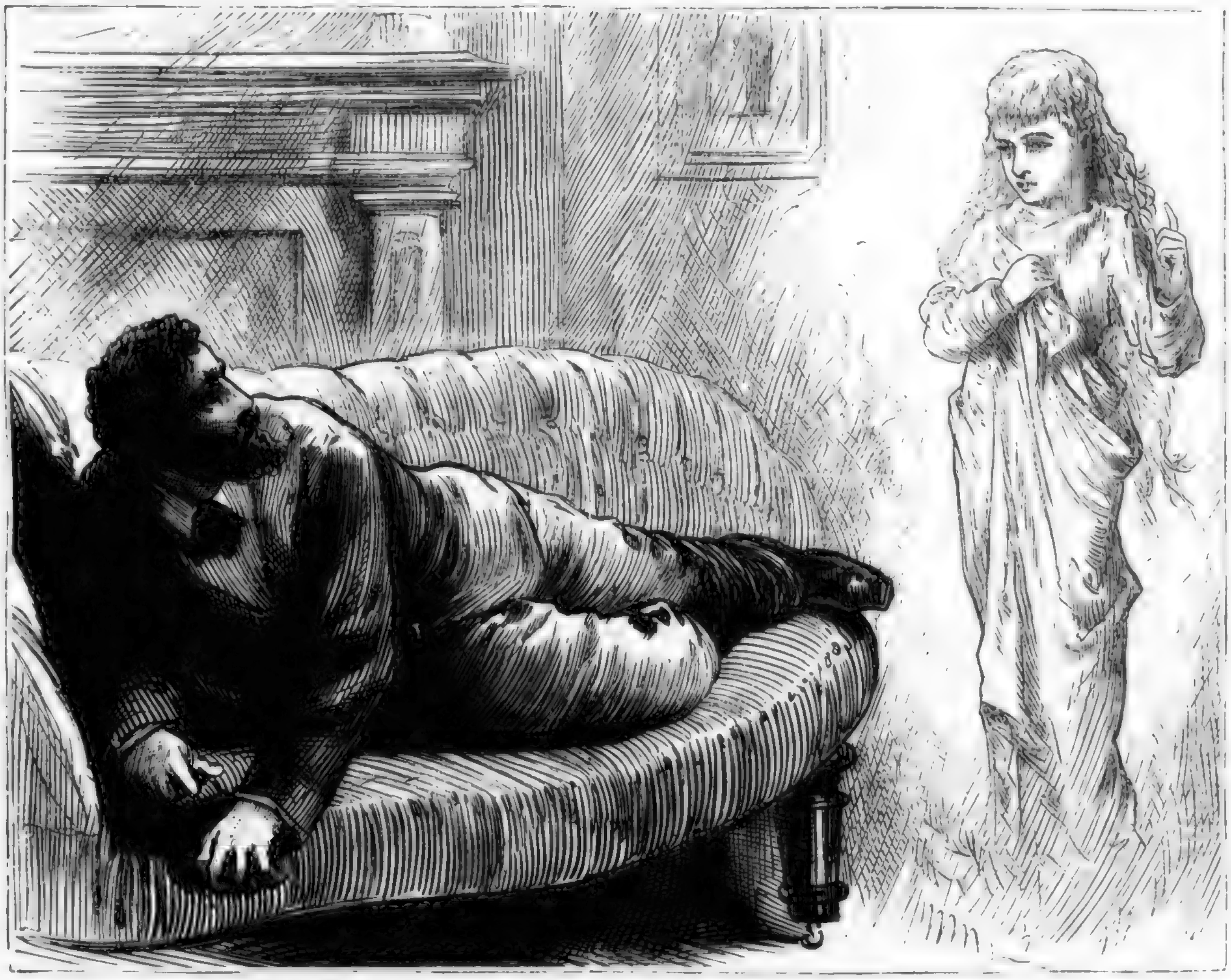
He soon perceived that there was no fear of his troubling my peace of mind, while, had it not been for my presence, the opportunities of free intercourse between White Hall and Daisy Farm might have been stopped. When his nephew arrived, he saw an obstacle. If the aunt caught sight of the young man, might not her plans for her niece change, and would the old doctor be as warmly welcomed? Harry's accidental meeting with me was unfortunate, but could not be helped. Indeed, so long as it did not come in his way, he approved of our intimacy. The good doctor felt no compunction, even when his nephew openly remonstrated and I looked silently miserable. He was an old man, he reasoned, and the young folks, with their lives before them, could surely wait a little while.

Their affairs were progressing favorably enough, and he had his eye upon them; but he felt very doubtful about the success of his own. Fortune favored him, however, as we have seen. Two happier faces than those which looked out of the window to welcome us, when at last our stroll was over, could scarcely have been seen, unless it were the two that looked in. Then came more explanations and congratulations, and the letter that I had written to say I was going home next day was publicly destroyed.

Not long after this happy day there was a quiet wedding in the little village, and the house on the hill had found a mistress.

Among the vows registered by Aunt Bessy on her wedding-day, was a private one that she would for ever give up her besetting sin. Whether or not she has kept it, I am not prepared to say; but as she has a good husband, and I have one, I do not see that we can any of us complain of Aunt's Match-making.

THEY who know most are the oftenest cheated.



JUST EXPLAIN IT.—"SUDDENLY IN THE CENTRE OF THE DOORWAY APPEARED A LITTLE CHILD—A GIRL OF FIVE OR SIX YEARS, HER SWEET, SOLEMN FACE TURNED TOWARD ME. SHE SLOWLY RAISED HER HAND AND BECKONED ME."

JUST EXPLAIN IT.

I AM a medical man, and, like most of my brethren in the craft, a little more apt to doubt than to believe in matters not susceptible of proof by the scalpel or crucible; and although honestly respecting the faith of other persons in things not appertaining to the material world, I have never found myself tempted to show it, unless, indeed, we except the one experience I am about to relate, and of which I shall be most happy to receive any reasonable explanation which any one may have to offer. For my own part, I am free to confess that I never could find that reasonable explanation, and although not wishing to believe in the obvious one, I do not readily see my way out of it. However, here goes for the story, such as it is, and every one who reads may explain it for himself. I only wish he could for me.

Five or six years ago I took a vacation, my own health being a little shaken by the care I had bestowed upon that of other people, and I went to visit an old friend and relation, living among the Something Hills. You'll see pretty soon why I don't like to give their real name, any more than I shall the names of the persons chiefly concerned, for more than one of my readers might recognize both and find in my little story the answer to a puzzle which, some twenty years ago, mightily exercised the minds of the community.

My friend Dick is a doctor as well as myself, and many a good hour's chat did we have in comparing our professional experiences and conclusions, and giving each other such help and counsel as too many rival practitioners would never dream of affording to their own brothers or sons. Occasionally, also, I rode or drove with Dick to visit his patients, although more frequently he preferred that I should take one of the horses and the buggy, and carry poor, pretty little Mrs. Dick upon some of the excursions with which the neighborhood abounded, but which might as well have been a thousand miles away, as the dear little thing pathetically remarked, for any good they were to her, with Dick for ever absorbed in his professional duties. It was during one of these drives that I first noticed a square graystone house, standing well back from the road, and surrounded by a good many evergreen-trees, giving it rather a gloomy and forbidding aspect. The gates and driveway, with as much as I could see of the grounds, appeared to be well cared for and kept up, but there was a sort of solemn chill over everything, not at all enlivening, and I instinctively touched Firefly's glossy haunches with the whip, as I inquired of Mrs. Dick:

"Who lives in that gloomy house, Fanny?"

"Horsford Hill, they call it. Old Squire Horsford and his daughter, Mercy, are the only family at present."

And Fanny paused in a sort of constrained way, as if she was afraid of saying too much, or was waiting to be questioned. Now, the first requisite of a woman in the position of a doctor's wife is discretion, for a good husband should have no secrets from his wife, and a good doctor should have no confidant at all, so far as professional secrets are concerned; so the only way to reconcile the two obligations is for the Mrs. Doctors to be so much one and the same with their husbands that they may confide to them with no more fear of having betrayed the confidence of their patients than if they had not spoken at all. At least, that is the way I intend to manage when I have a

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wife of my own—if I am ever so lucky as to obtain one. Acting upon this principle, I did not tempt Mrs. Dick by a single question, although a certain instinct of mine for mysteries informed me that one was close at hand, and that possibly Fanny might be led on to speak of it to so old and discreet a friend as myself. However, I said nothing, and when she spoke again it was upon quite another topic.

Two nights after this, I was just closing my eyes to a delicious first nap, when a horse galloped up to the door, a man dismounted, Dick's head popped out of his chamber window, a low-voiced colloquy ensued, and finally I heard Dick say :

"Well, tie the horse and leave him, and I will be there as quickly as possible."

"Glad it is not I," was my selfish comment as I settled myself deliciously in bed, and drowsily listened to the sounds betokening Dick's departure.

It may have been fifteen minutes—just time, at any rate, to embark surely and sweetly upon the calm profound of healthy slumber—when I was again aroused, this time by the whirl of light wheels, as a light carriage was driven rapidly to the door. Half-consciously I heard the driver dismount, heard a peremptory knock, then another, and then again the window of the doctor's bedroom opened and a feminine voice inquired :

"Who is there ?"

"James, from Horsford's, ma'am. Can I speak to the doctor ?" was the rejoinder ; and then, suddenly plunging over the verge on which I stood, I fell fast asleep, and was only roused by a knock upon my chamber door and Fanny's voice calling my name. I was out of bed in a moment then, and opening a crack of the door, heard in the darkness :

"Oh, I am so sorry to disturb you, Ned, but I thought, perhaps—you see, Dick will be all night at Mrs. Bowring's and cannot leave a moment, and here is Squire Horsford's groom with a message that the squire has an attack of apoplexy, they think, and must have help immediately, and it would be such a pity to have Dr. Bowen get into that family, for they have always been our patients ——"

"Say no more, my child," replied I, with sleepy enthusiasm. "I will be dressed and ready by the time James has unhitched his horse, and Dr. Bowen shall have no foothold at Horsford Hill while I live to prevent it."

"Thanks, dear Ned ; I was sure that you would go," replied Fanny, laughing a little nervously ; and five minutes more, when I descended the stairs, that dear little woman stood at the foot with a great cup of coffee in her hand—steaming hot, too.

I gulped it, shook hands, and the next minute sat beside James in the low-hung buggy, and was speeding toward Horsford Hill, behind as pretty a bit of horseflesh as any man need wish to handle.

"You knows somethin' about horses, sir," remarked James, after a mile or so. "And I wish't you could often have the handlin' of some of ourn. The old squire he do be afraid of his life if he be driven beyond a walk, and as for Miss Mercy, she don't never notice nor care how a body drives, or how a horse do go. Been used to drivin' in these hilly roads sir, or more in the city ?"

I had scarcely satisfied my new friend on this point, when the fast horse turned in at the great iron gateway and dashed up the avenue at a speed that required all the strength and attention I had to spare. In a moment or two more I stood in a great half-lighted drawing-room, watching the slender little figure of a woman who came softly down the room to meet me.

"Doctor ——"

"Pardon me, Miss Horsford ; it is not Dr. Dixon, but Dr. Murray, a friend of his, and visiting at his house. Dr. Dixon had just left home, probably for the night, when your messenger arrived, and at Mrs. Dixon's request I came to offer my services in his stead."

During this little address I had employed my eyes to the best advantage in studying my new acquaintance, just as I perceived that she was studying me. I found her singularly graceful in figure and bearing, handsome, but far from attractive, apparently about thirty years old, and characterized by an air of watchfulness and suspicion apparent in every line of her dark, proud face, every movement of her lissome body. My first conclusion was that I disliked her ; my second, that she was the guardian of a care or secret, or a scheme of some sort, and that in either case she dreaded and avoided the scrutiny of a stranger's eyes, and disliked his society. However, her need was great at that moment, and she submitted to it, as most people do, and said, in a clear and haughty voice :

"We are extremely obliged to you, Dr. Murray, for coming at once, as the delay in finding another physician might have been great. Will you come up-stairs at once ?"

So up-stairs we went, and in a vast, gloomy chamber, upon a curtained bed, strongly resembling a hearse, lay an old man gasping in the clutches of an apoplectic seizure. The usual remedies soon brought a measure of relief, but from certain symptoms I felt so apprehensive of another immediate attack, that I decided not to leave the house, at least before morning. As there was no need of my remaining in the sick-room, however, and as my presence there obviously disturbed Miss Horsford, I finally accepted her repeated invitation to repose myself for some hours, or at least until my services should be required. The housekeeper was accordingly summoned and directed to show me to the guest-chamber and offer whatever refreshment I would accept. Escorted by this highly respectable dame, I accordingly went down-stairs, took a glass of wine and a biscuit, and was then shown to a grand, gloomy, funereal chamber, quite at the other end of the house from that of my patient, and on another floor. I looked round, shook my head, and retreated, saying to my companion :

"This will never do, Mrs. Judson. I want to be where I can keep one ear open to my patient's breathing, and one eye ready to catch the first movement. I will just throw myself on the sofa in the little sitting-room I noticed close by Mr. Horsford's door.

"Well," replied the housekeeper, a little dubiously, "I don't see why you couldn't, to be sure. That room is Miss Mercy's sitting-room ; but then, there is another door into her bedroom, and it isn't likely, anyway, that she'll leave her papa's room to-night. So I don't see any objection, for of course you'd ought to be close to the squire's room."

"That's right, and as I can see that you are dead tired yourself, Mrs. Judson, I will not have you come up again to show me the way, but go and lie down until you are called. Miss Mercy has two servants with her, and does not need you, I am sure."

"Thank you, doctor. You're real kind and considerate, and I don't know but what I might as well catch my forty winks while I can, for to-morrow will be a hard day, and ——"

But at this point I passed out of hearing, and lightly mounting the stairs, passed down the long corridor, listened for a moment to the faint sounds betokening that all was well in the sick-chamber, and then quietly crossed the gallery and pushed open the door of the dimly-lighted little sitting-room, whose broad, old-fashioned couch I had already noted in the glance I cast into the room in passing to go down-stairs.

"Miss Mercy's sitting-room, eh?" whispered I to myself, as I looked about. "Well, Miss Mercy is not a young lady of very luxurious habits, I should say."

For, indeed, the room, as well as the sleeping-apartment into which it opened, was as bare almost as an anchorite's cell, contrasting strongly with the luxurious appointments of the rest of the house.

The wide sofa, and that of ancient fashion and much worn, was, indeed, the only article approaching to luxury in either of the rooms, so far as I could see, although, of course, I did not venture to investigate very largely into the mysteries of a young lady's private dwelling-place. In fact, I had not spent five minutes in the room before I was dozing off into a weary slumber upon the great chintz-covered sofa. I was awakened by an odor from the exhausted lamp upon the table, and rising, I extinguished it, and then crossing the hall, looked softly into the squire's chamber. He lay in the same heavy slumber I had left him in, and close beside the pillow, straight, cold and sleepless as a statue, sat Miss Mercy, her dark eyes set steadily forward, and no more emotion or weariness upon her face than on that of the sphinx.

"Not exactly one's idea of the Angel of Mercy," thought I, watching her for a moment or two, myself unseen. In a chair close at hand slept the man who shared the watch, and seeing that my services or presence were not needed, I withdrew as softly as I had come, and lay down again upon the couch in the now dark sitting-room. Scarcely, however, had I settled myself upon the great pillow, with my back to the room, than an uneasy sense of the presence of some one close at hand—some unseen and undesirable companionship—began to torment me, and after some useless efforts to drive away the annoying sensation, I threw myself pettishly over so as to face the room, and peered, as well as the faint light from the windows permitted, into the darkness about me.

Nothing was visible and no sound was heard, and throwing myself back, I closed my eyes and angrily tried to compose myself to sleep. Quite uselessly, for no sooner was I quiet than the uneasy sense of companionship returned, and again I opened my eyes and stared into the darkness; not absolute darkness now, however, for a faint light was visible, proceeding from the door of the sleeping-room, about twelve feet from where I lay, just opposite.

My first idea was that Miss Horsford had retired to her sleeping-room and would be annoyed at my close proximity; but the next moment I reflected that I had but just seen her in her father's room, and that in my restless condition since returning to the sofa I should certainly have heard the slightest movement in the passage or either of the two rooms, and that it was impossible for Miss Mercy or anyone else to have entered the bedroom without my knowledge. A vague wonder and uneasiness took possession of my mind as these thoughts crossed it, and lying perfectly still, I fixed my eyes upon the faintly illumined doorway and waited for further developments.

The light increased, although always remaining of a peculiar diffused softness, quite unlike the sharp and cutting illumination of a lamp or candle, and not penetrating in any degree into the room where I lay. Suddenly in the centre of the doorway appeared a little child—a girl of five or six years, as I should judge, her sweet, solemn face turned earnestly toward me, and the quiet dark eyes, contrasting so strongly with her golden curls, fixed upon mine.

I tried to speak, I tried to convince myself that either my fancy was painting this figure and this light when really only darkness existed, or else that my companion was actually a child of the family, disturbed from her slumbers and astonished at my presence. But instinct, rising, as it sometimes will, to greater power than reason, set both these theories at naught, and bade me fly without question from this presence, this something, this suggestion of something terrible to come, but not yet revealed. Reason again forbade this dastardly flight and prompted investigation; and thus, torn between the two authorities, I remained motionless and expectant. Not very long, however, for as I lay staring back at the solemn eyes so fixed upon mine, the child slowly raised her little hand and beckoned to me. I would have obeyed the summons, but my limbs absolutely refused to obey my will, and I lay like a frozen corpse, helplessly staring at the little maiden as again and again she beckoned me toward her. Finding her summons disregarded, she stood for several moments reproachfully regarding me, and then began slowly to move toward me, bringing with her, as she advanced into the room, a portion of the luminous vapor which seemed to cling and hang around her like a garment, and although showing her face, figure and raiment in the distinctest fashion, did not illuminate the space around her for more than two or three feet, the surrounding darkness seeming more intense as this luminous cloud or aureole, with its little central figure, moved slowly through it. I noticed, moreover, that the room from whence she emerged became entirely dark as she left it, so that the doorway was no longer discernible. Very slowly, but steadily, the figure approached the sofa, until at length it stood close beside me, a wavering, luminous body, not precisely like a being of flesh and blood, and yet most unlike anything else.

Commanding my natural sensations of horror and aversion, and sternly controlling instinct by reason, I lay still, and fixing my eyes upon the apparition, tried to study it in detail and trace its points of resemblance, as well as its dissimilarity, with anything I had seen before. But this was not easy, for the luminous envelope through which the figure appeared seemed always changing, or rather throbbing and palpitating, like the sea in a calm when the waves indeed are quiet, but the breathing of the great monster stirs his enormous bulk, so that what lies beneath his surface can never be seen accurately and positively, but always with a vague and changing outline.

As well, however, as I could distinguish, the figure thus strangely presented to my inspection was that of a child—a little girl, I fancied, some five or six years old, dressed in a flowing white robe, which she held close to her bosom with one tiny hand, while the other was extended toward my forehead, as if about to touch me. The face, wan, pale, and very mournful, was still of an exceeding beauty, and the rippling mass of golden hair flowing about the shoulders mingled so strangely with the throbbing and luminous haze, that I could not determine where the one ended or the other began. Another remarkable point was the mode of motion, for the figure was never still for an instant, and yet did not move through motion of the feet and limbs, like a human being, but in a floating, gliding manner; the feet appearing, indeed, to be folded in the robe which flowed down below them, and mingled, how I know not, with the luminous aureole.

As I lay thus motionless, with my eyes fixed upon the sad and beautiful eyes so earnestly bent upon mine, I became gradually aware of a powerful and increasing impulse to rise and follow the apparition, whither or for what purpose I knew not, and in spite of the powerful suggestion of reason that such a course would be both

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SHE IS NOT FAIR.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 678.

unwise and unsafe; for having once yielded to this supernatural, it might be demoniac, influence, how could I ever be certain of regaining my own free will and power of volition?

Admirable reasoning! but as that little hand approached nearer and nearer to my forehead, until I seemed to feel four tiny points of fire or ice in actual contact with my flesh, and as those sad and earnest eyes centred their regard more and more closely upon my own, all power of resistance seemed melted out of my soul; and, scarcely knowing what I did, I rose stiffly and mechanically from my couch and followed, like one in a dream, the motions of the figure, which, floating on before, led me through the doorway into the next chamber, Miss Mercy's sleeping-room, and across it, until it stopped close beneath a great picture representing, as I afterward ascertained, the banishment of Hagar with the little Ishmael into the desert to appease the jealous wrath of Sarah. At this moment, however, I had no time or thought to bestow upon the subject of the picture, for as the child floated more and more closely to my side, as her controlling touch shot fire through my brain and a chill like death through my blood, as her eyes pierced mine like flame, and my whole will fell subjugated before this strange and irresistible influence, I seized the great picture in my arms, wrenched it from its fastenings, placed it aside, and left bare the paneled wall behind; then my hand, how guided I cannot tell, went straight to a certain point, pressed hard upon the hidden spring, felt the secret door fly open beneath my hand, and saw the whole place filled with the strange, throbbing light, the little figure in its midst blending, how I knew not, with an object in the crypt before me—an object which I presently discovered to be a child's coffin; and as the luminous vapor clung and centred around this, and as the beautiful childish figure seemed to melt and disappear in this gruesome and loathly object, the walls of the coffin seemed, for the moment, to become transparent, and I saw the form of a little child—the same child who had led me thither, but now cold and white and still, her wondrous eyes fast closed, her golden hair lying still and waveless upon her frozen breast, where lay, indeed, the little waxen hand, as I had seen it, and within the fingers a scroll, on which I read, as in letters of fire, these words:

> "Dead, of desertion, neglect and carelessness. Dead, because she who was not ashamed to become my mother was ashamed to confess and protect me. Dead, that to all eternity I may be her accuser and the witness of her undying and never-to-be-forgiven sin."

I had just finished reading these words when I was startled by a hoarse, angry cry close behind me; a sound scarcely so much human as the noise a tigress might make in surprising the murderer of her cubs. I turned, and saw Mercy Horsford standing upon the threshold, her angry eyes fixed upon me, her pallid and frightened lips parting above her clinched teeth.

Something of resemblance that had been haunting my consciousness suddenly shot from those eyes to mine, and, my mind restored to its balance in an instant by human companionship and human accusation, I spoke boldly, without waiting for the indignant words already formed upon the lady's lips:

"Your little child, Miss Horsford—that child, dead through the desertion, neglect and carelessness of her who, not ashamed to be its mother, was yet ashamed to confess and protect it—that little child has led me, a stranger, to her unhallowed resting-place, that I, in her name, might demand of you Christian burial and hallowed rest for her poor remains, if not the tardy acknowledgment of her birth and parentage."

Long before the words were all spoken the poor, guilty, smitten woman was on her knees and trailing herself along toward my feet, moaning:

"It is the hand of the Lord. It is the judgment that has begun and will never end. Who are you, man, and why have you been sent, after all these years, to strip bare my hidden sin?"

Before I could reply, if, indeed, I had replied at all, an appalling cry burst from the chamber where the sick man lay, and rang through the house.

"Mercy! Where is Mercy? Come, come quickly."

"Ay, Mercy! Where is mercy for any of us?" groaned the poor woman at my feet, as, struggling up, she rushed to obey the death-summons of her father. I followed, but paused to secure both doors of the chamber, that no one else should participate in the terrible secret so strangely revealed to me.

The moment that I stood beside the pillow of the old man I saw that he was dying, and that the terrible paroxysm through which he had just passed was terminating in the momentary calm and ease so often granted to sufferers in the few moments before death.

"Send away the servants, Mercy," were the first words I heard as I approached the bed and laid my hand upon the squire's wrist, already cold and still.

"There is no pulse left, is there, sir?" asked he, turning his haggard eyes upon mine; and, as I shook my head, he quietly added:

"No, the forces are falling back upon the citadel, and even that must yield presently; this is a foe that, soon or late, vanquishes the strongest and bravest. Mercy, my child, take the keys from under this pillow, open my writing-desk, and from this little locked closet, take a paper tied with red tape."

Mercy obeyed like an automaton, and brought the parchment to her father's side.

"I cannot take it, or read it, my girl, but you, doctor, read the indorsement on the back, if you please."

So I read:

> "Last will and testament of Stephen Horsford, canceling all others of any date. *Jan.* 17*th*, 1846."

"That is it. Now, doctor, will you please to tear it in strips, here before my eyes. and then lay them on the fire?"

I complied, and returned to the bedside. My professional eye saw that the last moment was close at hand, but the dying man's voice was clear and calm as ever, while he said:

"That will, Mercy, left you a beggar in case you ever married Cleve Pyncheon, or harbored him or his in my house. But I have thought better of it, dear, and you have my consent. Marry him and be happy, my poor child; and if I have made you suffer, as sometimes, in spite of your haughty bearing, I fancied that you were suffering, forgive me, Mercy, forgive me, as I forgive you any little cause of complaint I may have fancied. Ay! marry your lover. You have your father's dying consent."

"Oh, father! He is false, false, false! He is the husband of another woman, and I hate him as——"

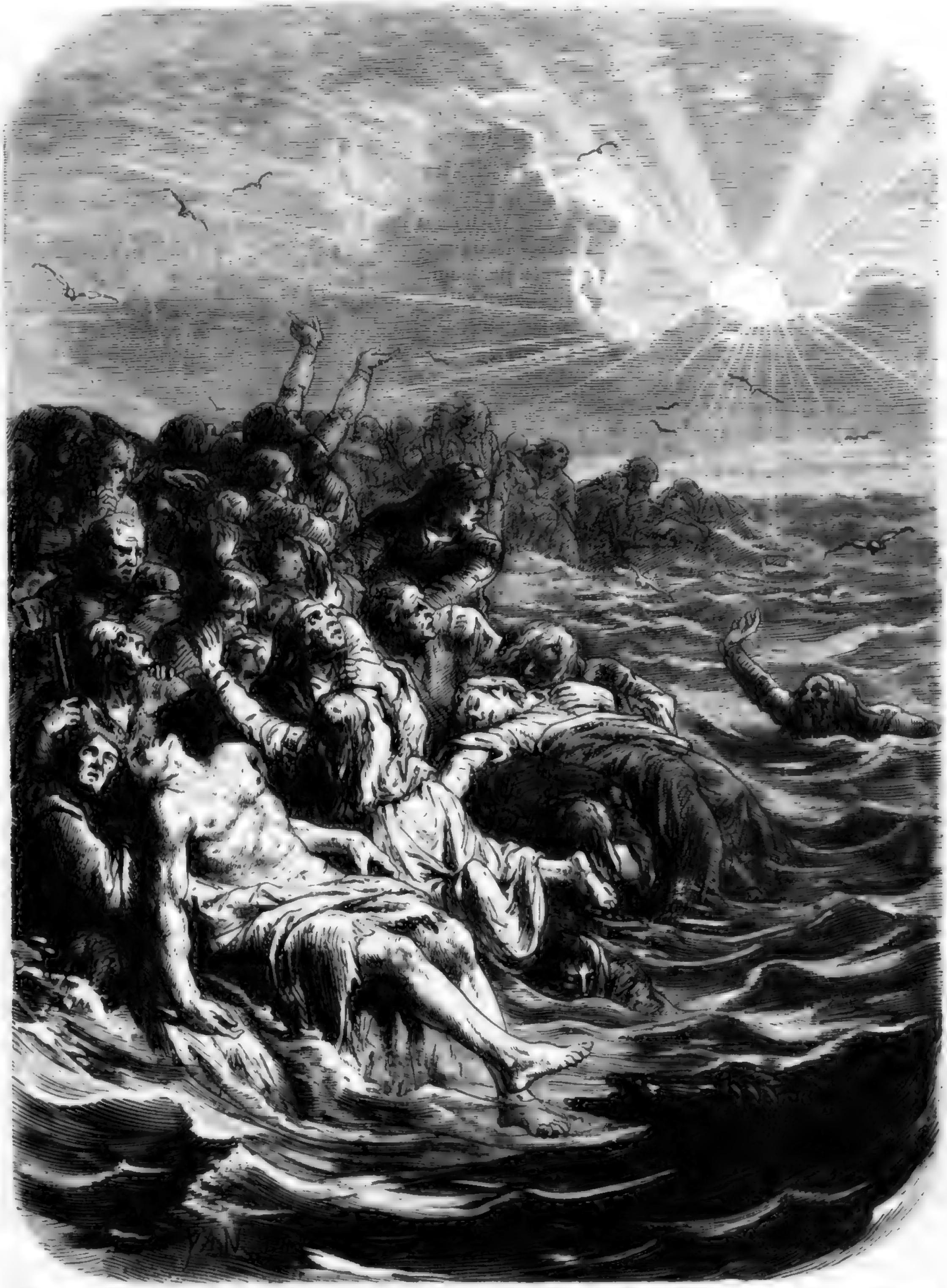
A gurgling moan broke from the lips of the dying man, and a fearful struggle began. When it was over, and the proud, strong citadel had yielded at last to the invincible foe, Mercy Horsford lay, cold and still, across the feet of her dead father; and I turned from him to her, not knowing but she too had made her last struggle—fought her last fight.

But women are so hard to kill, and what they call broken hearts have so little to do with the working-powers of that much-abused muscle!

Miss Horsford recovered from her swoon, and, before she was quite conscious, I went to unlock her chamber-door, to close the secret panel, and hang the picture of Hagar and Ishmael over it, before suffering the servants to enter the room. Then I left the house and went back to Dr. Dick's, feeling that I must guard both face and voice carefully enough, for that whatever Dick or his wife might suspect, I had been wonderfully brought to the full knowledge of a secret never to be revealed to them or to any other human being through my agency.

Two days after, I received a summons from Miss Horsford, who desired to see me, immediately and privately. I obeyed at once, and was received by the young lady in the sitting-room where I had kept my memorable watch.

I would never have believed that two days could so have aged a face and figure, even at that epoch of a woman's life when youth and beauty having just begun to fade, receive so mighty a downward impulse from any powerful and painful trial to mind or body.



THE CHARITABLE ERRAND TRAVERSED.—"THE MORNING LIGHT SHOWED THEM FORTY-SEVEN SOULS GROUPED ON THE SUMMIT OF THE ROCK, THE TIDE MOUNTING."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

"You are not looking well, Miss Horsford," began I, but she impatiently waved her hand.

"It is of no consequence, sir. I sent for you, not professionally, but as an adviser, an assistant, a—well, a confessor, if you will have it so. First, if you please, I would like to hear all that happened in this room while you were here alone, or——"

She hesitated and shivered. I took up the word without delay, and, in as few and as strong phrases as possible, told her what I had seen and done. She listened eagerly, and, as I finished, covered her face with both hands, and shuddered heavily; then, not looking toward me or uncovering her face, she said, in a low and hurried voice:

"I have seen her often—often, and it was through no will of mine that you were allowed in the room. Cleve Pyncheon, of whom you heard my father speak, was a poor orphan, whom my father, in his charity, reared and educated like a son of his own. I was seventeen and he twenty when I returned from my convent-school, and we loved each other, or I fancied so. My father discovered the secret, and his anger was fearful; he banished my lover, and treated me with exceeding harshness. I was too much like him to endure that, and I took my own way by stealth.

"Cleve and I pledged ourselves as man and wife beneath the stars of eternal heaven, and I felt the union as binding and as solemn as if a priest and church and witnesses had sanctioned it. My father discovered that Cleve lurked in the neighborhood, and used all his power to persecute him into flight. He succeeded, and my husband sailed for India, where he had the prospect of employment. Neither he nor I then knew of the proof of our marriage that was to plunge me into such despair as I had never dreamed of—for I insist that my marriage was a marriage, and that neither sin nor shame justly belong to me for consenting to it.

"I left home for the Summer, and was able to conceal my child's birth from every one who knew me as Mercy Horsford; and I left the poor baby with a woman whom, I thought, I had bought body and soul to make its care her one interest in life.

"A year after, I heard that Cleve Pyncheon was married to the wealthy widow of an Indian merchant, and soon after received a letter from himself, saying that it was best for both of us that our ill-starred engagement should come to an end, and that he wished me all happiness with some man to whom my father would give the consent he despaired of ever obtaining.

"Three or four years rolled by, how I know not, for all my life was spent in fighting down the hate and wrath and scorn that tormented me like demons, and left me no room for other emotions. Then came a letter to say that my child was dead; had strayed away in the wild, mountainous region where I had hidden her, and died of starvation in the woods. I went and found her poor little wasted body already buried. I had it disinterred and closed in a triple case, which was brought as a box of books to this house. I had its hiding-place prepared beforehand, and never a night since it lay there but I have prayed and wept, and done cruel penance before it as a shrine, but never once have I felt myself forgiven, and now I know that I shall never be."

She paused, and I began some of those commonplace attempts at consolation and sympathy with which poor conceited human nature ever attempts to heal a grief infinitely beyond even its comprehension.

Miss Horsford impatiently motioned me to silence.

"The favor I have to ask of you, knowing as you now do the secret, never to be known to any other human being, is to open the casket containing the bones of my poor murdered child, and lay them in the coffin with my father's remains. Thus will they receive Christian burial, and thus shall my child lie with the ancestors who would have disowned both her and her mother could they have known. Will you do this for me?"

I assented, of course, and the next day, when dust was committed to dust with all the solemn ceremonial of the Church, the poor nameless child's remains shared the sacred privilege—which had been so long denied them—with those of her stately grandsire.

Miss Mercy Horsford remained the undisputed heiress of her father's great possessions, and not many months afterward, I heard from my friends, the Dixons, that she had sold everything she possessed, and taken the proceeds as her dower to the stern and severe Benedictine convent in which she had entered herself as a novice.

SHE IS NOT FAIR.

She is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.
Oh, then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold—
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye;
Her very frowns are sweeter far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

THE CHARITABLE ERRAND TRAVERSED.

One of the most thrilling and interesting records of marine disaster and the perils of the sea is the adventure of Alonzo Zuazo, a kinsman of the great Cortes, who was wrecked while sailing from Cuba to Mexico.

He was a judge, a man of wealth, and of literary tastes, his delicate health unfitting him for the adventurous career taken up by so many around him. Yet as a friend he was ready to confront any danger, and when Velasquez, Governor of Cuba, solicited his intervention with Cortes to effect a reconciliation which became absolutely essential to his success, Zuazo set sail for Mexico on board a wretched caravel, the only vessel at hand. Terrible storms overtook them in the Gulf of Mexico; they lost their course, and even their compass. Death now faced them all.

Tossed at the mercy of the waves, they soon found themselves driven amid shoals, white with the foam of the breakers, and bare rocks rising only for destruction. On one of these rocky islets the current at last swept their wretched bark with malignant fury. Nearer and nearer it came; again and again it struck; the waves curled over it, crushing and scattering till the timbers parted, and vessel and cargo floated around, the sport of the billows. Through all this fearful wreck, most of the passengers reached the bare rock amid the horrors of darkness.

The morning light showed forty-seven souls grouped on the summit of the rock, the tide mounting, and, as it rose, tossing against the flinty side the bodies of those whom it had already swept off.

Far as the eye could reach spread the expanse of water, till the arching heaven met it. The rock had no sign of vegetation, no water to relieve thirst for even an instant; and the water gained steadily, steadily.

Zuazo's eye discerned a small boat fastened between two rocks, and half-buried in sand. Soon set free, it was found old and leaky. Clothes and ingenious devices soon made it float. Zuazo, with three others, sought a better spot. They found a sandy isle, and, unable to return that day, rested there till morning, when others joined them by crawling over the rocks and swimming.

In the same way, and by the boat, all at last reached the sterile isle, scarce better than the rock. But heaven here sent food. Five turtles, crawling upon the sand, were caught and opened. The blood was eagerly drunk, the eggs found in them eaten, then raw slices, for fire they had none.

Another island, about nine miles off, was next discerned. Three stout men swam to it, but, like the first island, it was waterless.

Yet it gave food. It was covered with sea-birds, come there to rear their young. The eggs supplied the place of water. The birds were eaten, but this led to many deaths. Others gradually withered away. One lovely girl, Inesica, as she lay on the burning sand, calmly awaiting the moment that was to unite her to a Saviour in whom she trusted lovingly, suddenly, as if roused, told those around her that they would find water in a certain spot, though she should not taste it.

Zuazo, who had by exhortation and example turned the minds of his companions to the consolations of religion, now made all join in prayer, and then began to dig in the spot indicated. Less than two feet of sand were thrown out before water was found, brackish indeed, but doubly delicious to their parched throats. Strangely enough, no other spot, dig where they would, gave any indication of water.

Pieces of wood had been dug up out of the sand, and by using two pieces, an Indian at last, after many failures, succeeded in drawing fire. Then hope revived. Turtle-shells, filled with water, soon had turtle meat and birds boiling in them, by the help of heated stones plunged in the water, and a nourishing broth was obtained. Seals next added to their source of food.

The sharks that approached the shore were caught by a rude hook, less for food than to give employment.

Meanwhile their boat was lost on a trip to the first island for turtle. Of the pieces of wood found, enough had been laid aside to build another frail craft. After eighteen anxious days, they reached the Mexican shore near Medellin.

A note, traced on a piece of map with the purple juice of a shell-fish, was handed to Governor Ocampo, who at once forwarded it to Cortes, and dispatched a vessel to save Zuazo and his comrades.

Storms and doubts delayed them, but at last they came in sight, and two of those who had gone for help now leaped overboard to swim ashore and gladden the hearts of brave Zuazo and his companions in misery. Sixteen only remained alive to follow him on board the rescuing vessel, and then, before they left the fatal island, they all chanted a *Te Deum* in thanksgiving to the Almighty.

They then reached Mexico. On landing, they found preparations to receive them, and they proceeded as in triumph to the capital, beneath triumphal arches of foliage, on splendid horses, whose brilliant accoutrements contrasted strangely with the rags, the tatters and the attenuated and bronzed forms of the survivors. So ended Zuazo's errand of mercy.

A TRUE friend is one who will tell you of your faults and follies in prosperity, and assist you with his hand and heart in adversity.

A VISIT TO THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.

IT is more than one hundred years since that exquisite prince of letter-writers, Horace Walpole, wrote to his friend, Richard West, that he had ridden three leagues to see the Chartreuse, "reputed the finest convent in the world." He goes on to say: "Did you ever see anything like the prospect I saw yesterday? I never did. The road, West! The road, winding round a prodigious mountain, surrounded with others, all shagged with hanging woods, obscured with pines or lost in clouds; below, a torrent breaking through cliffs and tumbling through fragments of rocks; sheets of cascade forcing their silver speed down channeled precipices, and hastening into the roughened river at the bottom. Now and then an old foot-bridge with a broken rail, a leaning cross, or the ruins of an hermitage. All this sounds too bombast, too romantic for one that has not seen it, too cold for one that has. If I could send you my letter post between two lovely tempests that echoed each other's wrath, you might have some idea of this lovely, roaring scene as you were reading it. We staid two hours—wished for a painter, wished to be poets."

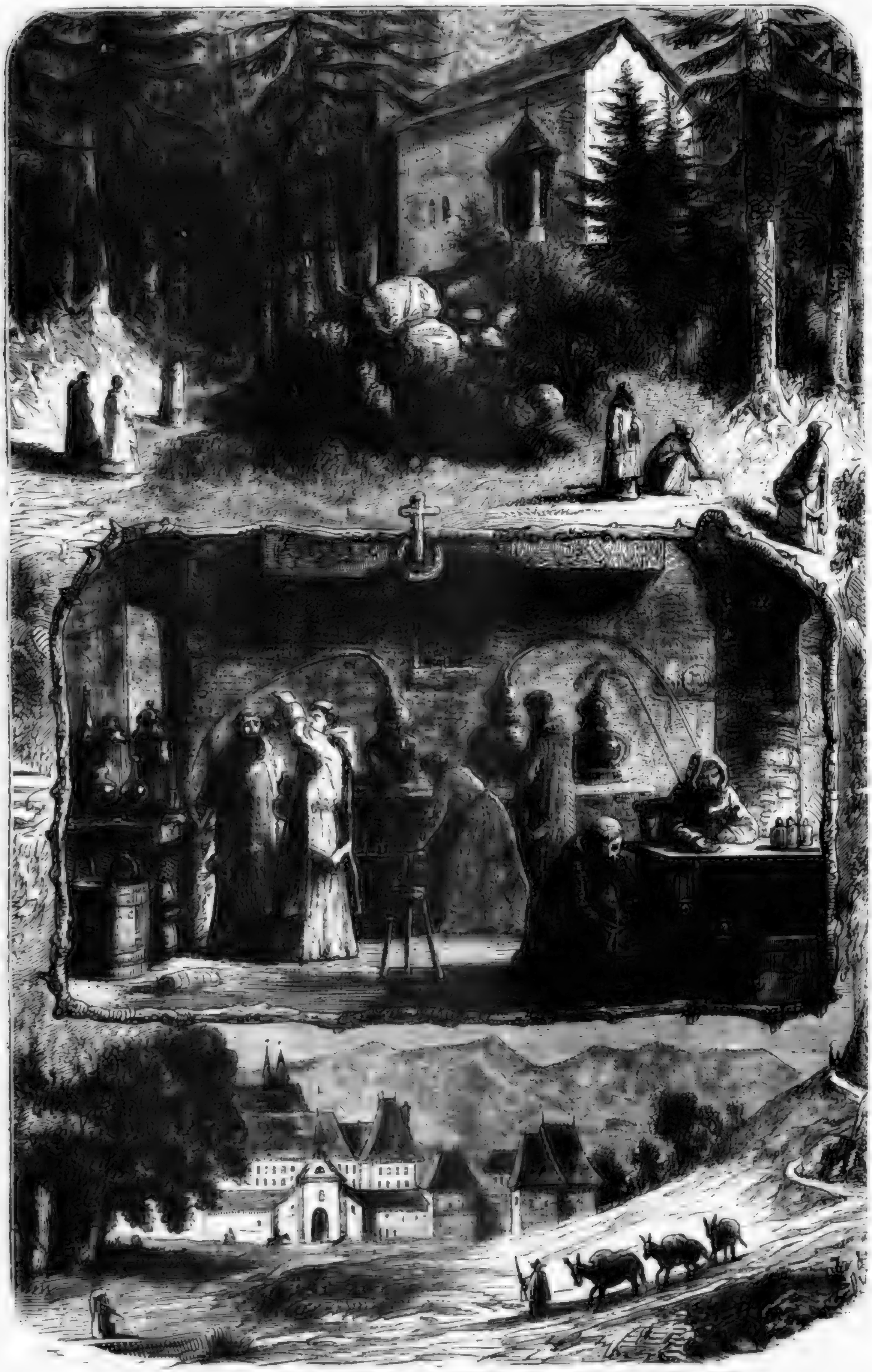
This last remark of the lively Horace was superfluous, since Gray was his companion; and so deep was the impression made on the poet's mind by this grand mountain retreat, that when he parted from Walpole in Italy, he paid a second visit to the Chartreuse in the Summer of 1741, and left as a legacy to the monks the beautiful alcaic ode written in the album of the monastery, and well-known to the classical scholar.

Since the days of those two distinguished travelers, few of the many hundreds who yearly pass through Chambéry and Aix-les-Bains, linger or turn aside to visit the cradle of the Carthusian Order; but at Grenoble a wish is kindled, if it does not already exist, when the rare and valuable MSS., the exquisite illuminated missals one sees in the fine town library, attract attention, and one learns that they were the treasures of the convent until, at the time of the Revolution, they were moved for safety to the town, where they are now housed and cared for in a noble room worthy their priceless value.

We had lingered in the capital of Dauphiny with the fixed intention of making an expedition to the spot, and had made arrangements with the proprietors of the four-horsed omnibus to hire the interior of his conveyance for our party of five for the sum of fifty francs, not of course including the coachman's fee. This was the price asked for an open carriage; but it was early in the season, the mornings cold, and weather uncertain; consequently a closed carriage was preferable for the first part of the road as far as St. Laurent, a lighter open conveyance being promised for the drive through the pass.

We had no reason to repent our bargain; the roads were still heavy in places from recent rain or melted snow, and no single pair of horses could have carried us there and back in the day. The omnibus had been repainted and relined for the coming season, as it goes daily to St. Laurent and back; we had, therefore, the benefit of this, being early visitors.

At seven o'clock, upon a bright and promising-looking morning, we were all ready for a start, when our coachman made a petition. Would we admit a gentleman for a few miles of the road? He was so very *comme il faut*, or he would not ask it. Of course we could refuse—the interior



A VISIT TO THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.—A CLOISTER—THE LABORATORY—GENERAL VIEW.

was ours; but of course we did not. M. ———, a gentleman connected with the Musée, proved a very agreeable companion for the short time he journeyed with us.

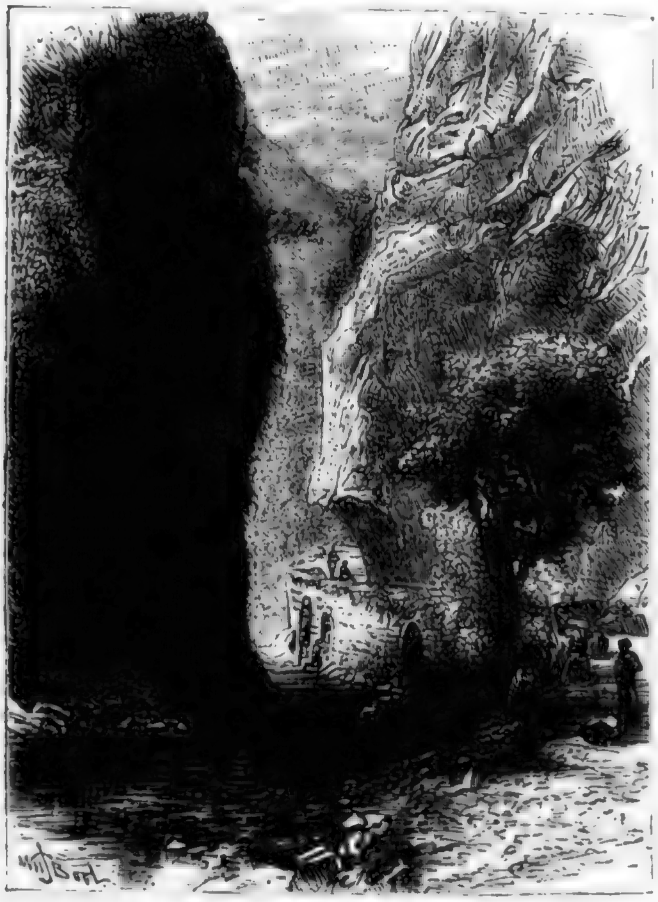
There is only one other way of reaching the Chartreuse besides the road we were taking, and that is by a mule-path over the mountains from a place called Sappey. Later in the year it would be pleasant to vary the excursion by returning to Grenoble by that shorter, but of course more fatiguing, route.

Half-way between Grenoble and St. Laurent, at a place called Voiron, where there is a railway station, we changed horses, and whilst this was being done, were glad to get out of the carriage, and, mounting the hill over which our road lay, take a last look at the Graisivaudan Valley, through which we had, up to this point, been passing along a tolerably level road. The sunshine and blue sky of Southern France can make anything beautiful; but it would be difficult to surpass this valley, backed by its range of grand and varied hills.

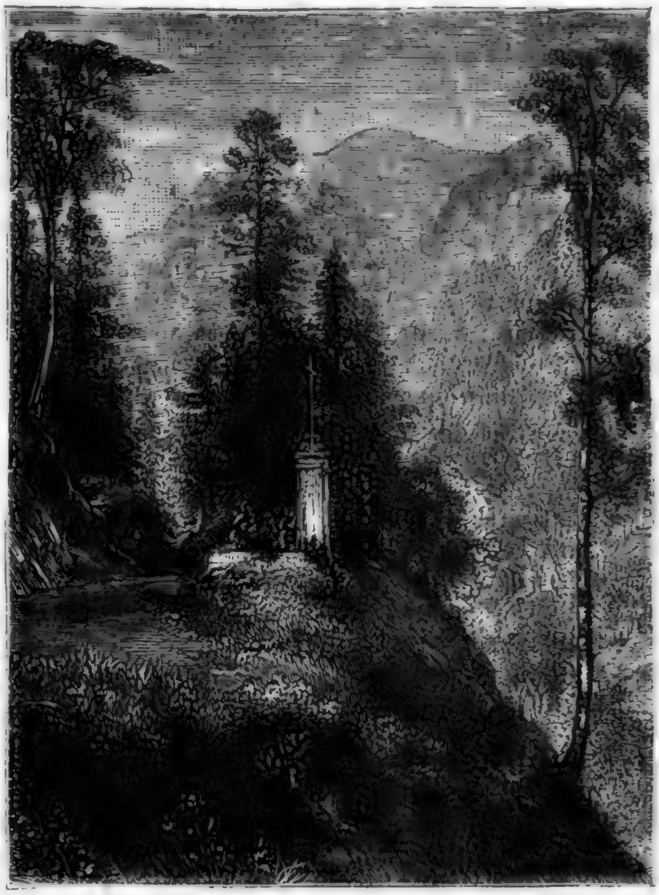
From this point we turned our faces northward; and, after a continued ascent for some time, seemed to find ourselves again on a level road, but in a less interesting country, well cultivated and well wooded, with somewhat of the park-like character of England; so we subsided from our previous state of admiration to silence, as if to reserve ourselves for what we were to see later.

St. Laurent is a small village, situated at the entrance of the gorge or pass of the Chartreuse; and as all travelers, save those who cross the mountains of foot, must pass through it on their way to the monastery, it is in Summer lively enough, and boasts two small hotels, where a very fair dinner or lunch can be procured, but sleeping accommodation is of the roughest.

Here we descended from our omnibus, and were speedily furnished with a small, light *char-à-banc*, drawn by an active pair of little horses; and, promising to be back at St. Laurent by four o'clock, we resumed our road. The air was crisp and sharp; we were glad of shawls and wraps.



THE HANGING ROCK.



ON THE ROAD TO THE MONASTERY—CROIX VERTE.

We went merrily and rapidly along for some little time, passing a picturesque forge, a mill, and various saw-pits; for the woods dotting the sides of this grand defile are now Government property, and well looked after, thinned and protected. The sound of the ax, the cheerful voices of the woodmen, now break what was once a vast and awful solitude.

St. Bruno, who was born early in the eleventh century, and who was studying and teaching at Cologne when Saxon England was learning to submit to her Norman conquerors under the first William, longed, after many years of labor and doubtless much vexation of spirit, for some spot secure from every interruption or worldly temptation.

He was at Grenoble in the year 1084, with several companions, desirous, like himself, to withdraw from the world. Hugo, bishop of that place, conducted him to a spot at that time almost inaccessible. Not even those who trod the difficult and dangerous mule-path a hundred years ago can realize the toil of the mere ascent to that upland meadow-land, four thousand feet above the level of the sea, surrounded by dense forests and snow-clad peaks, where the first monastery was erected. This was not, however, the site of St. Bruno's first cell; but higher yet, nearer the snow, the wolves, and the bears, did he and his six companions fix their retreat. The rudest of huts, a cave in the rock, sufficed for shelter at first. A chapel now marks the venerated spot.

Here these first Carthusian brethren led a life of simple toil, working in the dense woods around, which at the request of the bishop had been ceded to them by the neighboring seigneurs. Their wants were few, but all their energies were taxed to provide for them, and when the hours of prayer or labor were over their sole recreation was the contemplation or study of Nature in her most beautiful yet most terrible aspect. Remote as they were from the haunts of men—a small hamlet of rude peasants, Cartusa, which gave the name to the district, being the only inhabited place—it was not long before curiosity or veneration attracted newcomers to the spot, and many remained, content to follow the practice and imitate the piety of these holy men.

In process of time a church was built on the only piece of level ground in that desolate region, a sunny, verdant meadow, closed in by mountains like a *cul de sac*, and round the church the monks built their cells by twos and threes; and thus the first monastery grew: a building which, although destroyed by an avalanche in 1138, has been the pattern for each successive structure there, as well as in other parts of Europe.

But St. Bruno was not permitted to remain long in peace. His old pupil, now Urban II., called him to Rome. He obeyed the summons of the Pope; but the life of a court and the profligacy of the age disgusted him. Again and again he solicited leave to retire; but it was not until 1094 that he was allowed to go and undertake his last work, the founding of another Chartreuse in the solitudes of Calabria at Torre, where he died.

He left the example of his pure and learned life to his brethren; but the rules that regulate this celebrated Order were not fully perfected until two hundred years after his decease, although their food and clothing have been from the first much what they are now—a dress of heavy woolen texture; a tunic of the same, with large sleeves; cassock and cowl over it; no linen and no stockings. The color of that worn by the Fathers, who are all of them priests, is white or the whitish color of flannel or serge; that of the lay-brothers, who do not become priests unless manifesting special vocation for it, is dark brown.

Their food consists of fish, fruit, vegetables and farinaceous substances, no meat being allowed except in case of illness; they have but one repast a day, which is taken in their cells, except on Sundays and festivals, when they dine together in the refectory. The meal is passed in silence, one of their number reading aloud from the Bible or some devotional work.

We had time to think of all these things as we drove along a road increasing every moment in grandeur and beauty: the rocky stream, the Guiers, was now a deep and silent pool, and now a mad torrent falling over lofty rocks in cascades, catching the sun and sparkling between the thick foliage overhanging its banks. Every moment the windings of the road presented a change of scene to our delighted eyes; and soon we reached a point where the pass seemed almost closed by lofty rocks rising sheer from the river on either side.

In former years this narrow space was closed by gates and guarded by sentinels. It was the entrance to the desert, and beyond it no woman was permitted to penetrate. The gates are gone. The road passes now under an arch formed by blasting the rock, and the rule laid down in 1137 by Guigues, general of the Order, has—since the Revolution, at least—been modified; it ran thus: "We will never permit women to enter; we know that neither the first model from the hands of God nor the sage nor the prophet have been able to escape their caresses and deceits; and indeed, one knows well that one cannot conceal fire in one's breast without one's garment being burnt, or walk on burning coals without scorching the soles of one's feet."

Well, in the nineteenth century the monks are more courteous to the fair sex, or less afraid of them; for they give them a kind welcome at any rate *outside* their walls.

And now some large stone buildings well walled in, the gates surmounted by the cross and globe of the Order, are passed by us on our right. These are the farm-buildings and distillery of the monks, who in 1816, when deprived of the greater portion of their lands and woods, extending at one time to the village of St. Laurent, commenced manufacturing their famous cordial or liqueur for sale. A strange source of income for men so abstemious that they even deny themselves coffee; it is, however, a profitable one. The money thus accruing to the monastery is devoted to the expenses of the establishment, any residue being spent on works of benevolence.

In 1864 the Pope prohibited the sale of Chartreuse, as the liqueur is called; but this prohibition was either disregarded or removed, as the traffic still continues. It has been said that the cordial sold since that date is not the same as that originally made; but as the monks never published their recipe, who can tell? Some modification as to strength may have been made, but it is not likely that the original recipe was lost; on the contrary, we are told that great care is taken of it, that it is in the keeping of the general of the Order, safe under lock and key behind an altar, and that great state and ceremony are observed in dealing with it.

Imitations of the Chartreuse are made and sold in various parts of France. In that manufactured by the monks the finest brandy is used; but its peculiar flavor and excellence are due to the berries or aromatic herbs which grow on the mountains in the neighborhood of the cloister, and it is in the selection and preparation of these ingredients, unattainable to other makers, that the monks' secret probably consists. The woods and slopes of these mountain regions are well known to botanists for their rare specimens, and in the album of the convent Jean Jacques Rousseau recorded that, "J'ai trouvé dans ces lieux des plantes rares et des vertus plus rares."

Soon after passing these buildings, we were occasionally stopped on our road by teams of bullocks dragging huge logs, or felled trees; and at one place a light carriage met us, and in it sat a white-robed Father, the first we had seen.

"That," said our driver, "is the Emperor of Russia's cousin; he is going to Grenoble on business."

Afterward we were told that this Russian monk is no relative of the Czar, but a former aid-de-camp and personal friend, and still in receipt of his pay.

A little later, and we reached the bridge of St. Bruno, which spans the torrent with one bold arch; we crossed it, and the river was now on our right. The banks on either side grew higher and steeper, clothed with pine and larch, innumerable wild flowers coloring the ground; and ever and anon an opening in these hills would show us a still higher range of peaks behind, their summits capped with snow.

At one place the road passes through a succession of five short tunnels, and at another our attention was attracted to an isolated rock, of pyramidal or cone-like form, tapering up to a fine point. This is the Oiellet, and is surmounted by a light iron cross, which, as the story goes, was placed there by an adventurous Englishman. The rock rises there from the torrent to a height of several hundred feet, inaccessible from below, and divided from the road above by a space some yards wide; but, climbing up a tree, he swung himself on to it from the branches. The ascent was easy, but the descent he found too perilous and fearful for him; on one side the torrent, on the other the gap, which, if he failed to cross by a leap, was death. Two days, it is said, he remained on that frightful height, until, by means of ropes thrown up to him, and secured in some manner to the tree, he effected his escape from his awkward position.

Further on, again, another cross, called from its color "La Croix verte," marks where a préfet of Marseilles met his death by the falling of a rock. The last half-mile or more of the road, our driver was content that we should all descend from the carriage, and walk up what was a long-continued ascent between a fine wood or avenue of trees. With such foliage above, and the well-made, well-kept road below, it was difficult to realize that we were approaching a spot chosen for its wildness and solitude; but ten minutes before, however, we had met a party of the monks walking, a sight which recalled the fact to us. The rule that in former years prohibited all speech to the brethren, save by special permission, has now been relaxed, and once a week they are allowed to leave the house for *le spaciment*, or exercise, and whilst walking to converse with each other. The party we met did not seem to be availing themselves greatly of the privilege; there were ten or twelve of them at least, walking singly or two abreast, and no sound of human voices betrayed their approach till a turn in the road brought them in sight. They were mostly old or middle-aged men, with, as we thought, dull and heavy countenances; the brother who walked ahead of them, as if he was their leader, was a man of gigantic stature, and he held a rod or long stick in his hand. The road was very dirty at the point where we met, and the monks held up their heavy white woolen garments, like so many awkward old women. Our party inspired them with no curiosity; not one of them turned round to look after us.

At last the end of our journey through this most magnificent pass was reached. We stepped out from the shade of the trees into full sunshine on this bright green meadow, with the old gray walls of the monastery before us. Beyond it the ground rose in a green slope, and was then closed in by woods in their fresh Spring foliage, backed by magnificent peaks of snow, the Grand Som the most striking of the number; but so sheltered from wind, and so sunny the situation of this home of the "silent brothers," that even in these early May days, violets, cowslips and orchises were blooming in profusion round. How tranquil and silent it was! And yet this secluded spot had been the scene of violence, pillage and oppression. The building before this one now existing had been burnt by the fierce Baron des Adrets, of whose courage, cruelty and military talents many a tale is still told in Dauphiny.

François de Beaumont (Baron des Adrets) embraced the Huguenot cause as much from hatred of the Guises as from religious conviction. Like Lesdiguières, he was reconciled toward the close of his life with the Government and the Roman Church; but his reputation suffered by this submission, and he reaped no advantage from it. As a soldier, he was so unsuccessful after his change of religion that he was asked once to explain the cause of this. The baron sighed and said, in reply, "With the Huguenots I had soldiers under me; with the Catholics, only shopkeepers. I could not furnish reins to the former, and with the others I wore out my spurs."

It was nearly a hundred years after he had left it, ruined and burnt, that the monastery was rebuilt in 1676. Except a few arches in the cloisters, and a vaulted doorway, it is all of this date—plain, with no architectural beauty; only remarkable, as Horace Walpole writes, from its primeval simplicity, or imposing from its extent and solidity, and the antique air that two hundred years' exposure to the storms of that region has given it. The building as we approached was on our right hand. We walked on to the furthest extremity; then turning suddenly to the right, found ourselves at the gateway of the first court, behind which stretched the monastery in the form of two parallelograms, covered in by tent-shaped roofs of dark slate.

Some one rang the bell, which gave forth a hollow, awakening sound noticeable in foreign buildings, but which startled us all. Then slowly, in response to this summons, the old door rolled back on its hinges, and a *frère* stood there, clad in coarse, dark-brown cloth, to conduct the visitors within; but he shook his head at the ladies of the party, who were directed to a white house a little beyond the monastery.

Place aux dames. Let us describe the entertainments provided for their female visitors by St. Bruno's sons in the words of one of the party. She says: "The glimpse we had of the dreary-looking courtyard somewhat consoled us for our exclusion, and we wended our way upon the sunny road to the white house on our left. The door stood open, and upon entering we were at once welcomed by two Sisters of Charity and invited in. One of them was old and plain, but gentle, and evidently the chaperon of the other and of a third Sister whom we saw later, and who was of middle age, whilst she who received us and acted the part of hostess was the brightest, freshest, prettiest-looking creature it is possible to imagine in a nun's dress. Oh, ye votaries of paint and pearl-powder! why will ye not try the nun's recipe for a complexion? Nowhere have I seen such skins as I have done beneath the white or black coif of the convent; and what is their art? Why, early rising, temperate living, scrupulous cleanliness and active habits! Here was this young creature before us, the picture of health and happiness, with lilies and roses and bright eyes never seen together in our heated ballrooms.

"She led us first into a large room near the door, where we left our cloaks and parasols, and then into another equally spacious chamber at the end of a passage, where we found an Italian lady, who had arrived from Chambéry a little before us, sitting with her feet on a *chaufferette;* for there was no fire in the room, which, like most convent apartments, was plain and bare, but beautifully clean. Our kind hostess offered to light a fire; but we would not allow it, and preferred going out again, and strolling in the sun until the dinner was ready. We had not long to wait. Whilst loitering about we observed a man leave the monastery and approach the white house, carrying a basket evidently containing our dinner, which we had been told would be cooked there.

"We hastened back—our early breakfast and the mountain air had made us hungry—and on re-entering we found a table spread with dishes of dried fruits and preserve, salad, bread, delicious-looking butter, bottles of the clearest water, and decanters of red wine; so the monks did not mean to starve us.

"The dinner provided us was first-rate: palatable vegetable-soup, then a dish of fried fish—'the meat of the Chartreuse,' observed our hostess—followed by an excellent savory omelette. By the time we had partaken of these dishes, with little interludes of bread-and-butter, radishes and salad, washed down by sundry glasses of the excellent *ordinaire*, we all felt we had dined well, in spite of the absence of meat, and some of us declined a custard pudding, which, however, proved so excellent, so delicately flavored, that in the end all partook. This pudding was in fact a delicate attention on the part of the monks' cook to the ladies; for the gentlemen's dinner was precisely the same as that served to us, with the exception of the pudding; and we were also favored by the charge being half a franc less per head—two francs, instead of two-fifty.

"When our hostess was satisfied that we would eat no more, nor drink any more red wine, she went out, and returned bearing a tray with three decanters of the celebrated liqueur, the pale, the golden and the green, or elixir. The first is somewhat mawkish; the third too strong, and generally used as a medicine or cordial. The golden, of intermediate strength, is delicious, and is that

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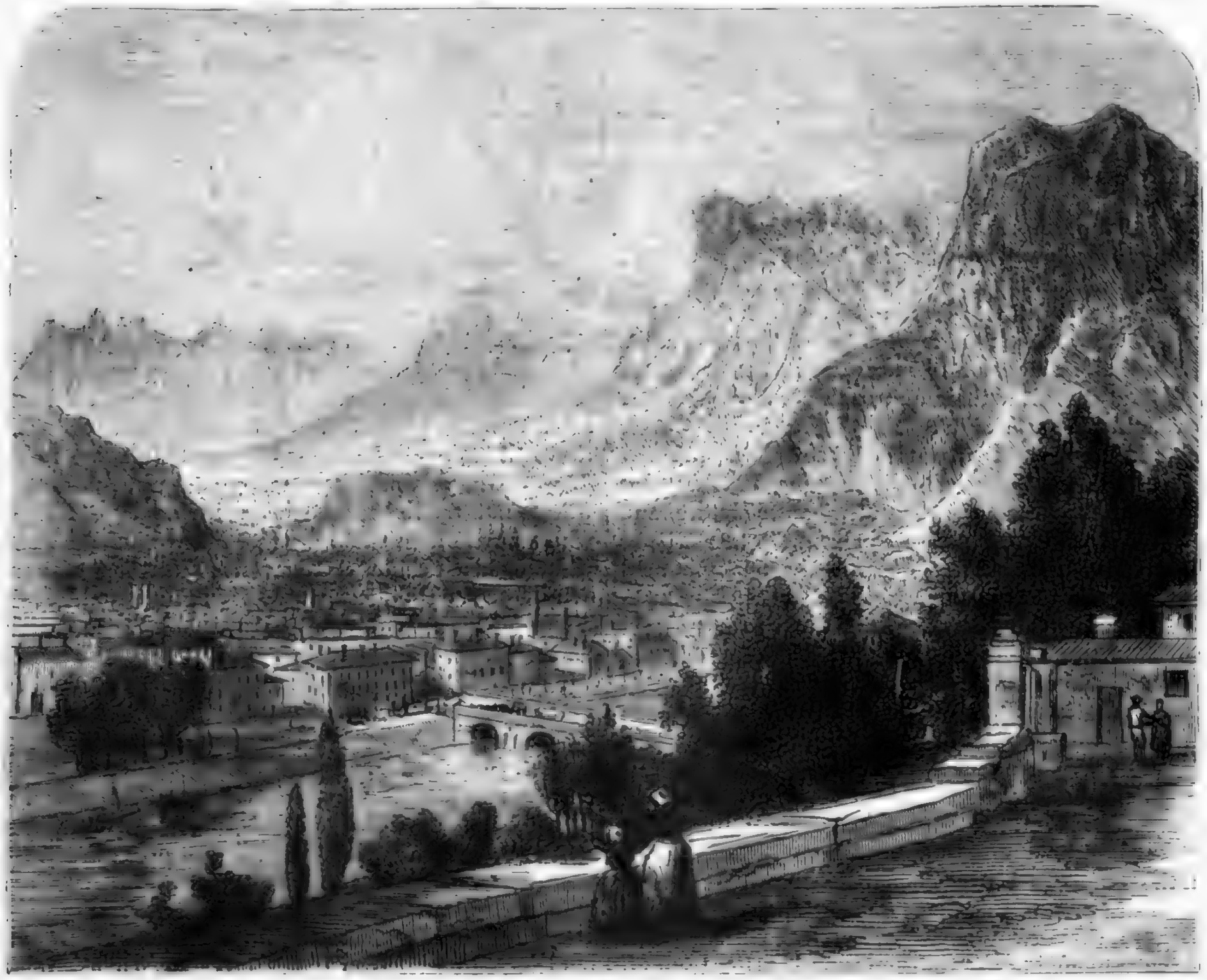


VIEW OF THE CITY OF GRENOBLE AND THE NEIGHBORING MOUNTAINS.

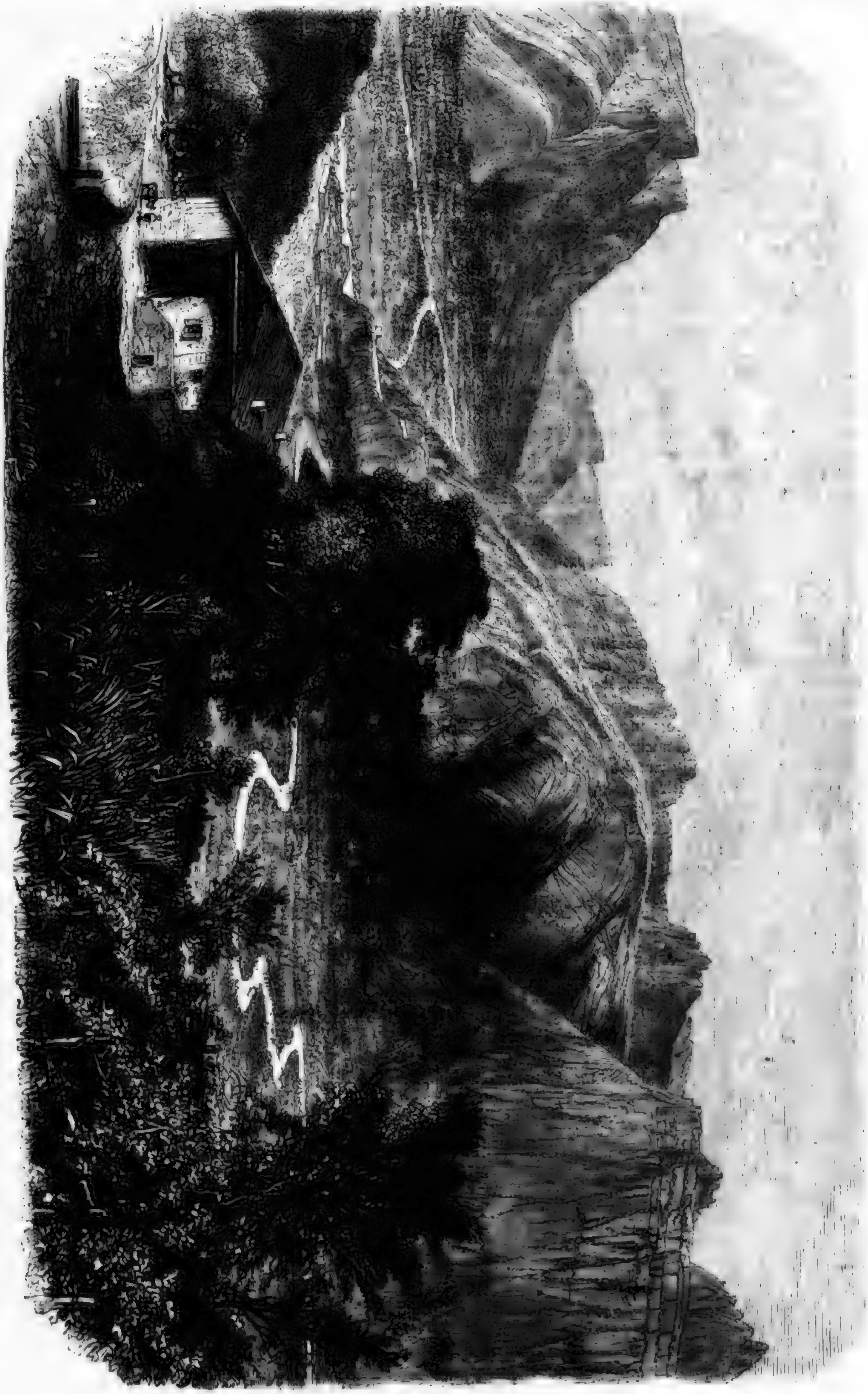
seen at the tables of the rich. The meal over, we adjourned to the guest-room, which we had first entered, to inspect and purchase a few photographs or some trifle as a souvenir and a means of remunerating the Sisters a little for the trouble they have in entertaining lady visitors. These good Sisters of St. John from Grenoble had been but a few days installed; before long their numbers would be increased."

Shortly after, the Italian lady started with a guide for St. Bruno's chapel, about half an hour's walk through the woods that clothe the mountain-side. Our time, we thought, would not allow us to venture so far; we contented ourselves with an ascent to the highest point of the lovely meadow, whence we could look down upon the building we were not permitted to enter. From our point of view it seemed a long, low and irregular-shaped mass; but it consists in reality of two parallelograms placed obliquely the one against the other, and forming thus an acute angle; we could descry the open space which we supposed to be the cemetery, and the position of the church. Whilst observing all this, another party of monks passed us from out the woods, and re-entered. Two of them were comparatively young men. One of them looked at us, the other kept his eyes fixed on his book; and again the want of intelligence or interest in the countenances of these men struck us forcibly. It would seem, indeed, as if conversational interchange of thought was necessary to keep the countenance bright and intelligent. A celebrated Oxford scholar, alluding in a recent sermon to St. Bruno's and the Carthusian maxim, "That men should only use their tongues for praying," said, "Men should at the same time take care lest in seeking to be angels they became less than men."

Some alterations or additions were going on at one side of the house, and the laborers were being overlooked and directed by one of the Fathers; his hood was drawn over his face, which was seldom turned our way.

Sitting quietly as we did on that sunny upland spot, watching the fleecy clouds as they sometimes hid the peaks from view, and sometimes rolled off, exposing new points, now showing us the Pic du Midi in the far distance, and now filling up the pass below and presenting the appearance of an ocean, it did not seem a dull and dreary scene; the influences of civilization have turned what was literally a "howling desert" in St. Bruno's day into a calm and lovely solitude. Are the hearts of the recluses congregated there in accordance with the peace without? This was the question we asked ourselves, as we speculated on the histories and lives of the fifty or sixty Fathers of all nations gathered there for the remainder of their earthly existence. With our hands full of wild flowers we sat and looked and dreamed, until the old gates opened slowly again, and the Italian gentlemen and those of our party reappeared, one of whom thus described the interior of the monastery and their reception:

"When the door closed upon us we were led by the Brother through a covered court into a long and ample hall, at one end of which was a sort of counter fitted up much like those at which the lady of a restaurant presides. Seated in the centre of this was a jovial-looking *pere*, who greeted us pleasantly and presented a book, in which our names were inscribed, very like the police-sheet of the *feuille* at a French hotel. The album formerly used, and containing the autographs of Walpole, Gray, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, and many other illustrious visitors, was removed, in consequence of the vulgar, offensive



A VISIT TO THE GRAND CHARTREUSE.—THE VALLEY OF THE ISERE.

remarks written in it by a class of travelers who mistake impertinence for wit, or were so destitute of gentlemanlike feeling as to criticise the hospitality they had been ready to accept. The book closed, the monk reminded us that he dealt in the renowned liqueur, and offered each of us a glass before beginning our cold inspection.

"At the period of our visit, the Chartreuse contained about a hundred monks, of whom between forty and fifty were Fathers, consequently priests, wearing the white dress, and being generally men of condition. The remainder were lay-brothers of an inferior class, and clad in brown. In addition, there are numerous servants, who are hired and dismissed at pleasure.

"The head of the fraternity, who is also the superior of all the other Carthusian establishments, is called the general; he is replaced during absence by the vicar. The other officers are the procureur, who attends to secular business, the sale of the elixir, farm-produce, etc.; the coadjuteur, who receives strangers; the librarian, the sacristan.

"The exercise of superior authority is the only difference between the members of the body.

"We now commenced our survey of the building. On the ground-floor of this part of it are the rooms used for refectories for strangers; and by the side of them the cells for visitors remaining the night. These rooms are called the halls of Burgundy, Aquitaine, Germany and Italy. Passing from these, under the guidance of the Brother, to the first floor, we noticed as we went some fine old wainscoting, and the copies of Le Sueur's pictures, now in the Louvre, illustrative of the life of St. Bruno. We reached the chapter-house, near which are the lodgings for the priors and generals of other houses, who may be summoned at any time to attend a chapter; and a similar room, called the *définitoire*, where business connected with the community is transacted.

"Round the chapter-house hang portraits of the generals of the Order, ranged in succession like the notabilities of any other confraternity; and at the end is an empty frame, to be filled one day with the portrait of the existing general. A marble statue of St. Bruno adorns the room—a work of no special merit; but a bust near of some ecclesiastic merits attention: it is of the approved type of lean, marked features, true to nature, and Donatello-like in execution.

"We were next introduced to the library, by far the most agreeable apartment in the building. We traversed the great gallery, where hang plans of all the Chartreuses in Europe, and reaching the room, found the floor of a somewhat higher level than the entrance-way, forming a sort of *perron*.

"The books were in many cases and in handsome modern bindings. No opinion can be formed of the value of a collection by a cursory survey; and the knowledge that, at the time of the Revolution, the rare and valuable MSS. of the Order had been removed to Grenoble, together with the modern air of the room, led one, perhaps, to think too slightly of its value. Our cicerone, however, informed us that the room was of older date than we supposed. The number of the books is about 6,000; and as the early rulers of the Order recommended the acquirement of books and the forming of collections, the number will doubtless increase.

"Leaving the library, we passed through some of the long corridors, one of which is more than 600 feet long, which connect the various parts of the building, and visited on our way two small chapels opening off from them. They were much decorated with church ornaments, recalling the manner of a chapel in the Ara Cœli at Rome of the middle period of Roman Catholic taste, less tawdry than the oldest arrangement, but quite untouched by the chastening hand of later days. There are, in all, three chapels—La Chapelle domestique ou de Famille, La Chapelle de St. Louis, La Chapelle des Morts.

"In the church there is nothing worthy of remark except a small amount of fine wood-carving, for which the monks of old were famed. The old altar has been removed to the cathedral at Grenoble; the choir of the church is reserved for the Fathers, a tribune in front of the altar for strangers, the lay-brothers and servants using the other parts of the building; prayers are said three times a day.

"The houses of the general and the superior officers are all together at one end of the monastery, each having a separate garden and terrace. These we did not see, nor were we shown any of the cells of the Fathers, of which there are more than fifty, thirty-five opening out from the great cloister, which forms a large square, and is lighted by 130 windows. We were told, however, that they consisted of three compartments—a study, a sleeping-room, and a workshop opening into a garden. The furniture is of the simplest kind; it comprises a shut-up bedstead, a small clock, chair, table, a few books, or materials for drawing or carving. The whitewashed walls are adorned by an engraving or two, or a drawing of some sacred subject.

"After the hours of prayer, the monks occupy themselves with carving, carpentering or work in the gardens attached to the cells; they are allowed to cut down small timber or underwood for firing, and they may also read, in addition to works of devotion, scientific books, histories, travels, etc.

"The cloisters and the cells, which are ranged beside them, occupy the whole of the second block of buildings, the lesser parallelogram; they are divided into three parallel courts, the middle one being the cemetery, from the centre of which rises a large stone cross. We had had a glimpse of this quiet spot as we passed along the cloistered galleries, dimly lighted by small arched windows, glazed and leaded, where the Fathers take their exercise, and where our footsteps and our voices echoed as if no other living souls were near.

"At last a door on our left admitted us to the small burial-place, the modest dimensions of which, with its simple, tranquil character, produce quite a different set of impressions from those aroused by a modern cemetery, with its army of tombstones and fortresses of mausoleums; even the quiet country churchyard is left behind by this secluded spot, and the pleasant impression thus made was enhanced, perhaps, by the change from the dark and silent passages to the outer air, not only fresher, but very much warmer than that of the interior.

"There was a new grave, the loose, friable earth of which covered the remains of the last general of the Order, who had died about a week before our visit.

"A rude cross of laths is placed for a short time over those recently buried; but when that is gone, there is nothing to mark the resting-place of each monk but tradition or memory of those who may have won a special claim to be remembered by their companions. The names they bore in the world ceased to be theirs when they entered those walls, and the simple ones used in the cloister soon pass into oblivion.

"The cemetery of the Chartreuse may not be a cheerful spot, but it scarcely struck us as one calculated to produce the mournful impression that comes over one in similar places. Whether it is, as it were, the absence of any world to regret, or the quiet, monotonous life led by the Carthusians, of which death may be regarded as only a continuation—whatever the cause, the contrast here between the abodes of the living and those of the dead seemed shorn

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of its terrors, and we felt rather disposed to linger and listen to the splashing of water in the fountains, and to gaze into the blue vault of heaven above this last home of the Order.

"Nevertheless, our walk, though indoors, had been long; time was getting on; and perhaps as a preparation for our own meal, we were taken to the monks' refectory.

"The morrow was a fête-day, but my memory does not serve me to say what preparations were made for the general repast. The cups on the marble table and the sparse utensils, though plainly laid out, were not devoid of order, color and arrangement, and their simple lines and curves forcibly brought to mind the pictures of the Old Masters representing the less elaborate repasts of this kind.

"The circuit was over, and the *frère* led us to the guests' refreshment-room, where preparations for regaling us were already commenced. Here he took his leave, and was replaced by a servitor of anything but lean proportions, dressed in a sort of blouse, and having in his hand a case of *à la mode des restaurants*, containing hot dishes, a first-rate omelette, trout capitally cooked, preceded by vegetable-soup, and followed by salad, bread, butter, dried fruits, etc., not forgetting the excellent *ordinaire* and the *petits verres* of Chartreuse as a parting *bonne bouche*.

"Our party at dinner was increased by a visitor who had spent the previous night there; and he told us that although the convent was terribly cold, the good monks had given him plenty of blankets and a comfortable bed; so that he had nothing to complain of, except the absence of his coffee, which, as the Fathers esteem it a luxury, is not allowed within the walls.

"Before taking leave, we purchased a small bottle of the liqueur, which is sold in flasks from a franc upward. Their revenues depend much on the sale of this cordial; the sums charged for board and lodging only just cover the expenses of the visitors. Still, we suspect that the Order is richer than is supposed, or how could it construct the pile of buildings now nearly complete at Cowfold, in Sussex, destined, we are told, to receive seventy monks, and having beneath an immense range of cellarage? Is it a commercial undertaking on the part of the good Brothers? Is the English house to be the great depot for their liqueur, or are the interests of religion and Rome alone the sources of the movement? Time will show."

It has been said that the Grande Chartreuse is to be given up. One cannot believe that the monks will desert the cradle of their Order, the first hermitage of the pious Bruno; and how tame, even though peaceful, will the Sussex downs appear after the majestic beauties of one of the grandest gorges in Europe! There is no company like the company of Nature in her mountain moods, lovely and delightful, whether in sunshine or in storm; so varying, yet so stable; so young and fresh, though old as time; surely the vow of silence could not have been endured, if there had not been Nature to converse with. We felt all this, as, driving rapidly downhill that lovely evening to St. Laurent, the mood of each seemed rather to gaze than to talk.

It had been a pleasant day, and the excellent dinner at the Hotel de l'Europe did not diminish the impression left upon us.

We saw the Chartreuse in the bright and lovely Springtime, it is true, and our reminiscences may thus take the sunny hue of Nature's mood; but on looking back, the life of these silent recluses does not seem so dreary as we had before painted it to ourselves.

Their days are full of occupation, some intellectual, some practical. They visit the sick, preach in the neighboring churches, superintend the repairs, the building, farming, and wood-cutting; and not unfrequently a white-robed Father may be seen studying in the library at Grenoble, examining coins, or the natural-history collections of the Musée.

Most of the fathers are of gentle birth; many have passed a youth of turbulence or labor in the world; they know well, therefore, what they have renounced and what they have to regret. There are no longings, no aspirations for scenes that only seem fair when far off and unknown.

The life they lead—the giving up their own wills absolutely, the parceling out every hour of the night as well as day in one monotonous round of sleep, labor, and prayer, together with the severe regimen practiced—has brought body and will into subjection, and given to some at least what they had perhaps vainly sought in the world when its excitements and emotions were exhausted—namely, *mental peace*. They have cast off the responsibilities of action, merged their individuality into a body; the end is gained, and that is all the Giaour of Byron's tale craved, when he exclaimed:

> "Yet lurks a wish within my breast
> For rest—but not to feel 'tis rest!"

TAME ROBIN REDBREASTS.

At Durie Foundry, Leven, in Fifeshire, Scotland, a pair of redbreasts have built their nest close upon the outlet of a blast-furnace, and, despite the clank of hammers and the stir caused by the workmen, the birds seem quite at "hame." The process of incubation advances. At Kinglassie, also in Fifeshire, a pair of the same have constructed their nest inside the sleeve of a laborer's coat, hung up on the branch of a tree. Out of regard to the birds, the coat is left in the wood, so that the workings of the redbreasts be not frustrated.

A robin which has frequented an engineer's yard in Kelso all Winter, has built a nest, which, on being lately examined, was found to contain five eggs. The nest is built in the roof of a shed in which a sawmill is almost constantly in operation, and though the workmen attending the saw are moving about immediately underneath the nest on which the birds are sitting, they never seem disturbed, but fly out and in without showing any signs of fear. There are innumerable instances of the robin's familiarity with man during the Winter, but cases of a like nature in Spring and Summer are very rare indeed.

THE DAY WITHOUT A MORROW.

The moonlight, like the glory of a pallid day, shone down on an Alpine ridge and cleft, where the pines fringed it, and waved about in the night-wind like funeral plumes. The snow-peaks grew silvery in the splendor; the soft rose-flushes were gone; the heart of the everlasting hills was cold and dead. The mountain gorges lay below, vast, unfathomable, awful. Now and then a wind swept down a silvery dust of snow into their black depths. Near by lay meadows, green and luscious with midsummer verdure, and the picturesque Swiss chālets scattered here and there, as if thrown out of a toy-box. One of them had fallen half-way up one of the smaller mountains. A ragged pine stood over it as sentinel, and round it lay a pretty little garden, and there was a cold spring of water that glistened in the light, clear as crystal. Although the snows made eternal Winter above, there was Summer here. The grape-vines climbed to the low windows, and pushed in their treasures of purpling grapes. Roses scattered their pink

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snow over the grass, and some tall, white July lilies stood up, pure as if wrought from a snow-wreath.

There was a light twinkling at that casement, and a traveler from another land, who had started on a tour up the mountain, paused a moment there to look at the picture within.

There was a young girl there, or perhaps Philip South would not have lingered long. He was something of an artist, and it pleased him to see the trickle of light that gleamed on the girl's hair—the pale-gold, closely-braided hair which one sees so often in Switzerland. But what riveted his eyes was the passion, the intensity of the face, pale as a Scandinavian girl's, pure as if wrought from the snow of the everlasting hills. There seemed a subtle fire, a contained passion, beneath. It burned in her blue eyes like the spark in the opal. Some bitterness had tainted the sweet waters of youth, some gall or wormwood of circumstance had poisoned her cup.

There was an elderly woman there—the girl's mother—who spun on silently; two young men, one of whom read, or seemed to read, though his eyes roamed from his book, and looked bloodshot. The other gazed moodily at the girl.

This was the picture—a family group, Philip decided—and he began, in true artist fashion, to conjecture the history, the thoughts, the sorrows and hopes of these people. They were poor—painfully poor, he saw, by many tokens—yet not common peasants. The girl wore none of the silver chains with which the village maidens decked themselves, and there was a refinement in her face, as well as her mother's.

"I should like to draw that face," the young man thought; and he began to conjecture about the possibility of delaying his tramp till to-morrow.

Just then a step in the distance startled him. He must not be caught looking into a peasant's windows, however much he longed to study "folk-life" for his "views afoot."

He drew back to the shelter of one of the old pines near. How balmy the night was, with a spicy breath in the air from the aromatic trees! Under his feet the gentian starred the grass; overhanging him were the silver-crested peaks. An unaccustomed sense of the sweetness of being filled his breast. Life and its burdens "seemed touched and turned to finest air."

But the step drew nearer. Another young man seemed attracted by the lighted window. The full splendor of the moonlight showed his face and figure. A handsome fellow, in a hunting-dress, with haughty, high-bred features, a self-indulgent mouth, fair hair and golden moustache. He only gave a hasty glance and then moved away, as a little clock within struck the hour of nine.

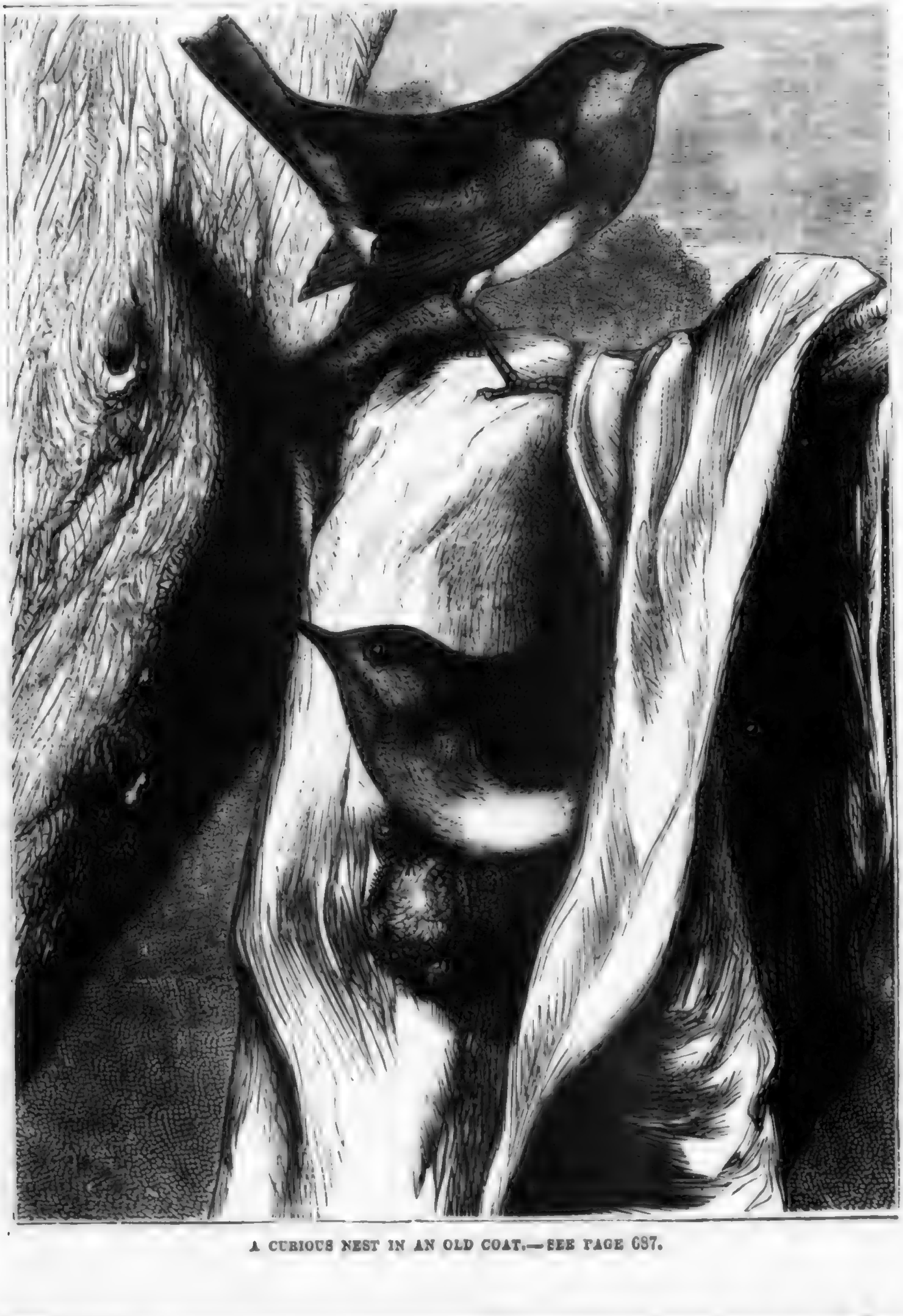
Philip was somewhat surprised the next moment to see the cottage-door open, and the young girl come out.

The newcomer went forward with ardor.

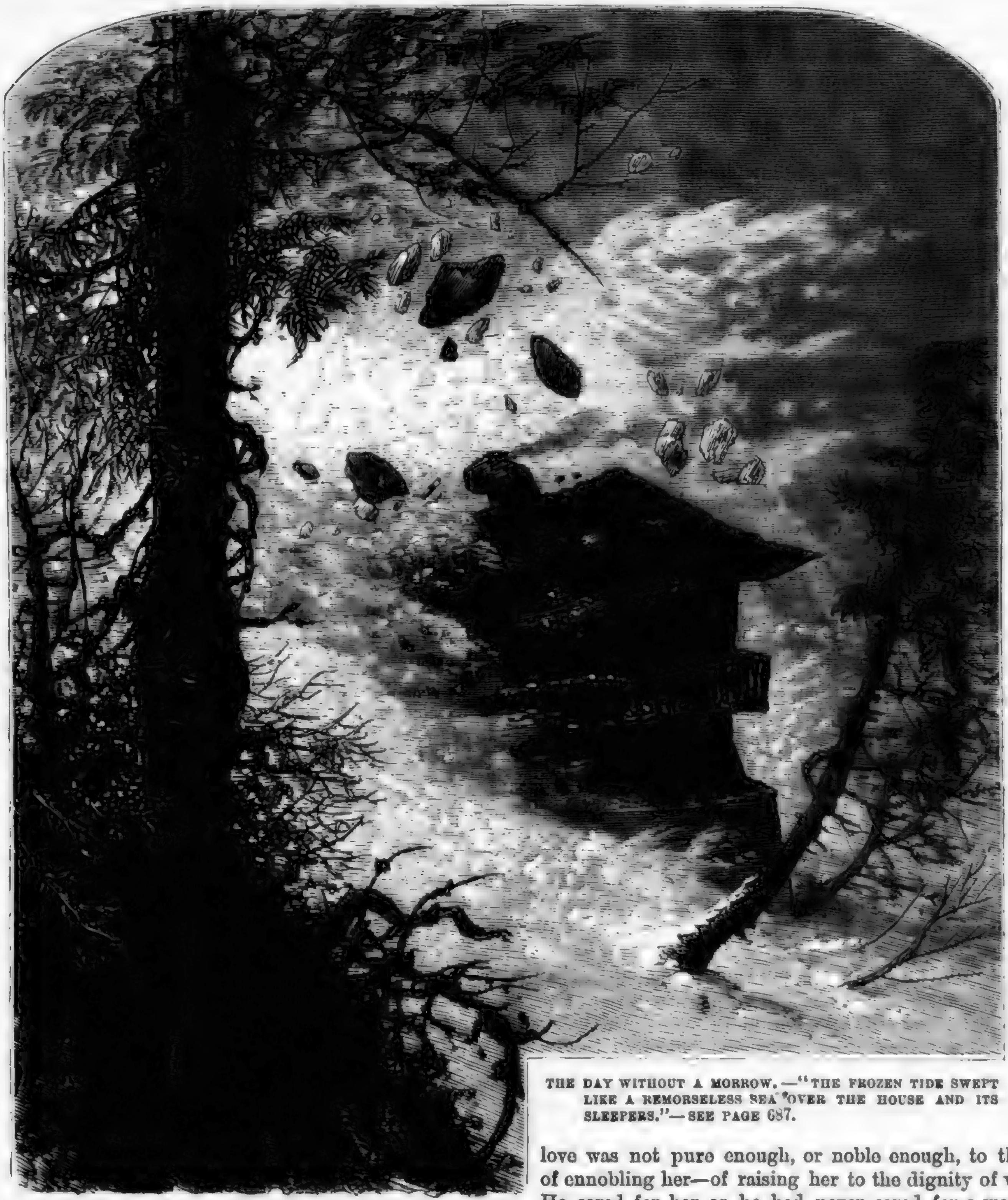
"My angel," he said, in German, "I come for my answer. Is it 'Yes'?"

The girl drew back and cast a frightened look around.

"Herr Baron!"



A CURIOUS NEST IN AN OLD COAT.—SEE PAGE 687.



THE DAY WITHOUT A MORROW.—"THE FROZEN TIDE SWEPT LIKE A REMORSELESS SEA OVER THE HOUSE AND ITS SLEEPERS."—SEE PAGE 687.

"Call me Gustave!" he cried, impetuously. "I am Gustave, to you!"

"I cannot forget," the girl went on, simply, "the difference between us, and I think you do not. I think you are mindful of your rank, even when you talk of love."

"Constance," he said, reproachfully, taking her hand, "you are very cold to me to-night. How have I deserved it?"

Philip could see her raise her intense blue eyes to her lover's face. He could almost see the sudden flush come into her cheek, and he heard her say:

"I wish I were as cold to you as the eternal snows on the mountain-tops yonder," with a passionate bitterness which made his heart throb with sympathy.

Gustave paused a moment. Well he knew the thoughts which were surging through the girl's brain at that moment. He was a nobleman, and she far below him. His love was not pure enough, or noble enough, to think of ennobling her—of raising her to the dignity of wife. He cared for her as he had never cared for a woman before. He knew she was pure as a snowdrift, but his love was the passion of a voluptuary, cruel as the grave. But he knew the nature he had to deal with, and he studied his words now. He had a mournfully musical voice as he answered:

"My darling, I will not pretend to misunderstand you. You recognize these—these social barriers, and they trouble you. They do not trouble me. What do we care for the world and its opinions? We are our own world. We will go together and make a new Eden for ourselves, better than the old one. I have a pretty little hunting-lodge among the Bavarian Alps."

"Oh, no mountains!" cried the girl. "I could not go among the mountains, so high, so pure, so full of memories of my childhood!"

"But, my dear, are you so happy here, starving on a pittance, everything about you so coarse and unrefined,

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when you were made for the lilies and roses of life? Think of your destiny if you refuse my love—to stitch yourself to death over other women's finery at Madame Sonnenthaler's, instead of decking yourself in lovely things."

"Hush, Gustave!" cried the girl. "If I go with you it is because I love you, nothing else. Give me no more unworthy motive for throwing myself away."

"We will go to Italy, my love!" cried the man, soothingly. "It will be cool enough already by Lake Como. Think of that gem of a lake! I longed to settle down by it the very first time I saw it, and with you, ah——"

"It will break my mother's heart," Constance said, gloomily.

"Oh, she has her boys, and you can write that you are well and happy; say secretly married, if you like."

"Gustave, can I lie to my mother?" indignantly interrupted the girl.

"It would be excusable; merely to make her mind easy. Trust me, after the first surprise she will reconcile herself. You must leave her, you say; leave her, then, for my arms, my eternal love, instead of going as a bondwoman to a *modiste*. Oh, can you pause a moment, my darling?"

The last words seemed to conquer any remaining scruples of the girl. She covered her face with her hands, and something like a sob reached Philip's ears. Then her lover clasped her in his arms, covered her face and hands with kisses, murmuring:

"To-morrow night, then, at this hour, I will be here. Oh, my angel, how blessed you make me!"

The girl timidly raised her head.

"You had better go now. I am afraid of my brother—of Jean. If he knew, he would kill me, or you."

"Ah, but he shall not know!" Gustave answered, gayly.

"Perhaps I imagine it, but he has given me dark looks lately. I cannot meet his eye."

"Poor little frightened bird!" answered Gustave. "I will take you away from it all to a sunny nest. To-morrow, is it, sweetest? Good-by."

And with more kisses he was gone. The girl waited a moment, and then went back into the house.

As she lingered, Philip longed to rush out of his concealment to beg her to pause a moment, to think, to resist the subtle tempter, but he dared not. At all events, he resolved to spend the night at the little cottage, if he could. Perhaps some word might come to him—some chance word, which would arrest the victim before the sacrifice.

While he thought, the door once more opened, and the two young men came out. One walked up and down restlessly; the other stood staring at the heavens.

"Are you moonstruck, Heinrich?" said the restless one, suddenly stopping.

"No; I am taking a farewell of all, Jean."

"What! going?"

"Yes; going at last. I should madden here. What is there but the lowest drudgery for us? I am going to Paris to study art."

"But the money, Heinrich?"

A dark cloud passed over the other's face, and he was silent a moment.

"The money I shall beg, borrow or steal!" he answered, harshly.

His brother looked at him curiously.

"Why, Heinrich, old boy, I do not know you to-night, there is such a defiant look about you. You look exactly as if you had had a tussle with somebody, hand-to-hand."

"Maybe I have," the other answered, with a strange laugh. "Fate has always been against me; now I am going to conquer Fate. I go to-morrow, and I shall not come back till I am somebody."

"And the mother?"

"Oh, I shall have no good-byes," the other said, evidently hardening himself. "Tears from her have melted my purpose before, and may again. I leave the dear mother to you, Jean."

"And Constance? Have you noticed the young man who has been haunting her path? Yes; I must stay. My sister shall not be left unaided. I have been on the watch. Because he is noble, I suppose he thinks he has a right to pluck all the pretty wayside flowers. Curse him! if I find he means dishonor, I would stab him to the heart; and to-morrow I will know."

"Why to-morrow?" asked the other.

"Because, just a few moments ago he was here. I missed Constance, but did not follow; only I saw in the clear moonlight two figures, and I caught just one word as I strained my ears to listen."

"And that word?"

"Was 'To-morrow.' So, when you are making your way into new adventures, think of me here, watching and waiting. If—if I kill him, I must fly. Perhaps you will see me then in that wonderful Paris. A good place to lose oneself in, they say."

"There; mother has stopped spinning," Heinrich answered. "We had better go in."

And Philip did not wait long then, for he feared the little cottage might be closed. So, after giving enough time not to appear to follow too closely, he tapped at the door.

One of the young men opened it. Philip's dress and appearance betokened a traveler, and he was politely greeted.

"I find I have been walking too much," he said, with a pleasant smile. "We pedestrians are apt to overdo the matter, for it's like intoxicating drink to one at first. So, if you will only let me have a blanket for the night, I will not ask for a bed."

Frau Herder, with a real courtesy, simply bade him welcome, and brought out some goat's-milk cheese and bread for his refreshment, spite of his remonstrance.

Constance, after the word of greeting, sat silent, her blue eyes dreamy, as if in thought she followed her worthless lover; a look of pain, too, on her face, as if she could not give up innocence and purity without a pang which would mar her whole life.

The two young men looked at the stranger with kindling interest.

"American!" exclaimed Heinrich. "Ah, that is the land. There one has a chance. I shall go to America some day. Here everything is crowded. I shall not carve wood all my life. I shall be a real artist."

"Yes, there is a chance for all of us," Philip answered, heartily; "but the very worst trade with us is that of an artist. Our people are too utilitarian. Invent a patent shaving-soap, or a reversible pie-board, and you may make a fortune. Paint signs, even, and you can live; but pictures—you will starve on them. I am something of a dauber myself, and I know."

Heinrich's face fell.

"Paris, then, is better; but I shall see the New World some time, for all that," he murmured.

"And the fraulein?—her home here is too dear, perhaps, for her to have that wish," Philip ventured to say, with a glance at Constance's preoccupied face.

A sudden flush told him that she remembered her purpose of deserting that sheltered and innocent home. She only bowed, for her lips seemed to refuse to form themselves into words.

"A home with a mother! that should indeed be dear to every daughter's heart. The sons go out into the noisy world of strife; the daughters can remain in that sweet shelter of peace and love. There is no other love like it. My mother is dead," he went on, half in apology, "and as I looked at her white, still face in the coffin, I felt glad that I had never brought a tear into those eyes."

Frau Herder looked kindly at the young man as he spoke, and Constance cast a half-frightened, half-questioning glance at him, as if he were some stray young seer who had suddenly appeared to lay bare the inmost thoughts and intents of her heart.

After a somewhat longer talk, the stranger was shown to a little room—bare, indeed, but neat—with a snowy curtain and pure white bed. He drew the curtain aside, for the strange beauty of the night enthralled him, and, though weary, he did not feel like sleep.

What a wonderful scene! Every snowy peak holding up in eternal silence its white crown, and over all the blue sky for a dome. He saw before him, clearly, the road he was to travel on the morrow—how it led up, up by the steep precipice, by the mountain gorge among the dark pines, by walls of rock where mountain streamlets glittered, to the eternal sea of ice. A strange sense of the greatness of God came over him as he looked at His magnificent creation.

"What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?" came into his mind. He felt like an atom, a speck on this great world. If God should forget him, what wonder? But then other words of Holy Writ echoed through his brain: "A sparrow cannot fall to the ground without my Father. Are ye not of more value than many sparrows?" If so, God would care for His own—for this young girl who was trembling on the brink of a great sin, who was letting the white robe of her purity slip away from her like a worn-out garment; of this youth who held that vengeance was his; of this young man who dreamed of helping himself to fame by questionable means. God read all their hearts. He who held the destinies of nations in His hands, held also the tangled web of human life. He knew each thread. He could work out His own pattern. And with an ineffable sense of relief, Philip South, in thinking these things, fell asleep.

Constance was looking on the same scene, in bitterness of heart. Why must she choose on the morrow? Why had God made her so low and her lover so high? Why had she ever met him? But there was nothing else to do. She could not give him up. She shuddered at the thought of life without him. She could not look forward without a pang to what life would be with him. She remembered her father and his strict notions. Was it not enough to make him rise from his grave if he knew that his darling was choosing dishonor for her portion? At the thought a strange chill pervaded the air. Her vague fears, like the wand of a magician, had called up the phantom. Coldly the wind from the charnel-house swept over her face. Once more that face, severely kind, shone on her, but there was a terrible look in the great, cavernous eyes—a threatening in the gesture of the skinny hand. Half-fainting, she covered her face, and when she looked up it was gone. Her mother slept peacefully. The white curtain only swayed in the soft night-air. How still it was! as if the very heavens were leaning down to hear her thoughts, so she was afraid to think. She crept shuddering into bed, and tried to shut out thought.

Heinrich and Jean were together in the next room. Heinrich sat moodily by the table, where he had gathered together his few belongings; pitiably few they seemed, but he sat there long after his brother slept, and then took from his leathern pocketbook a scrap of paper, and looked at it furtively. Let us look at it, too. It is a forged check on a bank in Berne for five hundred francs, and his hands shake as he holds it! Never before had he been so tempted. His whole life seemed marred for the want of this one chance, and the future was full of dazzling dreams. It had seemed a small thing. He could make restitution some day, but still he stared with horror-struck eyes at the paper, as if it were a bond with Satan, and he had signed his soul away upon it.

But then, it opened the door of the world to him—the door of fortune, perhaps, or fame, for nothing was too great for this young dreamer. He did not think that he had opened, too, the door of his heart to sin, that thenceforth all unclean things could enter and make their home there. He knew that he had ceased to pray since he had written it; that the bit of white paper had built up a wall between his soul and God.

"To-morrow," he murmured; and his dreams of the future passed into dreams of the night.

Jean slept heavily. All the night before his anger had kept him awake; now his purpose was fixed, and he slept. He would save his sister from shame if he died in the attempt. It would be a noble death to die, but he hoped he might first strike the breath of life out of the dastard soul who fancied his patent of nobility a warrant for the most ignoble deeds. To be sure, he had heard somewhere the time-worn words, "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord," but he cast away such figments of faith impatiently. "The mills of the gods grind slowly." They were too slow for him; he would revenge himself. So he said, with clinched fist and shut teeth, as he laid himself to sleep, "To-morrow!"

The moon sailed majestically on her way upon that tideless sea. The mountains, fixed and eternal, held up their snow-crowned heads; a little wind shivered among the dark pines, then swelled a little and moaned about the lonely house. Then suddenly, with ponderous roar and reverberation, as of cannon, came down the avalanche, that thunderbolt of snow! In a moment the echoes died away, but the frozen tide had swept like a remorseless sea over the house and its sleepers. God, reaching down from starry spheres, had saved them from themselves. Death, kinder than Life, had given them peace. Yet they had sinned in will, you say. Ah, who shall measure the forgiveness of God?

Over the desolation, the white calm of that frozen sea, a silence brooded for a while. Then anxious neighbors gathered about, and the work among the *débris* commenced. First was discovered the body of Frau Herder.

"*Ach, mein Gott!* the good mother!" cried one. "How peaceful her face is! I have not seen that look upon it since her good man died, five years ago."

Yes, there she lay, younger-looking than she had been the night before; peaceful as if death had been a welcome messenger; as if she had most willingly dropped the burdens of her toilsome life, and passed over the sea of ice into the sunshine of God's face for ever.

And Constance, still pure, preserved from the weakness of her own will, the fatal fondness of her own heart, came next. Like a broken lily she lay there, and many tears fell at the sight; for no one but the angels knew how much better was death than life for her—how much better death than shame.

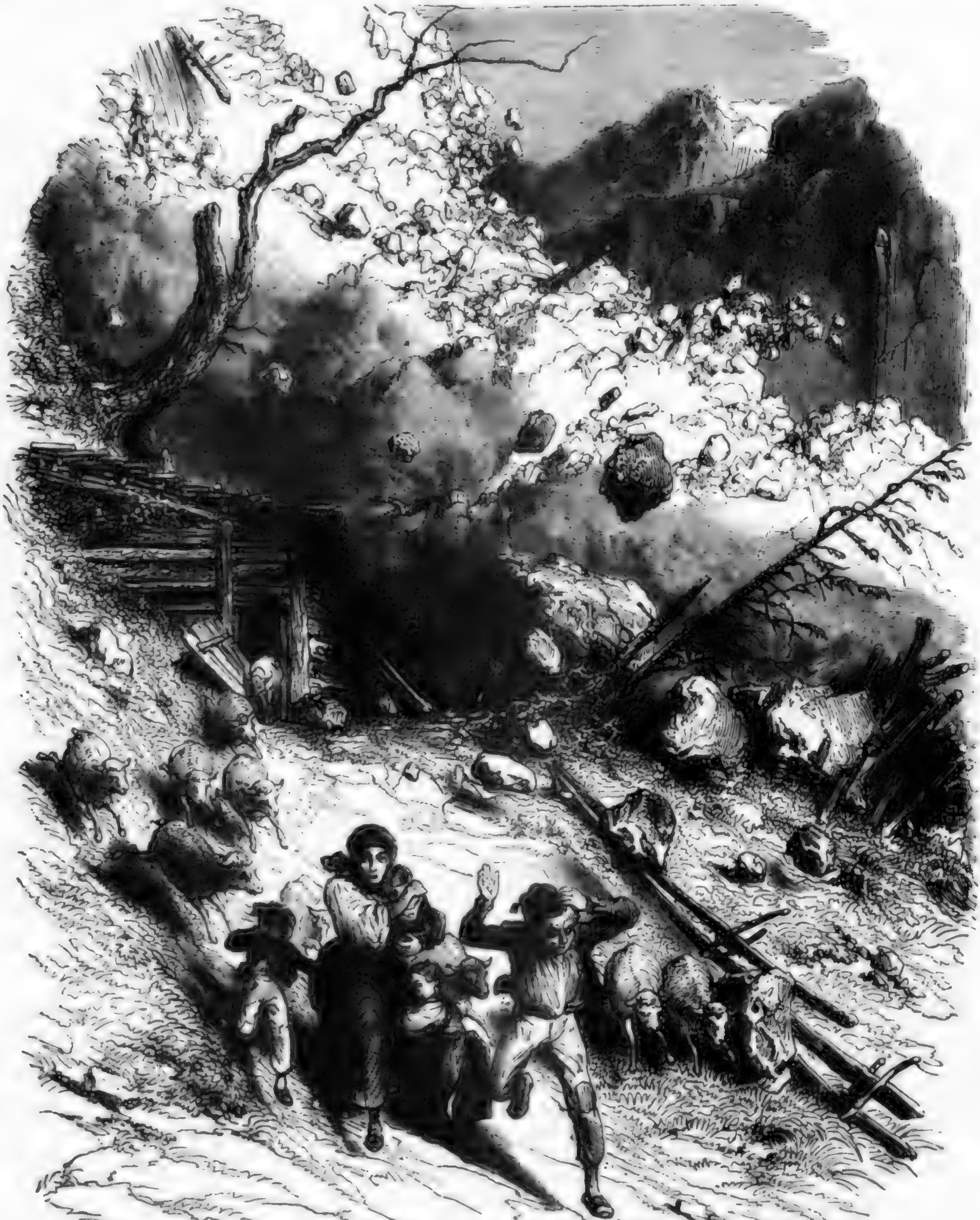
And then the two brothers—near together were they found; Heinrich, who had taken a longer journey than he had planned, where no forged check was needed as a passport; Jean, who had dreamed his dream of vengeance, but had passed with unstained hands into his Maker's presence, saved from the guilt of blood.

And Philip—what shall we say of him? His journey was ended; no new country to be explored now. or, rather—

> "Instead of any upon earth,
> The civic heavens receive him."

That better country! He had entered through the gates of the New Jerusalem, instead of the mountain passes—the golden streets—the river of life. Instead of the mountains, he had gone to Summer high in bliss upon the hills of God!

So, for each of them, the day had been without a morrow.



FLYING FROM THE AVALANCHE.

He who would proceed too fast is liable to take very false steps. It matters not at what time, but on what terms, a negotiation is concluded. It is much better to finish matters later than to ruin them by precipitation; and it often happens that we even delay, by our impatience, that which we were too anxious to push forward.

A CLERGYMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.

During the War of American Independence no man took a bolder stand on behalf of the revolted Colonies than the Reverend James Caldwell, the "soldier-parson" of New Jersey.

He was a native of Virginia, and became pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Elizabethtown (now Elizabeth) in 1761. From the inception of the struggle for independence Mr. Caldwell took a very active part, and became the special object of hatred to the Tories in New York and New Jersey.

He served as chaplain in Colonel Dayton's regiment of the New Jersey Brigade, and was at all times prominent for his bold patriotism and fervent zeal for his country's cause.

The murder of Mrs. Caldwell by a British soldier, and the assassination of her husband, a few months later, by a soldier of the Continental Army, form a double tragedy of painful yet thrilling interest.

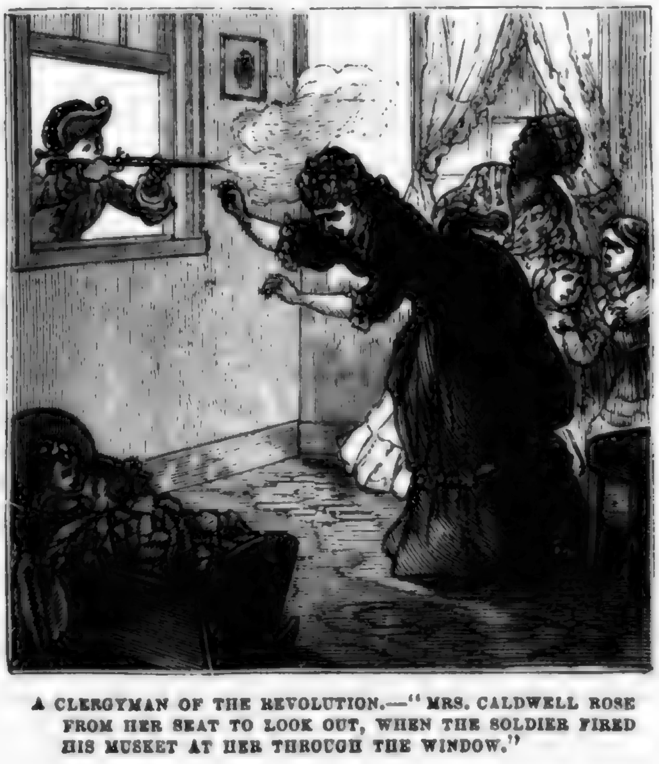
The circumstances of the murder of Mrs. Caldwell, an act of fiendish barbarity that has few parallels in civilized warfare, were as follows: On June 6th, 1780, a force of six thousand British troops left New York and landed during that night and the following morning at Elizabethtown Point, intending to surprise the American force at Short Hills, and if successful, to push on to Morristown and attack Washington's camp at that place.

After a slight skirmish in the streets of Elizabethtown, during which the British general, Stirling, received a wound from which he afterward died, the invading column advanced toward Short Hills.

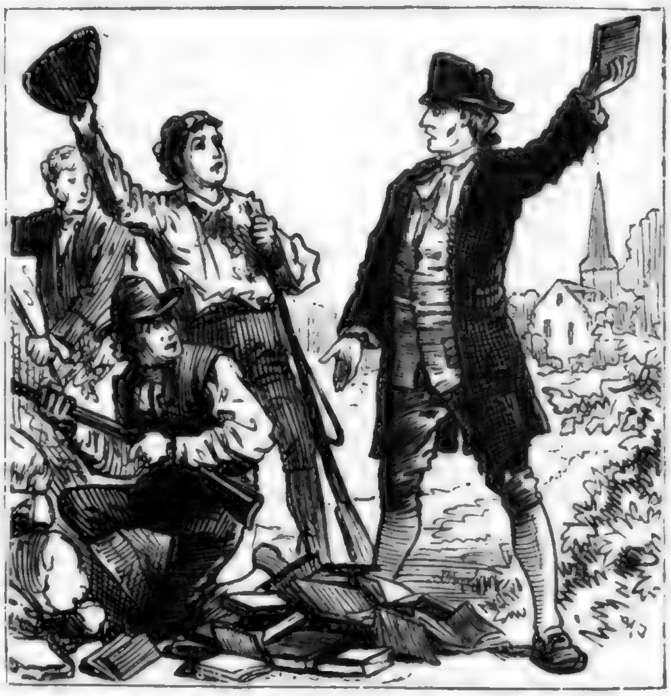
News of the landing of the British troops had been sent with all speed to the signal-post on Prospect Hill, in the rear of Springfield; the signal-gun was fired and the tar-barrel blazed up, rousing all the country round.

In the American camp at Morristown the rattle of drums and the sharp notes of the bugle called "to arms," and the troops were speedily on the march to meet the enemy.

In the meantime the militia had assembled from all quarters, and, joining Colonel Dayton's detachment, which had fallen back from Elizabethtown, with the remainder of the brigade under General Maxwell, presented a stubborn resistance to the foe.



A CLERGYMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.—"MRS. CALDWELL ROSE FROM HER SEAT TO LOOK OUT, WHEN THE SOLDIER FIRED HIS MUSKET AT HER THROUGH THE WINDOW."



A CLERGYMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.—"MR. CALDWELL DISTRIBUTING PSALM-BOOKS FOR WADDING, AND SHOUTING, 'NOW, PUT WATTS INTO THEM, BOYS! GIVE 'EM WATTS!'"

By continual skirmishing the British advance was much retarded, and finally checked at a point just beyond the village of Connecticut Farms.

During the afternoon this hastily gathered and undisciplined handful of Continentals, militia and farmers boldly attacked the British regulars and drove them back for some distance; but on the British bringing up fifteen hundred fresh troops the Americans were compelled to retire to their former position.

The British commander, however, soon learned that Washington had occupied with his entire force the strong position at Short Hills, and he at once determined to retreat.

The village of Connecticut Farms was then given up to pillage. After the dwellings had been thoroughly ransacked they were given to the flames. The church edifice shared the same fate.

The British commenced their retreat about ten o'clock the same evening, during a violent thunder-storm; but, despite the severity of the weather, the militia followed and harassed the retreating column until it reached the shore of Staten Island Sound. The total loss of the British was about two hundred men; that of the Americans, seventy-three.

It was during the sack of the village that Mrs. Caldwell was murdered in the parsonage then occupied by the minister's family. On the arrival of the Royal troops, Mrs. Caldwell, at their demand, provided refreshments for the officers, and when they left the house she retired, with her housekeeper and children, to a back room, for security against stray shots, should the contending forces become engaged near the house. The servant who had accompanied her to this apartment, on looking out of the window, told her mistress that a red-coat soldier had jumped over the fence, and was approaching the window with a gun. Mrs. Caldwell rose from her seat to look out, when the soldier fired his musket at her through the window. She was shot through the breast, and instantly expired. The brutal soldiery fired the house, and it was with difficulty that her horror-stricken friends obtained permission to remove her body before the house was consumed.

This shameful deed raised a storm of passionate indignation that added not a little to the hatred with which the troops of King George were ever regarded in this locality.

A few days later, on June 23d, the British made a second attempt to capture the American post at Short Hills, no less a person than Sir Henry Clinton commanding the expedition. Advancing in two columns, the British force reached Springfield, where the Americans made a stand, and a sharp contest ensued.

It is related that Mr. Caldwell showed the utmost ardor in the fight, as if he would avenge himself for the murder of his beloved wife, and when the men of his regiment had exhausted their supply of wadding for their muskets, he ran to the Presbyterian Church near by, and returned with an armful of psalm-books, which he distributed among the men, shouting, "Now put Watts into them, boys! Give 'em Watts!"

Although the Provincials—being much inferior in numbers to the British—were at first compelled to give ground, they rallied in ever-increasing numbers, and the Royal troops were again forced to retreat. In passing through Springfield they plundered and burned it, but were pursued by the militia to their entrenchments at Elizabethtown Point, suffering severely from the incessant skirmishing. The total loss of the Royal troops in this "expedition to the Jerseys," as it was called, was not less than five hundred killed, wounded and missing

After the death of his wife, Mr. Caldwell continued in the discharge of his various duties—now as pastor, now as soldier—until the 24th of November, 1781, when he was assassinated by a Continental soldier at the landing at Elizabethtown Point.

Mr. Caldwell had gone to the Point, on the arrival of the flag-of-truce boat from New York, to meet a young lady expected to arrive on a visit to her sister, one of his congregation. What then occurred is thus stated by the *New Jersey Gazette* of December 12th, 1781:

"When he arrived there, the officer then commanding the post at Elizabethtown, being on board the flag-sloop, asked him whether he would go on board. He then stepped on board of the sloop, and was informed that the young lady had already gone to the town. Being about to return, a person in the sloop asked him whether he would take a small parcel tied up in a handkerchief. Mr. Caldwell consented to take it went on shore, and was driving off, when a soldier stepped up to him and said: 'I must see if you have seizable goods in that bundle!' Mr. Caldwell then asked the soldier if he would suffer him to return the bundle to the sloop. To this request the soldier readily agreeing. Mr. Caldwell took the bundle, and was stepping on board the sloop to return it, when the murderer, who was on the quarter-deck and within about two yards of him, said, 'Damn you, stop!' Mr. Caldwell instantly stopped, and immediately on his stopping the soldier presented his musket and shot him. He fell down and instantly expired, without a groan."

The murderer was an Irishman, named Morgan, one of the "twelve months' men" of the American army, and seems to have been a man of bad reputation. He was at once secured and delivered to the civil authorities.

Mr. Caldwell's funeral took place on November 17th, 1781. All business was suspended, and the entire population of the town gathered—a grief-stricken and tearful multitude—around the body of their beloved pastor.

After all had been given an opportunity to view the corpse, and before the coffin was closed, Dr. Boudinot came forward, leading the nine children of Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, now doubly orphaned, and, placing them around the bier of their parent, made an address of surpassing pathos to the multitude in their behalf.

The people were deeply moved by his words, and when he concluded several of the most prominent citizens stepped forward and formally adopted the bereaved little ones.

It was an hour of deep and powerful emotion, and, as the sad procession moved slowly to the grave, tears were in many eyes unused to weep.

Morgan, the dastardly assassin, was tried at Westfield, New Jersey, on January 24th, 1782; found guilty of willful murder; and hung on January 29th, at the same place. The scene of his execution still bears the name of Gallows Hill.

It was generally affirmed at the time that the murderer had been bribed by the British to commit the crime, and this belief is widespread among the people of Union County to this day. No evidence, however, of the truth of this charge has ever been adduced, and it is scarcely credible that such could have been the case.

Mr. Caldwell was laid by the side of his murdered wife, and a plain marble slab, with an appropriate inscription, was raised above them. In 1845 this was replaced by a costly and elegant monument, which still serves to perpetuate the memory of these martyrs to their country's freedom.

CLOTH OF GOLD AND CLOTH OF FRIEZE.

"Cloth of gold, do not despise
If thou art wed to cloth of frieze;
Cloth of frieze, be not too bold
If thou art wed to cloth of gold."

A YOUNG man, in a round shooting-jacket, wide felt hat, and heavy nailed boots intended for marching over the plowed fields in search of the brown, gold-tinted pheasants, stood under an old beech, the leaves of which fluttered down on him, as a gentle wind stirred its great branches, for it was the first week in October. His gun rested against the trunk of the tree, a bag, partially filled with game, lay at his feet, and a couple of dogs moved restlessly about, smelling out lively squirrels, and poking their noses into the decayed trunks of trees, suspicious of lurking foes.

Standing directly before him was a young woman, clad in a stuff gown of a sober brown hue, relieved only by a linen collar, fastened with a bow of cheap blue ribbon. She held in her hand a wide hat of coarse country straw, and her face, gravely attentive, was turned to that of her companion, who was speaking earnestly, though calmly.

"You know, Eleanor," he was saying, "I have now no one to consult but myself; and I believe, calmly and dispassionately, that in making this proposal, I am securing my own happiness—of course, dependent on your answer."

He paused, and looked at her with a grave kindliness, which would have become a far older man. There was little of the ardor of a youthful lover in the glance, and his eyes met hers with a searching clearness in their brown depths.

Hers were not untroubled as they returned his gaze. A momentary look of exceeding bitterness swept across her face.

"Had your mother lived," she said, in a hard voice, "you would never have asked me to become the lady of Abbeyford."

"No," he said, honestly, while a shade of intense sadness crossed his thoughtful countenance. "Pardon me, Eleanor, if I wound you; but while my mother lived, I found her companionship sufficient. Now, I am completely alone, save for distant and unvalued relations. In your face and mind I see much to remind me of my beloved mother, and I have implicit faith in the purity of your soul."

"Yet, Raymond, I am but the daughter of your gamekeeper," returned the girl, half sadly; "and am neither by education or birth entitled to the position you would raise me to."

Raymond of Abbeyford took the girl's hands in his.

"Leave the arranging of those questions to me, child," he said, smilingly. "Is your answer to my suit 'Yes,' or 'No'?"

"Yes," she said, softly; and, as she spoke, the Autumn wind stirred the branches of the old beech with a mournful undertone, scattering the pale yellow leaves on the heads of the young people beneath, as, for the first time in his life, he drew Eleanor to his heart, and kissing her once, released her.

As Eleanor drew back from her lover's arms, a brawny, middle-aged man, in the velveteen jacket and leggings of a gamekeeper, emerged from a neighboring bypath.

A gun was over his shoulder, and a pointer-dog followed at his heels. His rugged face was pallid with anger, and it was evident that he had witnessed the embrace of the lovers.

"Well, lass," he said, as he paused before them, and fixed a stern glance on the calm countenance of Raymond, "hie home wi' ee; I've summat to say to t' squoire."

"You can have nothing to say to me for the future, Pendeal," said the young man, quietly, "from which Eleanor need be excluded, for I have just obtained her promise to become my wife."

Had the dog at his heels suddenly become a roaring lion, with jaws open to devour him, Pendeal's bronzed countenance could not have shown a more thunderstruck expression. He gazed blankly at Raymond, and then his eyes turned slowly on his daughter, as though seeking a further explanation. He evidently found it in the uncommon beauty of the girl, for he slowly remarked:

"Well, she *be* a rare one to look at, she be."

Raymond's face flushed very deeply.

"Eleanor is very lovely," he said; "but it is her beautiful heart and elevated mind which are her fascinations to me."

Pendeal glanced from one to the other thoughtfully, and ruminated deeply for a little time, during which Eleanor stood looking absently out over the gray landscape, and Raymond watched her observantly, and so lost himself in his gaze that at Pendeal's voice he started.

"Hearken to me, squoire, and thou, Nell; turn thy face hither, and mind my words!"

There was a look of straightforward candor and rough dignity about the man that impressed Raymond strongly.

"Now, look'ee 'ere," he continued, placing the butt of his gun on the ground, and leaning on it. "I must speak my mind on the business thou'st been about, squoire, and Nell—and this be's it: I think, squoire, that thou'st best bide a bit, and think it over. Nell, here, though a rare comely lass, is not in thy degree; she wunt be likely to settle into thy ways, or, if she do, thou'lt ever be thinking that it's not rale, but a kind of play-actin', and that'll make thee distrustful of her in thy heart; then she'll know what's rankling secretly betwixt ye, and she'll become disdainful of thy gold that bought her, and make thy heart sair as well as her own. Take heed, squoire and Nell, afore it's too late."

He looked anxiously at them both, and Raymond caught his brown, coarse hand in a warm grasp.

"Pendeal," he said, warmly, "I always admired your character, and your advice now, though founded on a wrong idea, increases my respect for you. Eleanor, tell your father that it is not my gold you are seeking."

Pendeal's eyes looked anxiously and sorrowfully on his daughter, who turned a shade paler, yet faced them both with a calm dignity very remarkable in one of her lowly origin.

"I can't say more or less than no," she said, gently. "It's not my way to say much, but I do now solemnly say that it is not your gold I'm seeking, Raymond."

The young man caught her hand in his.

"I believe you," he said; "and, Pendeal, do not judge so hardly of either of us. Time will show that the step we have decided on is the one most conducive to our happiness. I have full trust in my Eleanor."

Pendeal looked soberly on the ground, moving the rustling leaves with the butt of his gun.

"I hope thou'st roight, squoire an' Nell," he said; "but ye're both in your ways the pridiest pair I ever seed, an' it's not well for pride and pride to mate. Now, Nell, lass, if thou'dst chosen Ben Gwyllym ——"

"I am going home, father," interrupted Nell, shivering. "I've no cloak, and the wind's piercing up here. Good-by, Raymond."

"I wish, Pendeal," said Raymond, as Eleanor placed her hand on her father's arm, and turned away, "that you'd come up to me this evening; I have much to speak to you about."

Pendeal made a homely bow, and, whistling to his dog, went away with his daughter.

* * * * * * *

Eleanor was seated beside the hearth alone, save for the silent companionship of a superannuated deer-hound, who lay on the hearthstone, his huge head at her feet, and his dull eyes fixed sleepily but lovingly on the face of his young mistress.

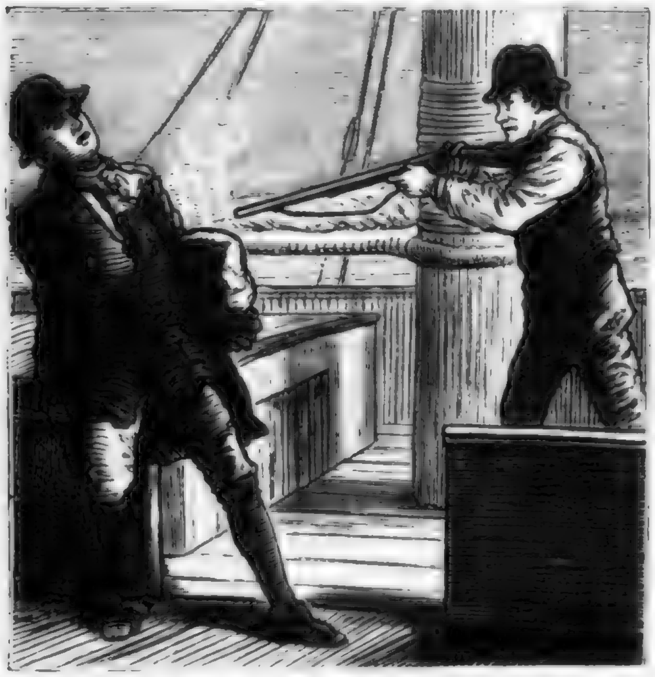
The room was just such an apartment as one sees in thousands of English cottages, and displayed no attempt at picturesque adorning, and no other refinement save that of the most scrupulous cleanliness and extreme neatness.

It was evident that her work was mechanically performed, and her deep, liquid black eyes were fixed thoughtfully on the leaping blaze. She looked, in the ruddy glow, more youthful than in the raw, gray tints of the Autumn afternoon, and her pliant, elegant figure had all the slender grace of seventeen. Her features were severely classical, and required only the very rosy glow lent by the fire to warm them into perfect beauty; for generally her face was singularly pale—a healthy pallor, however, which left the soft, firm skin purely pale, yet so sensitive to the hurrying to and fro of the young blood, that shadowy waves of color were constantly flitting over cheek, neck and brow, like the wavering, rosy mists of a Summer's morning. Her hands were long and fine in shape, but brown and hardened with continual labor.

This beautiful Eleanor of the classic brow and coronal of red-brown hair was a careful housewife, who wore a checked apron, and knitted long stockings for her father to wear with his rusty velveteen small-clothes.

She was "turning the heel" of such an article now, and bending closer to the blaze, in order the more clearly to discern her work, when over the crackling leaves outside came a heavy, firm step, which paused at the door, and roused Eleanor from her bending attitude with a start.

A rap on the panel of the door followed, and after a second's hesitation, she rose, and walked to it very slowly, and



A CLERGYMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.—"THE SOLDIER PRESENTED HIS MUSKET AND SHOT MR. CALDWELL. HE FELL DOWN AND INSTANTLY EXPIRED, WITHOUT A GROAN."—SEE PAGE 693.

as one moves along a path leading to an undesired object; she let down the chain, drew back the bolt, and opened the door.

The firelight streaming from the open door, and sparkling through the tiny casement, could not enliven the dismal scene; but it found more success in the face of the young man who stood on the threshold, and its reflection danced in his bright blue eyes, and lighted little sparkles all over his curly, reddish beard and short, crisp hair.

His ruddy face beamed and glowed as he smiled down on the slender Eleanor, and he put out a muscular, mahogany-colored hand, into which, after an imperceptible hesitation, hers went, but freed itself again instantly.

"Is father in, Nell?" he queried, familiarly. "No! well, that's right; it's to *you* my visit is to-night, so I'll just come in, though you're not asking me very warmly." And with a laugh that proclaimed how humorous the ridiculous idea that his welcome was not cordial appeared to him, he took the door from Nell's unwilling fingers, and entered unbidden, closing it behind him.

In complete silence, Nell marched regally back to her straw-chair, and seated herself again, while her visitor drew a low settle to the blazing hearth, and throwing off his felt hat, ran his fingers through his curly hair, and glanced gayly up at Nell, whose nimble fingers were again busy with the stocking.

Her eyes were cast down until the long, curled lashes completely shaded them, and her fine lips were tightly compressed.

"Where's father, Nell?" queried the young man. "He don't often leave his snug corner o' nights."

"He's up with—that is, he had business at the abbey," replied Eleanor, quietly turning the stocking in her hand.

"Ha! that just brings me to what I came about. Do you know, Nell, squire has renewed the lease of the Gwyllym homestead at the old rent?"

"I'm sure I'm glad for your sake, Mr. Gwyllym," said Nell, stiffly. She had yet much to learn in the polite art of concealing her feelings. Gwyllym's blue eyes sparkled.

"If it's for my sake you're glad," he said, quickly, "why, I'm glad too; but, Nell, you know that though the old house has sheltered the Gwyllyms for over two hundred years, I'd turn my back on it to-morrow if you—if I hadn't the hope of seeing you mistress there some day."

He paused, breathless, and ruddier than ever, and cast an earnest glance at the beautiful face above him. Something he saw there made him rise to his feet, and simultaneously Nell stood up facing him.

She put out her hand, dropping the knitting on the floor with a curious gesture of entreaty and command.

"Stop!" she said, hurriedly. "I can't listen to you, Mr. Gwyllym, for this very day I have promised to marry another."

"Eleanor!"

"Yes, it's true," she answered, mechanically lifting her work from the floor, and resuming her seat; "and, remember, I broke no promise to you."

Her voice was drearily scornful, and she turned her eyes on the leaping blaze, away from his slowly paling face and startled glance.

"I can't believe it!" he burst forth, presently. "Why, Eleanor Pendeen, has you no eyes in your soul that could see that I loved you better than my very life?"

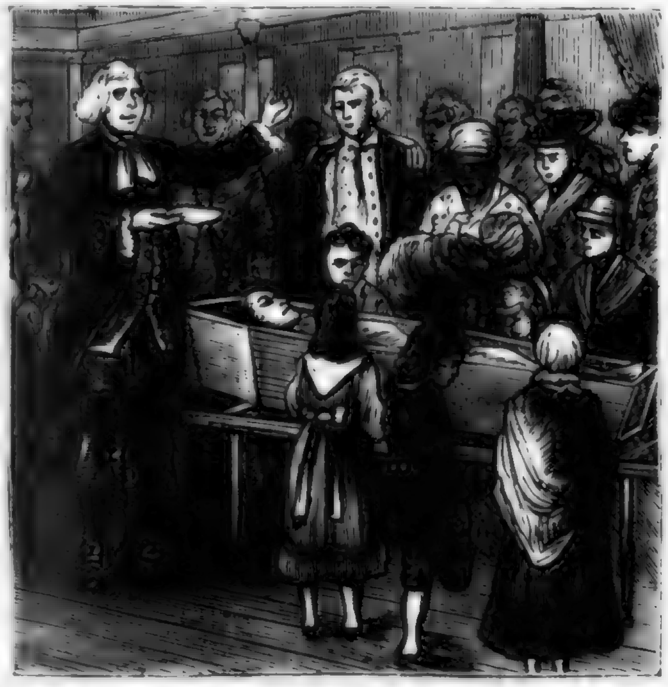
One of the sudden rushes of color peculiar to her dyed Nell's pale face.

"You never spoke," she said, passionately. "You followed me up and down, and people spoke our names together, and Sunday last, coming from church, I heard Bess Williams and young Tregarth saying that you were only trying to make a gazing-stock of me in the place, and that the sun'd turn in the sky before one of the proud Gwyllyms would condescend to marry a keeper's daughter."

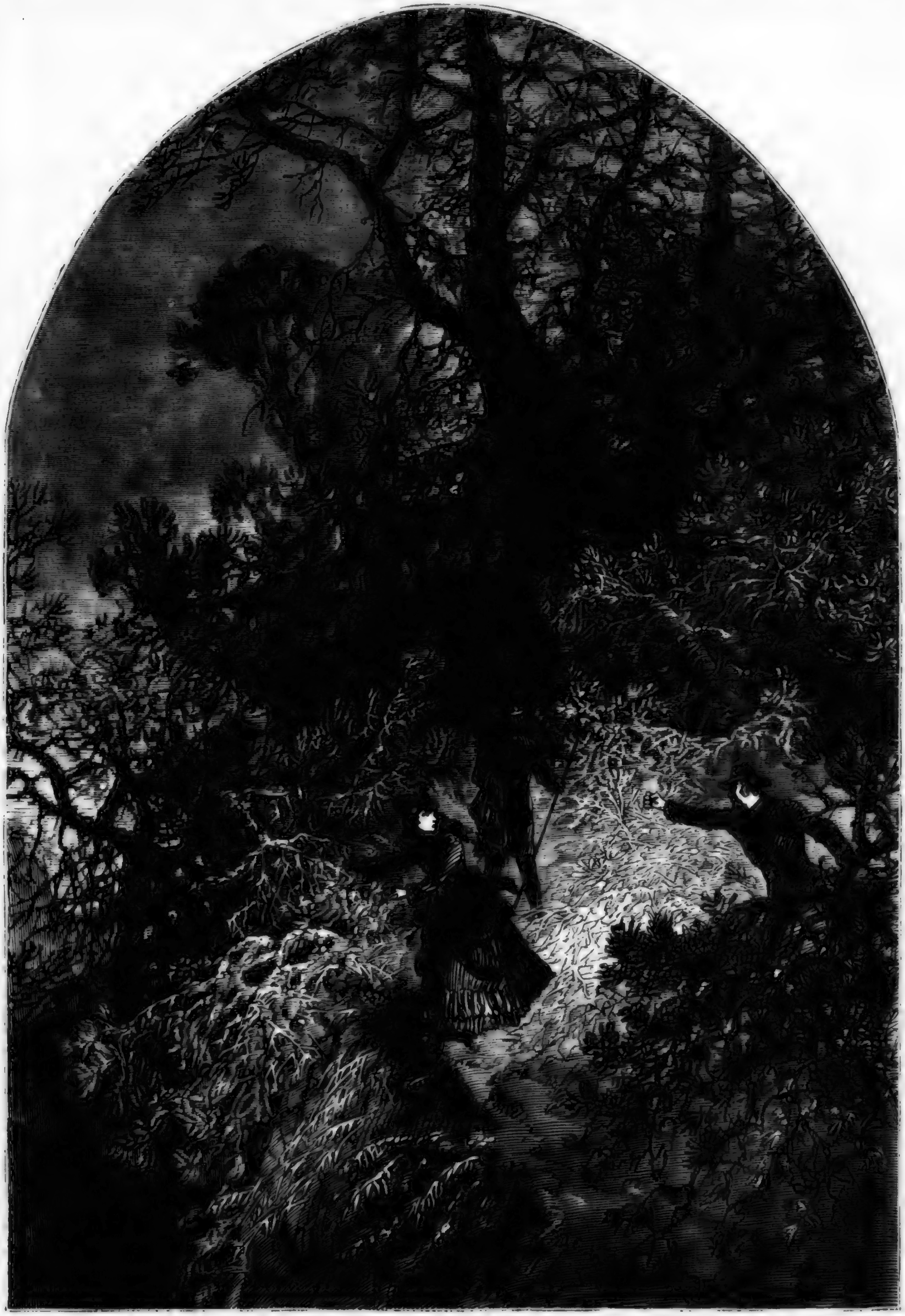
She stopped, nearly strangled with the passionate sobs her fiery pride was keeping back, and closing her lips firmly, turned again toward the fire. For a few moments there was silence in the cottage, broken only by the loud chirp of the cricket, and during this pause, Gwyllym looked intently at the averted face of his companion. Then he spoke in the voice of a man faithfully endeavoring to suppress a painful emotion.

"I see, Nell," he said, "that the bright part of life is over for me; but I want you to remember this, that the reason I kept silent so long was only because there was such a sight of trouble about getting the lease renewed. You see, Mr. Newman, the agent, was dead against my having it, and without it I'd be but a very poor man, not able to marry for ——"

But here Nell interrupted him impetuously.



A CLERGYMAN OF THE REVOLUTION.—"DOCTOR BOUDINOT ADDRESSED THE MULTITUDE IN BEHALF OF THE NINE NOW DOUBLY ORPHANED CHILDREN OF MR. AND MRS. CALDWELL."



CLOTH OF GOLD AND CLOTH OF FRIEZE.—"'PRAY BE CAREFUL,' URGED GWYLLYM, AS MRS. RAYMOND PREPARED TO GO DOWN. 'THE PATH IS SLIPPERY, AND ONE FALSE STEP——' 'HAS ALREADY BEEN TAKEN!' SAID A FURIOUS VOICE, CLOSE ON THEM."

"And what am I but a poor girl, only used to hard work and hard fare? and I'd have thought myself happier than the grandest lady in the land if you ——"

She stopped, and bit her fine lips until a drop of crimson fell on her trembling hand.

"I'm glad you've stopped, Nell," said young Gwyllym. "When you'd be the trusted, honored wife of another man, you'd be angry with yourself for having spoken the words that are in your heart. Dear Nell, I have only myself to blame for this blow, and I do hope and pray you'll be a happy woman yet; but you'll always do me justice, and remember why I put off speaking?"

Quite unable to reply, Nell glanced rapidly at him, and leant her forehead on her hand. Gwyllym went on:

"There's one thing I'd like you to tell me, and that is, who—who you are going to marry?"

"You'll know soon enough," said Eleanor; "'twould cut my heart to tell you. You'll know soon enough."

"I'm not so sure of that, for I'll be off at daybreak on my road to California. I always intended to go there if I didn't get the lease."

Nell lifted her head with a startled look in her dark eyes, and at the same moment the door opened, and Pendeal entered the cottage.

"Ha, Gwyllym," he said, as he took off his otter-skin cap, "thou here, lad!"

His honest, brown face and cheery voice were curiously sober, and he glanced from his daughter to her guest with inquiring gravity.

Gwyllym lifted his hat from the floor, where it had fallen, and twirled it in his fingers.

"Yes, I came to tell Nell and you that I'm off to California to-morrow, and to bid you good-by."

With that word "good-by," we will drop the curtain on the first part of the history of Eleanor Pendeal.

* * * * * * * *

"How very romantic!" ejaculated Lady Frances Maur, leaning her blonde head luxuriously back on the down cushion of her chaise-lounge. "Really, mamma, it's quite a charming episode."

The still handsome cheek of the Duchess of Iyesbro' flushed a warm red.

"I don't agree with you, my dear. A man in your cousin's position has higher duties in life than simply pleasing himself. He owed it to his family to marry in his own rank."

"Our little Grace, for instance," said Lady Frances, sweetly; "it would have been a very nice match for her, dear child."

"Or yourself, Frances," said the duchess, innocently. "Indeed, I frequently thought that your *aplomb* and tact were just the very qualities Raymond would have required in a wife—he is so deficient in both himself, poor fellow."

"Mamma!" said Lady Frances, in a tone of soft reproach, "and I in mourning yet for Mr. Maur!"

The mourning consisted of a white muslin, with manifold ruches of violet ribbon, and jet bandeaux in the soft yellow hair of the widow of Mr. Maur.

The duchess put ten stitches in the banner-screen she was working before she resumed:

"Raymond says his wife is extremely lovely and accomplished. I wonder is she any relation of the Pendeals of Blackrock?—a very old family, though very much impoverished."

"I don't imagine it likely," returned Lady Frances; "but no matter who she is, I suppose we'll have to notice her, or cut Raymond altogether."

"Your papa would never allow that," said the duchess, quickly. "Raymond is the king of the county, and as he does not intend entering Parliament, he can return your brother Normanby. Oh, we must certainly be polite to this Pendeal girl."

"Imagine his keeping his marriage concealed for five years!" said Lady Frances, languidly. "I suppose the rough diamond was in course of polishing. Will you write, or shall I?"

"I think we ought both to do so. I do hope the girl isn't a pretty dowdy."

"Don't annoy yourself, mamma. We can reform her toilets when she comes under our influence. I wonder does she retain a secret longing for her primitive cloth of frieze?"

"I think we had better invite them a few days earlier than our other guests, in order that we may observe her style," said the duchess; "and I think, Frances, if old Lady Cacklethorpe is too curious concerning her, you had better say that you think she is a Pendeal of Blackrock. I shall go into the library now, and write my invitation to the Raymonds of Abbeyford."

The stately old lady sailed from the apartment, and Lady Frances was left to her reflections.

Lady Frances Maur was a fair, sleek young woman, slender, graceful and irreproachable in style, if not in feature. Her eyes were emerald, her nose aristocratic, and her lips small, flat and thin. She smiled as her mother left the pleasant, perfumed morning-room.

"Mrs. Raymond of Abbeyford," she said, very softly and sweetly, "you made a fatal, though unconscious, mistake in crossing the path of Frances Maur."

* * * * * * *

There was a pleasant Christmas gathering at Ivesbro' Castle, to keep the festive season. The Raymonds of Abbeyford were there, and Lady Frances Maur, who, indeed, generally preferred the princely establishment of the duke to her own cottage at Richmond.

There were other guests expected—a millionaire who had made his fortune miraculously across the Atlantic and somehow got into society, and two or three men, fellow-soldiers of the duke's younger son, Lord Normanby, military lions, bringing home scars and laurels from the burning sands of India.

At present the sterner sex was represented only by the literary lions, and some half-dozen ineligible cousins and society-men, so Lady Frances was at liberty to rest on her oars and amuse herself.

It was after the eight-o'clock dinner, and the ladies of the party were gathered in the white drawing-room, endeavoring to while away the time until the appearance of the gentlemen. Only two of the party could be said to be thoroughly awake, and these were Lady Frances Maur and Mrs. Raymond. The latter sat by one of the double row of marble pillars.

She was altered just as much as one would have expected. Her bearing was more assured, and education and refinement of associations had increased the spiritual expression of her beauty. Her form was more developed, and the fine hands were now white as the snow lying outside.

Presently, rustling over the white velvet carpet—with its painted flowers scattered sparsely over it, glowing as though dropped from the hand of Summer herself—came Lady Frances, radiant in white satin and jet; and, wheeling a low chair to Mrs. Raymond's side, seated herself.

"You must be *ennuyée* to death," she said, fanning herself languidly. "However, if you are fond of music, you'll be charmed when Madame Goldenburgh sings, presently. Of course, you adore opera?"

"I have not yet visited the opera," said Mrs. Raymond. "I was at school in Paris until very lately."

"Yes, so Raymond told us. How romantic your marr'age was! By-the-way, old Lady Cacklethorpe—that old lady dozing in the corner—tells me that she formerly knew your family, the Pendeals of Blackrock."

Mrs. Raymond raised her proud, dark eyes to the twinkling emeralds of Lady Frances.

"Lady Cacklethorpe is under some mistake. I never even heard of the family you mention," she said. "What a lovely engraving this is of Sebastian and Miranda!"

"Beautiful! But Lady Cacklethorpe will be so disappointed when she hears that you are not one of the Pendeals of Blackrock."

Mrs. Raymond closed the volume.

"I understood from my husband that he had informed you of my parentage," she said, so haughtily that the long green eyes of the widow opened in astonishment. "My father was a keeper on the Abbeyford estate, and my mother a farmer's daughter. Pray, take an early opportunity of enlightening Lady Cacklethorpe—or shall I?"

Lady Frances was put down.

"Not for worlds, Mrs. Raymond," she said, eagerly. "Your husband would be annoyed. Pray, take the advice of a friend, and do not disclaim the Blackrock connection."

A burning tide of color swept over Mrs. Raymond's face.

"Lady Frances," she said, coldly, "I have no cause to be ashamed of my parentage, neither shall I disclaim it—of that you may assure yourself."

Lady Frances shrugged her gleaming white shoulders, and rose from her seat. She patted Mrs. Raymond's white hand.

"I do so admire candor," she said; "I dote upon it, in fact; but consider, Eleanor—may I call you so?—how angry you may make Raymond by such a course."

"I cannot help it," said Eleanor, with spirit; and, shaking her finger archly at her, Lady Frances sailed away, leaving the young wife cold at heart, as she pondered over the words of her husband's cousin.

A satisfied smile played round the flat lips of Lady Frances as she thought, "The thin edge of the wedge! my dear Mrs. Raymond, on the word of a disappointed woman, you shan't be the *happy* mistress of Abbeyford."

As the drawing-room door opened to admit the gentlemen, Eleanor became aware that several faces she had not observed at dinner were amongst the group, and the pleased exclamation from the duchess, of "My dear Normanby!" told her that the strangers were the younger son and his friends. She looked at them curiously from her quiet corner. They were of the usual type of the young Englishman—rather tall, rather athletic, for the most part blonde, and extremely dignified and languid.

As the last of the group entered, she half-started from her chair, but reseated herself with a little bitter smile at her own folly; but though she said to herself how foolish she was, she could not turn her gaze from the lofty form of the newcomer, a bronzed man of some five-and-thirty, with a reddish-brown beard, and crisp curly hair. He made his way quietly to pay his respects to the duchess, who received him with much *empressement*, and immediately presented him to Lady Frances, who stood talking with him for some moments, with a faint pink dyeing her smooth cheeks and her light eyes glittering.

She dropped her fan, and he stooped, picked it up, and presented it to her with an air of easy grace; and still Mrs. Raymond sat and watched him with curious, troubled eyes, and a complete forgetfulness of her surroundings.

The room was lively enough now, with a subdued flutter and rustle, broken now and then by a silvery laugh. Presently Eleanor saw the newcomer offer his arm to Lady Frances and lead her to the harp to accompany Madame Goldenburgh, who was about to sing; and after seating her at the instrument, he came toward the spot where Mrs. Raymond was sitting partially hidden by the pillar.

"Eleanor!" he said, in a low, deep voice.

Like one dreaming, the young woman stretched her hand out to him, and then suddenly dropped it on her lap again. She pointed to the chair Lady Frances had vacated, and obeying the gesture, he seated himself beside her; and thus, after the lapse of years, Eleanor Raymond and Gwyllym met.

* * * * * * *

"I wonder *why* it is," soliloquized Lady Frances, as, after dismissing her maid, she stood before the cheval-glass in her drawing-room, and then surveyed herself with critical eyes, "that I quite fail to attract this Gwyllym? I make no more impression on him than the blow of my glove would on a rock. He seems perfectly obtuse to the fact that he might ally himself with one of the noblest Houses in England, *parvenu* though he be. I really can't understand it. There must be some counter influence at work. But there is the dinner-bell!"

She cast a last scrutinizing glance at her radiant form, the faint *rouge* on her smooth cheeks lending a brighter sparkle to her glittering eyes, and the sombre drapery of her black lace dress enhancing the extreme whiteness of her fine neck and wieldy, sloping shoulders, and then passed from the room down to the drawing-room. As she entered the apartment, Raymond, with an anxious and rather angry countenance, advanced to meet her.

"Eleanor is too unwell to leave her apartment," he whispered, as he offered his arm. "I wish you could persuade her to come down in the evening; there are so many people here to-night whose acquaintance I particularly wish her to make."

"But if she is really ill?" said Lady Frances.

"The fact is," said Raymond, hesitatingly, "I don't think she's ill at all. I—in fact, we had something approaching to a quarrel, and she is strangely obstinate."

"Strange!" said Lady Frances. "Eleanor seems a very sweet and sensible woman."

Raymond's brow darkened.

"She understands my wishes on one point," he said, hotly, "and yet makes a point of disregarding them. She actually gave Lady Cacklethorpe full information concerning her origin, and it will be all over the country in a week."

"You could not expect to keep it secret," said Lady Frances, turning her head away in order to hide a smile of triumphant malice. "I think Eleanor shows a fine spirit in not displaying any false shame. Perhaps when she acquires a certain knowledge of the world, she will consult your wishes on that point. Until then I would recommend patience."

For the first time in his life Raymond felt his heart warm toward his cousin, and a faint regret began to shape itself in his heart that he had not sought the fair, lofty, suave woman who knew the world, and held a high place in it, in preference to the beautiful but willful Eleanor.

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Another year had passed, and a large party was again gathered for the festive season, this time under the roof-tree of the Raymonds. Abbeyford was not the place selected for their hospitalities, but an estate nearer London; for, since his marriage, Raymond had never once revisited the home of his childhood. Many of those who had been of the Castle party the year before were at the Cascades; and two of them in new characters. Lady Frances, the

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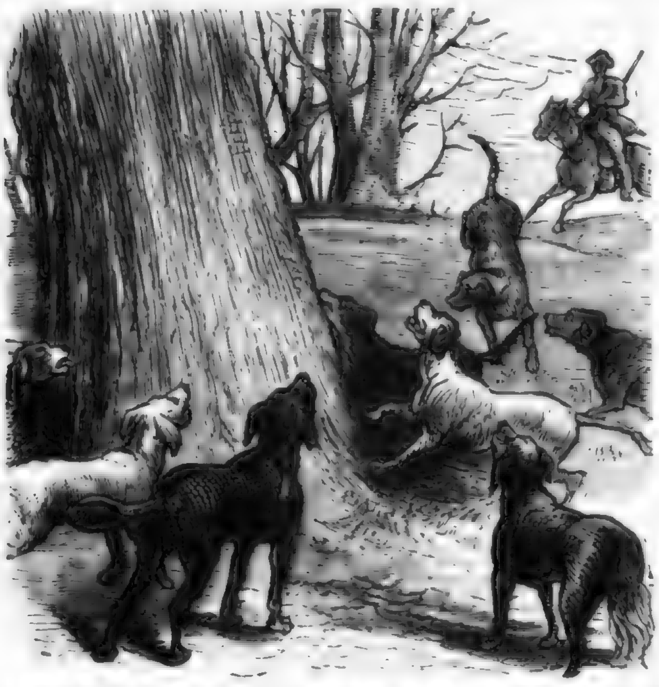

A BEAR HUNT IN TEXAS.—"AT THE FOOT OF THE TREE THE DOGS WERE DANCING ABOUT IN A GREAT STATE OF EXCITEMENT AT THE ESCAPE OF THEIR PREY."—SEE PAGE 702.

noble, but poor, widow of General Maur, had secured the millionaire, so far as a superb engagement-ring, and the drawing-up of very generous settlements, can be said to secure a man; and they were both guests of the Raymonds—Lady Frances, brilliant, triumphant, suave, and more malicious than ever; Gwyllym, worn-looking, reserved and rather haughty. Lady Cacklethorpe was there.

Between Raymond and his wife a barrier had arisen; or, rather, the feeble tie which had ever existed between them had crumbled completely away, and, before the world moving hand-in-hand, in serene discharge of mutual duty, morally they were as completely apart and separate as it was possible for two people to be.

Of course, I freely admit that Eleanor was chiefly to blame for this. Instead of yielding to her husband's wishes in one respect, she had from the first "set her face as a flint," and raised the banner of her own pride against his. She never suffered society to forget the fact that she was a keeper's daughter.

Had Raymond really loved her, I question if this would have happened; but he had married her from caprice, and she, unfortunate woman, had given him her hand, as she would at the moment have given it to her mortal enemy, suffering from sorely wounded pride and love; so she heartily despised his gold, his ancient name, and, above all, his arrogant, overbearing pride, and trampled this last under her slender feet.

He leaned over Lady Frances' chair, and deferred to her slightest wish, even when that wish ran counter to those of his wife: and Mrs. Raymond, in the irreproachable language and very refinement of which her thrilling voice was capable, amused select little votaries with quaint tales and characteristic anecdotes of the wild Cornish people amongst whom she had spent her girlhood.

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Lady Frances enjoyed life only as she enjoyed French cookery, highly seasoned. In the nursery she had intrigued for forbidden *bonbons*, in the schoolroom for unwarranted holidays, and in society to secure her cousin Raymond; and, having failed in this last, in a fit of *pique*, she had married General Maur, and repented it in inexpensive toilets and a rather limited *ménage*, until his death set her free again. Then she had intrigued for one eligible party after another, and failed, until Gwyllym had fallen into her net; and now, having secured him, she was already intriguing to get rid of him, as the wealthy old Marquis St. Tottrigton had declared himself, not knowing of her "entanglement," as she secretly styled it, with Gwyllym.

"I can't break it off without some cause," she meditated, and she set herself to discover or make one. As frequently happens, Fate favored her.

It was Christmas Eve, and, after making a resplendent toilet, Lady Frances opened the door of her room, and was about gliding forth into the long corridor, when she observed Mrs. Raymond advancing up it from her own apartments. Obeying the intriguing instincts of her nature, Lady Frances drew back, and, holding the door slightly open, she took a stealthy survey of her hostess.

Magnificent in rose-colored velvet and flashing diamonds, Eleanor came on, unconscious of the green eyes watching her. As she advanced, another door opened, and Gwyllym came hurriedly out. He was pale, and rather excited, and the eyes of Lady Frances glittered with astonishment as she observed Eleanor make a full pause, and that the quick blood leaped over her white face and slender throat as Gwyllym turned toward her.

She was too distant to hear the words that passed between them; but she saw that Mrs. Raymond clasped her hands in great agitation, in the action dropping her black lace fan. She trembled violently, and laid her hand on Gwyllym's arm so as to steady herself, and then, in rather a raised, excited voice, she said:

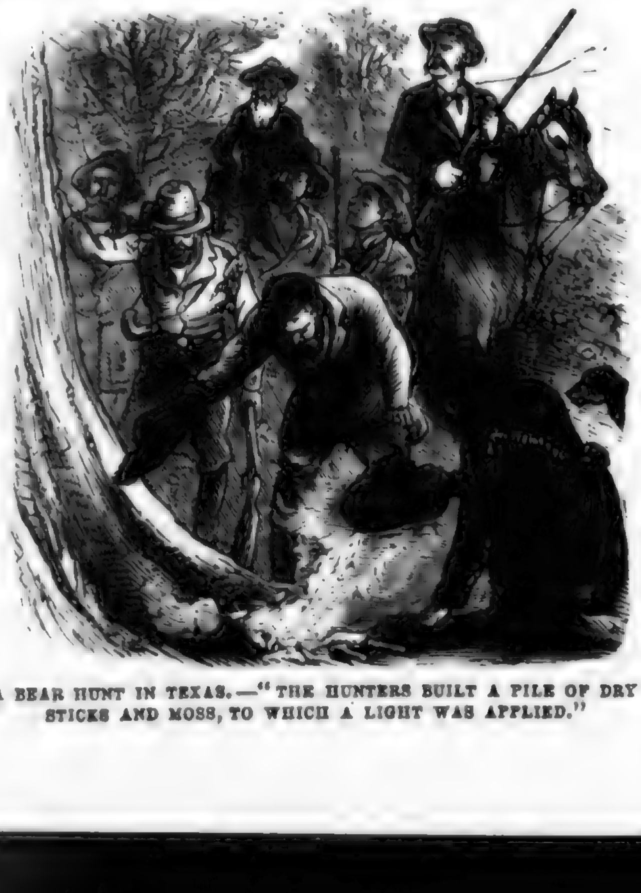
"I will go, now. Oh, Gwyllym, don't try to dissuade me!"

Her former acquaintance with Gwyllym had been the one point on which Mrs. Raymond had remained silent, and Lady Frances was really astonished.

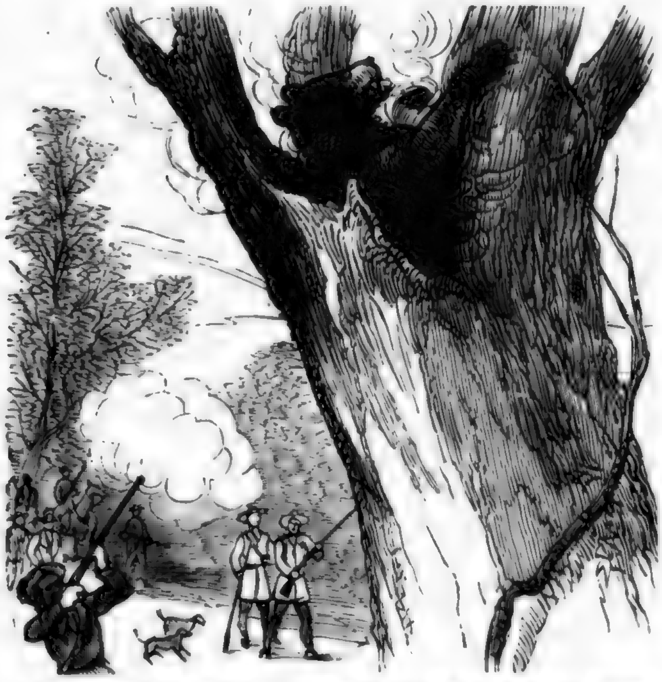
Gwyllym seized her hand in his, and spoke low and earnestly for a couple of minutes, during which Mrs. Raymond appeared much agitated; but when he ceased, she said:

"I leave all to you—arrange everything as you think best; but, oh, be careful that Raymond discovers nothing!"

Gwyllym's answer was inaudible, though Lady Frances nearly strangled herself lest a breath of hers should prevent the words reaching her straining ear. The sound of an opening door and the rustling of approaching silks startled the pair, and Gwyllym retreated to his own room,



A BEAR HUNT IN TEXAS.—"THE HUNTERS BUILT A PILE OF DRY STICKS AND MOSS, TO WHICH A LIGHT WAS APPLIED."



A BEAR HUNT IN TEXAS.—"'I TOLD YOU HE'D HAVE TO SHOW OUT, LADS!' CRIED UNCLE BEN, AS HE DELIBERATELY RAISED HIS RIFLE."

while, hastily wringing her hands, Mrs. Raymond turned back, and re-entered her apartment.

With the speed of that agile animal, the cat, Lady Frances rushed noiselessly up the corridor, and pounced upon Mrs. Raymond's fan, which was still lying where she had dropped it, and quietly placed it in her pocket.

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"Mrs. Raymond," said Lady Frances, softly, "let me give you your fan. I found it on the corridor floor."

Mrs. Raymond turned mechanically from the window against which she was leaning, and looked blankly at the blooming Lady Frances. The cold moonlight was streaming in a tide of frosty, silvery light over Eleanor, and her face looked spectral in its pallor. There were black circles round her fine eyes, and in her cold fingers she was holding a slip of paper, the writing on which she had been deciphering by the moonlight, for the heavy draperies behind which she stood intercepted the drawing-room illumination ere it reached her.

' Won't you sing?" continued Lady Frances. "I made Mr. Gwyllym come and ask you, some half-hour ago; but he must have forgotten my message."

"I cannot sing to-night," said Mrs. Raymond, in a slightly tremulous voice. "I do not feel very well."

"Poor darling!" murmured Lady Frances, passing her arm tenderly round Eleanor, and thus bringing her green eyes to bear on the writing on the paper. "You really are looking pale, and, I declare, you are trembling! I must tell Raymond."

In the meantime, she read:

"Meet me to-morrow, as early as possible, at the Waterfall. I will have a carriage in readiness——"

There were a few words more, but Mrs. Raymond crushed the paper in her hand before Lady Frances could decipher them.

"I am quite well," she said, resuming her usual composure of manner. "You need not alarm either yourself or my husband, Lady Frances."

"Oh," said Lady Frances, innocently, "I thought I understood you to say that you were indisposed."

Eleanor blushed hotly, and freed herself from the embrace of the smooth, round, snowy arm, with a gold serpent twining round it.

They emerged from the shadow of the gold-colored curtains, and Lady Frances nodded and smiled sparklingly at Gwyllym, whose haggard eyes were fixed on them from the opposite side of the room.

"I quite forgive you, you fool," she was thinking, "for deserting from my standard, as it clears an obstacle from my path, and helps me to a very neat little retaliation on my solemn cousin. After all, what would life be worth without seasoning?"

Lady Frances heartily despised Eleanor. Had she succeeded in carrying on a secret intrigue, blindfolding her husband and friends, she would have absolutely respected her, as it was, her poor little manœuvres were so palpable to the watchful green eyes, that nothing was left for her ladyship to feel but unmitigated contempt.

* * * * * * *

The Waterfall was a spot on a very secluded portion of the estate, and took its name from a slender cascade which leaped over the rocks below, through which it then took its devious way in the shape of a laughing, leaping rivulet. The valley lay outside the confines of the estate, and an exceedingly precipitous path led down the face of the cliff into it, and so gave access to the high road, which likewise ran through the valley. The brow of the cliff was covered with thickets of evergreens, now white with snow; and, sheltered by one of these *bosquets* close to the descending path, stood Eleanor, wrapped in a heavy shawl, and yet shivering in the wintry air, and clinging to her companion's arm.

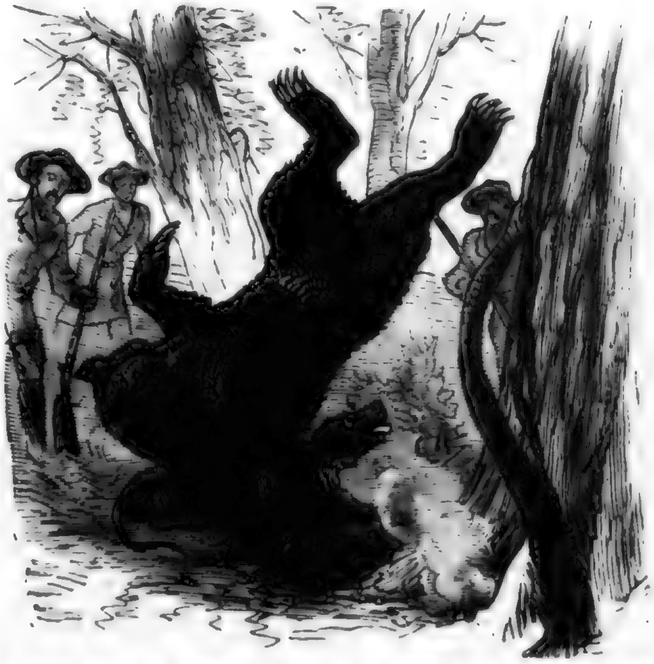
"You are *sure* Raymond went with the others to church?" she said, anxiously; "I dread encountering him *now*."

"I saw him leave with Lady Frances," replied Gwyllym. "The carriage ought to have been waiting on the valley road below. I can't think what can have delayed it."

Eleanor sighed heavily.

"I am a great trouble to you," she said, timidly.

"Eleanor," said Gwyllym, "you know well that your lightest wish is law to me. It was for your sake alone that I engaged myself to your husband's cousin, in order that you might never guess how dear you are to me. See! idiot that I am, I have undone all now. I thought to see you day by day as a friend, and *that* I found impossible, after to-day—but see, there is the carriage."



A BEAR HUNT IN TEXAS.—"THE BEAR FELL WITH A CRASH UPON THE POOR DOG, AND BROKE BOTH BACK AND NECK."

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It was rolling up the valley road, and Gwyllym hurriedly led Eleanor to the pathway in the cliff.

"I will descend first," he said, "and so assist you down."

"No," said Eleanor; "I can descend more easily unassisted. You know, as a girl, none of our Cornish cliffs were too frightful for me to scale. I will ask you to hold my muff and shawl."

"Pray be careful," urged Gwyllym, as Mrs. Raymond prepared to go down. "The path is slippery with ice, and one false step——"

"Has already been taken!" said a furious voice close on them, and Raymond sprang from the thicket; and, with the countenance and air of a maniac, rushed toward Eleanor, evidently purposing to drag her back.

His pale countenance was so horrible in its fury that Eleanor, whose foot was already on the downward path, involuntarily threw herself forward to escape his grasp, and there was a wild, long scream, the rushing of a body through the hanging ferns and snowy pendent creepers, sparsely scattered on the face of the cliff; and then a dark heap on the sharp rocks below; then a silence, complete, unbroken and fearful, and the spirit of Mrs. Raymond of Abbeyford had deserted its mutilated home.

* * * * * * *

The body of Eleanor Raymond lay in state for many days in her husband's home, under a velvet pall, blazoned with the arms of the Raymond family, and then was laid away in the family vault; and in the chancel of the village church a magnificent monument rose to her memory.

The two papers which cleared the memory of the unfortunate Eleanor will explain matters. Raymond found them on his library-table when he entered it the first time after the tragic event. The first was a short letter, and ran as follows:

> "Dear Husband: This is the last time I shall ever disobey you; but to-night Mr. Gwyllym received a telegram from the doctor attending my father, saying that he cannot survive many days, and that he calls constantly for me. I have so often entreated in vain, during his illness, to be allowed to see him, that I think it is useless to ask you again, so Mr. Gwyllym has arranged for my going to town unknown to you. He will explain everything to you, and I do heartily hope you will not long remain angry with
>
> "Your wife, Eleanor Raymond."

The second paper was the telegram alluded to in the letter.

* * * * * * *

I am unfeignedly glad to be in a position to state that Lord Tottrigton did not marry Lady Frances, but eloped the very night before the wedding with a charming *coryphée* from the opera-house, young enough to be his granddaughter.

It is not a pleasant thing for a pretty woman to be hated, and Lady Frances sometimes heaves a zephyr of a sigh as she reflects there are two men in the world who hate her with a loathing impossible to describe; one, a melancholy man, who wanders restlessly about the earth; and the other, a dark, misanthropic, wifeless, childless man, who lives alone, and broods over the memory of the woman done to death by the slanderous tongue of his cousin and his own maniacal pride.

So closes the history of the last of the Raymonds of Abbeyford.

The only certain test by which we can ascertain the sincerity of our regard for our friends is the feeling with which we receive the news of their happiness and aggrandizement, the more especially when fortune has raised them above our level.

A BEAR HUNT IN TEXAS.

I had been alone in the woods, and killed at least half a dozen bears by myself, before I had a chance of taking part in a regular hunting frolic. At length I was invited by Major C—— to make one of a party of about a dozen in a regular camp-hunt through a swampy district on the banks of the Caney Creek, which was well known to be alive with game of every description.

The swamp had originally been the bed of the River Colorado, which had changed its course into a new channel. In a few spots stouter vegetation had forced its way through the brake, but still the canes were the principal feature of the jungle, growing together in dense clusters of great height. These patches extended, in some cases, over several square miles of ground, and were so matted and tangled together with briers, wild vines and other creeping-plants, that the only method of getting through was literally to carve out a road with the hunting-knife. This was often indispensable when the hounds had treed their quarry, or had found him more than a match for their united strength.

"Old Ben Thompson has promised to join us—so we are pretty certain of sport," said the major, as he wished me good-by, after receiving my promise to join the expedition.

Ben Thompson, or "Uncle Ben," as he was more commonly called, was one of the oldest settlers in the State of Texas, and the keenest sportsman that ever drew trigger. His chief characteristic was a deep and undying hatred of the Mexicans; the reason for which was that he had lost two sons engaged in the "War of Independence," which Texas waged against Mexico. Uncle Ben bitterly lamented their death, and swore a solemn oath never to shave until he had slain Santa Anna, or heard of his death. At the period of which I speak—thirteen years ago—Ben Thompson's beard reached nearly to his waist, so that by this time it must descend to his toes.

The party consisted of experienced hunters, most of whom could exhibit an ugly scar or two received in the chase. They were men who could live in the woods and hold their own against bears or Indians; yet they placed themselves without the least hesitation under the command of Uncle Ben, as though they had been novices from the city—a striking proof of the esteem in which he was held, and the qualifications he was known to possess.

About an hour before sunset we reached the spot where it was proposed to camp for the night, and all speedily staked their horses, after watering them at a small brook. Our lower limbs were so stiffened by the ride, that we were not sorry to stretch them once more on firm ground. A fire was kindled against a huge fallen tree, which formed an admirable back-log; huge branches were heaped upon it, and soon a blazing flame illumined the gloom of the forest, shooting up showers of sparks, each time the logs were stirred, toward the blue, star-spangled sky above. Comfortable couches were formed out of the young cane-tops, upon which blankets were spread.

The injunctions of our leader were "early to bed and early to rise," and when we sat down first, we intended to obey; but, after a supper of venison-ribs (we had killed a good fat buck by the way) and tin cups of *café noir*, we filled the same utensils with hot grog, lit our pipes, and listened to a multitude of good stories, to which the scene and the occasion gave rise. The pipes would not burn out with the story, and had to be refilled in the middle of the next good tale; and it was not until one of the party announced that only a couple of hours' sleep could be allowed to us, that the hunters rolled themselves in their blankets. The short space of sleeping-time passed away, and as soon as it became light and the birds tuned their pipes, all hands aroused themselves for the coming bear-hunt.

But before the hunt began, the most careful sportsmen of the party found many little things to do. After a night passed in the woods, the dew leaves its damp marks upon the guns; bullet-pouches have been left carelessly on the wet grass, blankets have to be rolled up, horses to be saddled, to say nothing of preparing and swallowing a breakfast much resembling the previous evening's supper; so that the sun had been up at least an hour before we were all ready.

The pack of hounds was tolerably large and very mixed in character, comprising dogs of every breed and age. Some were quite reserved old hounds, thoroughly up to their business, and in many cases bearing marks of former encounters on their skins. These old stagers seemed to have a thorough contempt for the younger members of the association, who would scamper off after rabbits, squirrels and other small animals. The old dogs paid no attention to the yells and barks of the youngsters, though they would seemingly sneer at some puppy as he bounded by, as if to say, "Just wait till a bear's a-foot, and we'll see whether you'll be so forward."

"Keep your eye on Spring—that black dog!" said Major C——. "If he gives tongue, you may bet high that it's a find."

"You wait till Rush puts in a word or two!" exclaimed Uncle Ben. "He never lies. He don't bark, Rush don't, but he means business."

Ben Thompson, as leader, had command of everything connected with the hunt, and assigned to each man his station in the canebrake. As it was impossible to say which way the bear would pass when roused by the hounds, there was no grumbling at the arrangements made. Each hunter remained at his post, straining his ears to catch the slightest sound that might indicate the tidings that the bear was roused from his den.

Half an hour passed away. Uncle Ben was by turns in every part of the thicket, cheering the dogs, and occasionally correcting them when inclined to be wild or careless.

"They'll find the varmint soon," he said, "if he's anywhere hereabouts."

He had scarcely finished speaking, when Rush, his own dog, put his nose to the ground, then lifted it, stooped down once more, as if to make sure, and finally gave a long, deep growl. Two or three others came running up at the sound, and confirmed the decision.

"That's the right music!" shouted Uncle Ben. "Hark to the old dog, lads!"

A loud blast on the old hunter's horn called up the stragglers, and in a few moments the whole pack plunged into the forest in one direction, waking the echoes with their musical cries. From the heavy growth of the canes, the hounds could make but slow progress, while the weight and strength of the bear enabled him to crush through the reeds, which closed up again behind him.

Most of the hunters, disregarding Uncle Ben's injunctions to remain at their posts, followed the pack, the cane crashing beneath their tread, while the cries of the hounds became fainter each minute.

"Come along, lads! He can't go far that way—the river will stop him!" shouted Uncle Ben, with a voice as clear as a bell. "Come along, lads, and we'll give him pepper as he comes back. But don't keep together in a bunch—spread out a bit."

After a sharp run, made up of creeping and crawling through the jungle, and running over the open space, it became evident, from the increasing distinctness of the dogs' voices, that the bear had turned back from the river, and was once more making his way toward us on a course parallel to that which he had taken before.

Then the clamor seemed stationary for a short time, then again it seemed as though he were dodging backward and forward over nearly the same ground. All pressed forward to intercept the bear, and, if possible, get the first shot at him.

At length a continuous yelling and clamor proceeding from one spot made it quite evident that the bear had either come to bay or had ascended a tree. All hands hastened forward, and it was soon discovered that the latter was the case. The bear had climbed a huge tree, and then disappeared into a hole where the branches forked, about thirty feet from the ground.

At the foot of the tree the dogs were dancing about in a state of great excitement at the escape of their prey, scratching at the ground, and gnawing at the roots; some of the old ones were stretched out, seemingly perfectly exhausted with the sharp chase, though as soon as the hunters made their appearance they leaped up, ready and willing to renew their efforts at the shortest notice.

By some oversight, which seldom occurs in an American hunting-party, no one had thought of bringing an ax, and for a few seconds we all stared at each other, looking, as may be supposed, very foolish.

"What's to be done, Ben?" asked Major C——.

"Why, make him show out, to be sure," was the response.

"It's all very well to say that, Ben," replied the major; "but how, in the name of heaven, are we to do it?"

"Smoke!"

"Of course! How thick-headed I must be not to have thought of that!"

"If, as I fancy, the tree is hollow right down to the roots," continued old Thompson, "we'll make a fire there, and soon cure his bacon; and if it isn't, why, we can throw some moss and chunks of dry wood up into the hollow. Never you fear, boys—I'll make the varmint show."

And Uncle Ben soon showed himself equal to the task. The tree was found to be hollow right down to the ground, and where the large roots branched off there was a slight opening. Round this the hunters built a pile of dry sticks and moss, to which a light was applied; this, being fanned by their broad *sombreros*, soon burst out into a splendid fire. Before long, faint wreaths of smoke were seen to ascend from the hole between the forks of the branches where the bear had entered; and the bear could be heard moving about within the tree, and grunting in evident disapprobation of the method adopted by the hunters.

The flame, fanned by hats, soon communicated with the rotten touchwood inside the hollow trunk. Heaps of damp green moss were piled up, and clouds of dense smoke driven by the wind up the hollow tree, which formed a capital chimney, till it at length compelled poor Cuffy to fly to ills he knew not of, rather than bear with those he had. Accordingly, he made his appearance at the mouth of the hole, the very impersonation of impotent rage and terror. His once glossy-black coat was singed to a rusty brown color, his eyes were blinded by the smoke, and his jaws were covered with foam.

"I told you he'd have to show out, lads!" cried Uncle Ben, as he deliberately raised his rifle.

The smoke puffed from the muzzle of the piece as the bullet struck him. The ounce of lead buried itself in his flesh, and the bear, giving a start up, seemingly crouched

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down again. The old hunter coolly wiped out his rifle with a bunch of tow attached to the end of his loading-rod, and the others immediately discharged their shotguns at the bear.

"Fire away, boys!" cried Uncle Ben, in sneering tones; "I'd make a sieve of his old hide, I would, if I was you."

"Do you want the varmint to get clean away?" answered one of the men.

"Why, the bear's dead!" exclaimed Major C——, after a more close inspection.

"I should think that he was," answered Ben. "Didn't you see me shoot him?"

"Certainly. But then he looked alive."

"I killed that bar as dead as a herring the first shot—I never shoots twice; but, in course, so long as other folks choose to pepper away, it's no business of mine."

THE ARRIVAL AT THE BALL.

Having sufficiently disgraced the shotguns, Uncle Ben leisurely finished loading his piece.

The dead bear was all this while in the fork of the tree, at a height of at least thirty feet from the ground on which we were standing, and it was necessary to get him down before we could despoil him of his furry robe. Uncle Ben volunteered to ascend and roll the animal from its resting-place.

Around the trunk was twisted a stout grape-vine, which afforded the hunter a means of ascent, and in a few minutes he was beside the bear. With much exertion he managed to push it over so far that the weight of one portion overbalanced the remainder, and the carcass fell heavily, the dead bear seeming to clutch at something as he fell, but his paws only cut the clean air.

But the animal was destined to be avenged even in death, and his vengeance cost poor Uncle Ben dearly. His dog Rush, anxious to be foremost in worrying the bear when dead, as he had been in the chase, rushed in too soon; the bear, a large, full-grown one, weighing five hundred and fifty pounds, fell with a crash upon the poor dog, and broke both back and neck. The old hunter was almost as much grieved by this unfortunate occurrence as if he had lost a child; while his sorrow cast a gloom over us all.

"Ah!" said he, as he knelt beside the dead hound, "he was a good dog, was poor Rush. I didn't think a very great deal of him when he was a pup, but he soon fought his way into notice—and you all know what a dog he was this morning One thing is certain, though—if, as the red-skins say, dogs go to the happy hunting-grounds, Rush will be certain to have plenty of good meat and a kind master, for he was a brave and a truthful dog!"

So died the first bear I ever saw killed in a regular hunt. Others were killed that day, but an account of the chase would be in a great measure a repetition. The danger was very small compared with the size and strength of the game we were following; in fact, a walk through the crowded streets of New York on a damp, foggy day is attended with far more danger to life and limb than the pursuit of the black bear in the forests and canebrakes of Texas and the neighboring States.

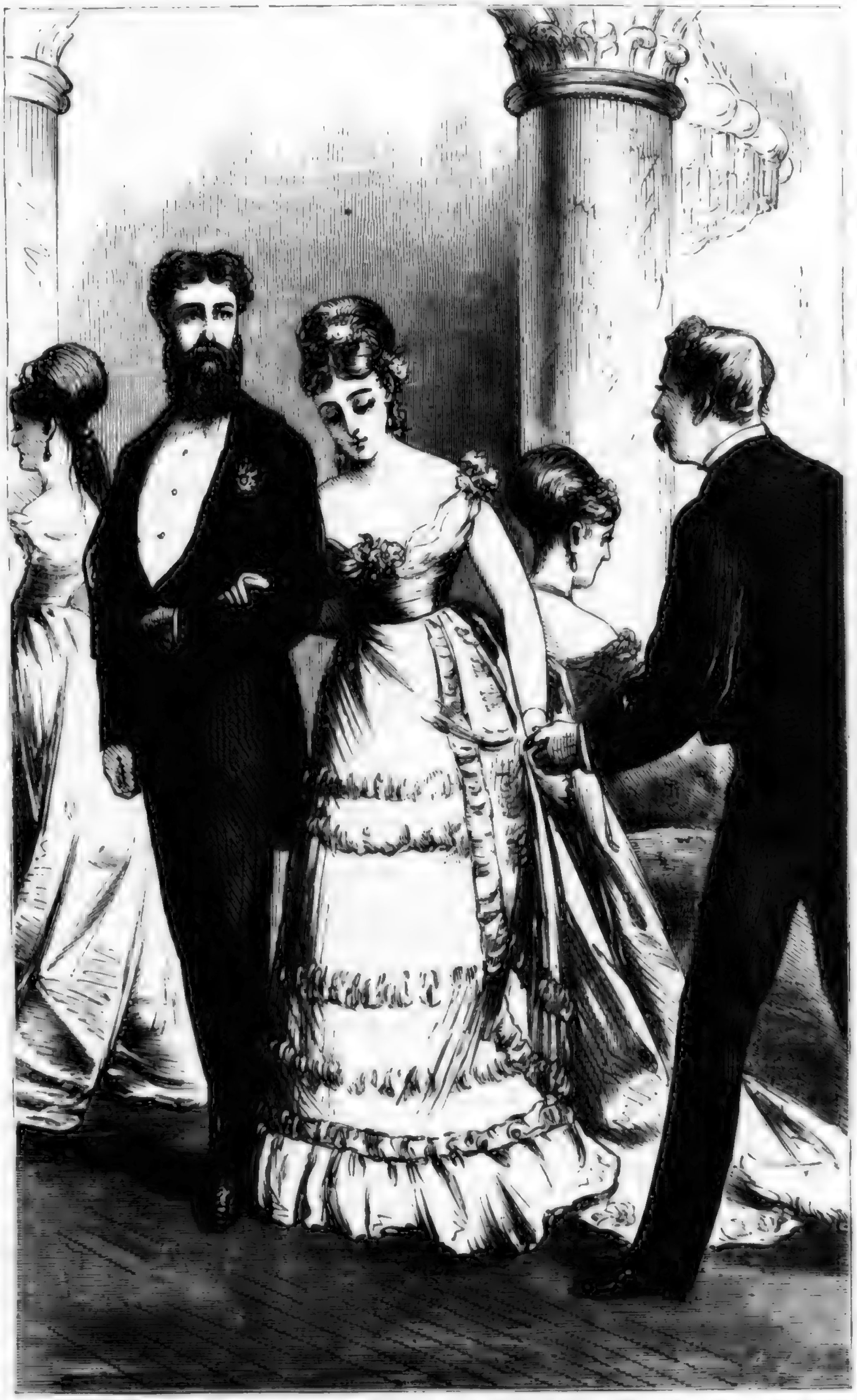
Witty sayings are as easily lost as the pearls slipping off a broken string; but a word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a flower.

THE COUNTESS'S RUBY.

CHAPTER I.

ONE hot August forenoon, some years ago, two men met at a certain point of the coast of Normandy, and shook hands with mutual good-will.

The elder of these men had lived in the world about five-and-thirty years; he had had losses, and successes as well; but the latter, happening to have arrived a year or so after he had got tired of waiting for them, found him grown a trifle soured and cynical, and apt to carp at the sunshine which had withheld its warmth from his bones until they had contracted an ineradicable chill. His bitterness was perhaps more of the head than of the heart, but was none the less observable on that account. He was an Englishman by birth, and a born painter also—at least, in his own opinion. He had begun his career with the firm persuasion that his genius entitled him not only to hang on the line at the Academy, but to be one of the hangmen. The Royal Academicians did not immediately fall in with his views on either point; and when, after many years, they relented, and gave his picture the place of honor, and intimated their purpose of filling with his name the first vacancy on their august roll, this lofty and unforgiving gentleman made a bow and begged to be excused. He had made his name known without the Academy's help; he had won pecuniary independence in a land where the word of the Academy was not law; and he would now, therefore, with all due respect to the members of that body, see every mother's son of them at the deuce before he would have anything to do with them. Such an ultimatum necessarily finished the episode; the Academy preserved a dignified silence, and the lofty and unforgiving gentleman continued to spend the best part of his time in Paris.



THE COUNTESS'S RUBY.—"'MAY I HAVE THE HONOR OF THIS DANCE?' INQUIRED JEFF, WITH HIS SWEETEST EMPHASIS."

He exhibited every year in the Salon, and related the story of his quarrel with the English potentates to whomsoever cared to hear an amusing anecdote caustically related. He was a harsh-featured, lengthy and meagre personage, this same cynical artist, but he prided himself on the Parisian polish of his manners and his French accent, and he was, in fact, a good deal of a favorite in society.

The man who shook hands with the person above described was in most respects as unlike him as could be imagined. To begin with, he was an American; and, sentimental twaddle to the contrary notwithstanding, there is no nationality so irreconcilable with the English, and so incapable of sympathy with them, as that which styles itself American. But this man, in addition to his Americanism, was full ten years the junior of the other, and nearly the same number of inches shorter. His face was smooth and almost boyish, handsome even to an unusual degree, yet open to one criticism—that of being perfectly in harmony with the figure of its owner. The world has seen many great men under six feet high; but in them the countenance possessed the power or the nobility that more than compensates for defective stature; and in looking upon it, the beholder quite forgot to be critical as to the greater or less degree of its elevation above the earth's surface. In a word, the face of this young American was the face of a short American—a recommendation, doubtless, from the purely æsthetic standpoint, but otherwise unfortunate. The lively blue eyes lacked depth and sternness; the fine straight nose might well have been a thought longer or higher; the mouth was too little and too academic in its curves; the forehead, though capacious, lacked the fine and expressive modeling which announces a master intellect For the rest, this young American had a clear, deep color in his cheeks, such as any woman might have envied, and the only fault of which was that no emotion had power either to diminish or to heighten its intensity; soft, dark hair, a small, silky mustache, and broad, white teeth. The best feature in his face was probably the chin, which betokened a vigorous and persistent will. In figure he was square-shouldered, and rather plump than lean; his hands and feet were small and well-shaped. If the enumeration of these merely physical details seems out of proportion with what was specified on that score in the portrait of the Englishman, it should be remembered that the younger man had as yet achieved little in the world beyond this attractive personal appearance. His moral and social history were yet to make. He was the son of a Boston millionaire; he had been educated at Harvard College; he was courted and caressed in Beacon Street drawing-rooms; and he had written quite a number of poems, odes, lyrics and sonnets, philosophical, commemorational, imaginative and erotic, which, reversing the natural sequence of states, first led a brilliant butterfly life in newspapers and magazines, and afterward shut themselves up in the chrysalid of a gilt-edged, cloth-embossed volume, whence they afterward showed no symptom of emerging.

These two men, such as they are here shadowed forth, found themselves face to face by the water's edge on that sultry August morning, and greeted each other with hearty enough cordiality.

As if to compensate for their physical dissimilarity, they were dressed almost precisely alike. Both had on shoes made of a flat sole of plaited hemp, with stout linen uppers curiously embroidered with red and blue braid, and laced round the ankle after the manner of the ancient sandal. Both wore a kind of straw bonnet, high-crowned and wide-brimmed, clewed down on either side the face by a broad ribbon tied under the chin. Neither possessed any other essential article of clothing, except a close-fitting tunic or set of tights, with the legs and arms cut off close to the body. Over this was lightly thrown a long mantle of Turkish-towel stuff. The tights were striped horizontally, alternate white and blue for the Englishman, and red and white for the American; and herein lay the sole distinction between their respective costumes. It is true that the American's fitted much the more closely and smoothly of the two; but that is neither here nor there.

In front of these simply-attired friends, and breaking in baby ripples at their feet, stretched in slumbrous calm a pale and turquoise ocean, destitute of any visible horizon. A tender haze which brooded in that region so intermingled sea and air that distant ships seemed to sail in the clouds, and clouds to voyage upon the water.

Behind them rose a mounded beach of purple shingle, uncomfortable to tread upon, but invaluable as a bulwark against the incursion of high tides into the low-lying village beyond.

This village snuggled in the valley formed between the two hills which abutted at either extremity of the beach in precipitous cliffs, reflecting their pallid faces in the molten surface of the Summer sea.

Between the village and the beach, and surmounting the latter like a fort, extended the casino parade, an embankment of masonry lying parallel with the shore, and backed by the casino itself, long, low and flat-roofed, all windows and awnings. It contained a card-room, billiard-room, restaurant and theatre, the last transmutable into a ball-room by the simple process of removing the pit seats.

The persons of whom I write were not alone by the water's edge; on the contrary, they had scarcely more than elbow-room. On either side of them stood, chattered and gesticulated a hundred human beings of both sexes and all ages, arrayed more or less on the same general principle already detailed A hundred others paddled, plunged and bobbed in the pellucid element in front. Twice as many lounged, fluttered and ogled in serried groups in the rear—these last resplendent in the latest Parisian fashions for the month of August.

Down upon this gay scene of color, sparkle and sound glowed the hot, lazy sun, longing for the still nine-hours-distant time when he might cool his own sweltering sides in the luxury of a sea-bath.

Beyond the average range of the swimmers sped hither and thither a score of light skiffs or canoes, whose occupants prudently wore their bathing dresses and sat heedfully amidships as they plied their long paddles.

Finally, I may mention the diving-board, an infernal machine of a thirty-foot plank supported at a third of its length on the axle of a tall pair of wheels, and so rolled into the water, to be rushed up and jumped off of by dashing divers.

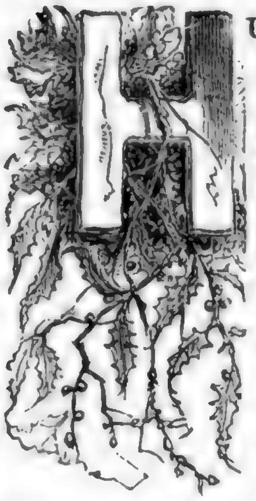
That diving-board was a daily thorn in the side of the English artist, who was not a dashing diver, and who would have greatly preferred to take to the water like a duck—that is, quietly and smoothly—but whom a false pride constrained to mount that penitential plank morning after morning, and upset himself off the end of it with an agonized effort—seldom or never successful—to strike the water vertically.

It may be as well to mention here, since the truth is sure to crop out sooner or later, that the name of the cynical and Frenchified English artist was Mr. Claude Campbell, and that he was, consequently, no less a personage than myself, who write concerning him. Let this confession put the reader on his guard against whatever exaggerative or prejudicial statements he may fancy he detects in what I have told or have yet to tell. I do not pretend to be an absolutely impartial historian of events in which myself have been an actor. I promise only to set down things as they appeared to me at the time, and leave the reader to draw his own conclusions.

Did I make the world, or even organize human society? No; nor am I responsible for the logic of events, which, on the other hand, has often struck me as being a shocking bad system of logic.

As for the red-cheeked American, he was Jefferson Montgomery, Esquire, of Boston, as aforesaid, and he shall speak for himself.

Chapter II.



HULLO, Jeff! Just a year since we parted on Beacon Hill."

"My *dear* Campbell," said Jeff, giving my hand a strong pressure, while his blue eyes beamed and his white teeth flashed, "this is *really very nice*. Have you been here long?"

"Maybe a week."

"A *week?* Really, how *very strange!*"

"Why strange?" was my inquiry.

"Why, that we shouldn't have encountered previously."

"On the contrary, the strangeness is in our meeting at all. I came here to make studies, and you, I presume, to make conquests. How many, so far?"

"Oh, you old cynic! I don't know a soul in the place. It was an accident my being here at all, and I've been doing nothing but admire these lovely cliffs and the poetic scenery."

"Poetic! That reminds me. Pardon my thoughtlessness, Jeff. You have been wooing the muse, of course?"

"Well, I confess I have been attempting something; it's unfinished as yet, but I hope it is fresh and strong; and I believe it to be original in treatment as well as in idea. It will be my most ambitious effort so far. A pagan maid falls in love with the Spirit of the Ocean, and a poet is in love with her, and between these two loves——"

"She comes to the ground, or into the water—which is it?"

"You are always so ready to mock, Campbell. But of course if doesn't come from the heart; it's only your badinage. And really, don't you think the conception fine? I should like to read you my description of the pagan maid."

"Portrait of anybody in particular."

"Well, between you and me, Campbell, there *is* a young lady here—I don't know who she is, but she really does seem to be almost the type I need—for my poem, I mean. A noble creature—the true, grand pagan style. You would like her; she would charm the artist equally with the poet."

"So you have been trotting up hill and down dale after a pagan, and call it writing a poem on metaphysical abstractions! Do you never mean to give up this sort of thing, my dear boy?"

"Really, what do you mean?"

"Dangling after women the way you do."

"What an expression! Every cultivated man feels it his duty to love woman and to frequent her society."

"But why not choose out a representative woman and frequent the whole sex in her person?"

"Do you advocate marriage, then?" asked the poet, his blue eyes pensively interrogating the horizon.

"I say that, if you must make an ass of yourself at all, you should confine yourself within the narrowest possible limits."

"Have you ever contemplated matrimony, Campbell?"

"It is the last thing I should contemplate for myself."

"You have never yearned for a counter-soul?"

"I don't know what you mean, but I venture to say I never have," I replied. "But what would be folly in me would be philanthropy in you."

Jeff heaved a long sigh.

"Let me whisper you a secret. You know my papa made a fortune in the Crimean war. We had a contract to furnish the Russians with brierwood pipes. Well, Russia is now on the eve of another conflict, and papa has sent me over to arrange the terms of another contract."

"But what has this to do with your getting married?"

"Why, the person who manages the business on the Russian side is our old friend—the same who concluded the arrangements with papa twenty-five years ago. Our relations have always remained intimate and cordial. And immediately subsequent to the Russian war this commissioner married, and—had—oh!"

The poet's voice died away; his eyes were fixed upon something a little further along the beach.

"There!" he murmured. "Oh, is she not—divine?"

"Ha! that is your pagan, is it?"

"Going out in a canoe," continued Jeff.

This young and strikingly handsome girl, of proportions almost statuesque, was not seen by me now for the first time. I had, in fact, noticed her shortly after my arrival in town, and had taken that pleasure in observing her which an artist feels for whatever is thoroughly picturesque. Who she was, I knew no more than Jeff, and it was not to be expected that another man's admiration of her should be disagreeable to me; but some men are not any man, and I must admit that the revelation of her identity with the subject of Jeff's rhapsodies affected me unpleasantly. The girl's beauty, patent to me, was not of a type to reveal itself to every careless and uneducated eye. But I will not attempt to defend my feeling. I simply state it.

The young lady took her seat in the canoe and grasped the paddle, and an elderly, mustached gentleman pushed her off from shore. She was dressed in a rather remarkable bathing-suit of black, slashed with scarlet; her round, firm arms were bare from the shoulder, and her legs from the knee; her hair was gathered up in the customary oilskin cap. With two or three vigorous strokes she sent her skiff well out beyond the crowd of bathers.

When I turned again toward Jeff, I found he was no longer at my side; he was walking up the diving-board, on the end of which he balanced himself a moment, and then launched himself head-foremost into the water, which closed over him with scarce a ripple. Presently his head appeared some distance beyond the spot at which he had entered, and he began swimming seaward with vigorous strokes. He was directly in the wake of the fair pagan, who, unaware of his pursuit, was paddling leisurely toward the thickening haze on the horizon, herself and her canoe mirrored distinctly on the glassy surface.

"Does he propose to overtake her and make her hear his poetry *tête-à-tête* in twelve fathoms of water?" I asked myself. "At any rate, he resembles Byron in his swimming powers. And how neatly the fellow took the water! Let me see if I can't acquit myself as well as a Boston republican."

With a sudden access of valor I snatched off my *peignoir* and cast it behind me, and, without stopping to see where it fell, I mounted the fatal plank with deliberate steps, saw the treacherous element smile for a moment beneath me, shut my eyes, and let myself go.

Chapter III.

I foresaw, in that instant of time which intervened between my last foot leaving the plank and my head reaching the water, that I was going to make a failure more than usually ignominious. A sounding thwack, taking effect along the entire length of my frame, and a painfully tingling sensation, only partly the result of shame, immediately apprised me that my prophetic instinct had not been at fault. I sank, however, and I was glad to sink; for, though I dislike having my head under water, my wounded self-esteem made me dread putting it out again. Much as I have seen and suffered, and callous though I have become to most of the attacks of destiny, upon some points I am still sensitive. In a decent suit of clothes and a dignified attitude, I can sustain almost any misfortune; but if my personal appearance be laughable, or my position a false one, my soul has much ado to maintain her constancy.

Need was, however, that I should emerge at last, and up I bobbed accordingly. I swam about moodily and unsociably during my customary fifteen minutes; and such was the dejection of my spirits that the water seemed colder than usual, and as I waded my way up a steep incline of the shingle on my way out, there was a tendency to convulsive shudderings in the muscles of my lower jaw. Chilled, humiliated, and conscious that I cut a ridiculous figure before a fashionable and merciless world, I only wished to seize my *peignoir*, wrap it round me, and vanish from the view and memory of mankind.

Some men are cowed by one thing, some by another; and, once cowed, a man is no better than a whipped schoolboy, and feels far less respectable.

I hastened, then, to hide my discomfiture in my *peignoir*; but at that moment the certainty flashed upon me that I knew not where my *peignoir* was. I had omitted to note the place where I had laid it down—all places on a shingle beach are alike, especially when that beach is crowded to the water's edge.

I was standing face to face with the crowd, dressed in the curtailment of costume already described, which, hanging in dripping folds about my meagre form, rendered grotesque that which by nature was ungainly merely.

For the first time in my life I regretted my six feet of stature; at five feet I should have felt less defenseless, as well as appeared less conspicuous. There I stood before the world, shivering, lost, and helpless.

What was I to do? It was a pressing question, for every moment rendered the situation not only physically but morally more intolerable.

Should I return to the water, whence I came?

Too late! Not only would I catch my death—a minor evil—but the world by this time knew that I had started to come out, and by detecting the cowardice of my retreat would render it cowardice thrown away.

Should I steal the first *peignoir* that came to hand, and fly? Hundreds were scattered about. It was but reaching forth my hand.

No, I could not steal; not because I was too honest—far from it; a cowed man is beyond the reach of scruples—but because I lacked the courage to be a thief. I feared detection, and knew I lacked the effrontery to brazen out the robbery.

Should I pretend that I never had any *peignoir*, and stalk insouciantly through the crowd and up to the beach as I was?

Impossible. I had not the spirits for such a *tour de force* in the first place, and in the second I had not the figure for it. Moreover, the *mairie* had issued edicts against bathers promenading without *peignoirs*, and the thought of being arrested by a squad of gendarmes and marched in my present condition to a lock-up was not to be contemplated.

I must, therefore, either stand where I was until my *peignoir* came to me, or institute a deliberate search after my *peignoir*. To search, perhaps for hours, amidst a wilderness of spotless hostile skirts and immaculate shrinking pantaloons for a *peignoir* scarcely distinguishable from any other *peignoir*, and which, too, might have already been appropriated by some person more heedless (or more self-possessed) than myself! Decidedly, there are times in a man's life when he is forced to avow that Providence has omitted to endow human beings with the only boon really worth their having—the power, namely, of instant and unobtrusive self-annihilation.

My search began. I went to a *peignoir* and examined it—it was not mine. With shaking limbs I blundered toward another a few yards off—it was not mine.

At this juncture I heard, and affected not to hear, a titter of laughter. With my heart full of murder and suicide I pounced upon a *peignoir* quite near at hand. It was the same I had examined first. My brain began to reel.

"Monsieur!" said a gentle voice near me. "Pardon, monsieur!"

Could such words be addressed to me? As I tottered on the shifting pebbles, throwing dazed glances here and there, I became aware that a lady, middle-aged and of noble demeanor, was standing beside me with a folded *peignoir* in her hands.

"Pardon, but did monsieur chance to be searching for anything?" she asked in French.

"My *peignoir*——"

"I have perceived that monsieur dropped this upon entering the water; it shall be his, perhaps?" And, with a smile too truly polite even to seem compassionate, this angel of mature years placed my own identical *peignoir* in my arms.

I clutched it as Macbeth clutched at the phantom dagger; only, more fortunate than the thane, I felt it in my grasp. Some part of my senses returned to me.

"Madame," I stuttered as well as my chattering teeth would let me, "you come from doing me the greatest favor woman can confer upon man. I shall never forget it. I thank you, madame, from the depths of my soul, and I salute you with the most distinguished gratitude and respect."

The doer of this noble action bowed and smiled graciously, and I, with my *peignoir* about me, stalked boldly through the crowd to my toilet-cabin. The distance was not great, but such was the glow of gratitude in my heart that by the time I arrived there I was not only warm, but almost dry. Nor did the effect of this kindness stop at my skin; my immortal part, as Jeff might have called it, was sweetened and exalted; never, that I could remember, had I been succored so opportunely or in such poignant need. Be that lady whom she might, she was worthy of all homage, and if it would have done her any good I believe that, confirmed bachelor though I was, I would have offered her my hand and heart as soon as I had finished my toilet.

But I trusted to my good genius to find me some better way of requiting her favor. It is sad to reflect how few ways there are of obliging our fellow-creatures. People would do more for one another, but for the difficulty of finding something at once practical and practicable to do.

The first thing that attracted my notice, when I issued from my cabin and returned to the beach, was that the haze, which all the morning had lain along the horizon, had now thickened greatly and advanced upon the shore. Nothing was visible at twenty paces, and the fog, shone through by the sun, drifted softly over the bustling crowd, which was already beginning to stream homeward.

It was a pretty spectacle, but one likely to be regarded with different feelings by an Englishman safe on dry land and an American lost in twelve fathoms of water. Jeff had not come back to shore, and, being out of sight of land, it necessarily followed that he was lost. The danger was graver than might at first sight have appeared, for the swimmer had had time to get fully a mile out to sea, and at that distance there were strong currents which might sweep him away altogether. I scanned the white blank before me with anxious eyes, but it revealed nothing. Poor Jeff!

I began to experience that uncomfortable sensation occasioned by knowing a friend to be in peril, and feeling the necessity of doing something to rescue him. More grievous, but more convenient is it, when the inevitable occurs at once, and saves us the annoyance of suspense. I could have sorrowed heartily and sincerely over the poor poet's drowned body laid out upon the shingle, but there was no satisfaction in taking measures to ascertain whether or not the corpse were an accomplished fact—to postpone, in other words, the luxury of grief for the anguish of action.

A group of sailors were collected round a boat at the water's edge, which they seemed to be on the point of launching. A lady was haranguing them earnestly. As I approached, I recognized her as the heroine of my late adventure with the *peignoir*. She was saying:

"It was in that direction that I last saw her. She is already, perhaps, a kilometre distant. There is no time to lose, mind you. Behold me distracted!"

Here was my opportunity; I could kill both my birds with one stone. I stepped forward with raised hat, and placed myself at the disposal of feminine distress. Having respectfully recalled myself to her recollection, I begged to be honored with the distinction of being permitted to promote the alleviation of the anxiety under which she appeared to be laboring.

Madame hereupon vouchsafed to inform me that mademoiselle, her daughter, had paddled away with herself into the fog, and there was fear that she might be lost in unknown oceans.

Entreating her to be tranquil, and to expect my return with her daughter in less than a quarter of an hour, I clambered into the boat with all possible dignity and dispatch, and bade my men shove off. Madame observed my departure with eyes that were genuinely moist.

It was a tolerably mild piece of heroism. Had I been ten years younger, I might have wished that the waves had been running mountains high; but at thirty-five—the age of sense and of feeling combined—I was better pleased with the conditions as they were. I admired, too, the kindly ingenuity with which Fate had brought me acquainted with the mamma of the beautiful pagan, and under circumstances so promising.

But it is unsafe to call Fate good-humored; it spoils her temper. Our boat was barely afloat when an event occurred which rendered our proposed voyage unnecessary. Somehow or other, without noise and without premonition, the fog rolled swiftly back to the horizon whence it came; and there was mademoiselle not more than a hundred yards from the shore. She was paddling in with admirable coolness and indifference; and close behind her I was happy to see the black head and rosy visage of the poet, who was swimming on his back, with every appearance of ease and comfort.

Chapter IV.

I HASTENED to get on shore again and offer to madame my congratulations. She replied that her obligations to monsieur were none the less. His courtesy, his chivalry, had been such as one never sees paralleled.

Monsieur, covered with confusion at consideration so undeserved, changes the subject by calling the attention of madame to the charming picture made by mademoiselle in approaching the beach. Had he had his sketch-book with him, he would have been tempted to make a little drawing of mademoiselle.

Ah! monsieur was, then, an artist? Madame, and mademoiselle likewise, were all given to artists. They had made purchase of several pictures during their residence in Paris.

Monsieur will venture to call himself an artist, and will, furthermore, have the assurance to make madame acquainted with his name—M. Claude Campbell, at the service of madame.

But truly! and did Monsieur Campbell happen to know this Campbell—he, the great Campbell—he who painted this picture divine which exhibited itself at the last Salon, and was entitled the "Ruined Rampart"?

Monsieur, even in blushing and being overwhelmed, assures madame that he is that same fortunate Campbell whose unworthy effort madame comes from qualifying with such generosity.

Great God! Monsieur is he, then, indeed that sublime, that adored man of genius? What happy chance! What charming *rencontre!* But in this case madame hopes that the name of the Countess Semaroff will be to monsieur not altogether unfamiliar?

Oh, heaven! Is it possible that monsieur is so happy as to kiss the hand of the noble lady who deigned to constitute herself the purchaser of the above-mentioned "Ruined Rampart"? Monsieur is of a verity transported.

The Countess Semaroff observes that the mademoiselle —the Countess Almara, in effect—will partake of her mamma's enchantment in meeting Monsieur Campbell, of whose genius she is an ardent admirer.

Our rude and artless talk was suspended at this point by the disembarkation of the Countess Almara. Apprehending that the simplicity of her costume might render my immediate presentation undesirable, I exchanged a cordial *au revoir* with the Countess Semaroff, and discreetly withdrew.

The beautiful pagan, after exchanging a few sentences with her mother, the latter speaking earnestly and the former laughingly, proceeded to take her turn upon the diving-board, and acquitted herself in a manner truly admirable. She dove like a plummet, and her white feet flashed beneath the surface as succinctly as a mermaid's tail. Up she came, fresh and dripping, within a few yards of my returned prodigal, the Boston poet; but no signal of recognition that I could detect passed between them. To suppose that the ardent and romantic Jefferson had failed to improve the occasion of being isolated from the world under such peculiar circumstances with the subject of his late rhapsodies seemed to me, however, highly improbable. But the young countess had doubtless played discretion under the watchful maternal eye; and Jeff, perhaps, intended to conceal his escapade from my friendly inquisition. I was resolved, nevertheless, to penetrate his reticence, and promised myself the pleasure of listening to an entertaining story over our *déjeuner*. As to my own accidental introduction to the countess's mother, and the unexpected tie between us, I judged it advisable to forbear mentioning it just at present.

The poet reached his depth and waded ashore. I stepped forward to meet him, raising my cap.

"Captain Webb, I presume?"

"Oh—but Campbell!" exclaimed he, with an ineffable look, "was she not heavenly?"

"Postpone your ecstasies; you'll be a rheumatic cripple for life, as it is. Do you know you've been in an hour?"

"It doesn't seem ten minutes—and yet I have lived a lifetime, too!"

"You have water on the brain. Do you know where your *peignoir* is?"

Somewhat to my mortification, he did know; and, as he threw it over his shoulders, remarked, placidly:

"But really, I'm not in the least cold. Men of my age have hearts, Campbell, and a heart on fire keeps the blood warm under all circumstances."

"It takes a Bostonian to have a heart warranted to burn under water for an hour."

"And then," he continued, without heeding me, "did not a goddess keep the flame alive with her ambrosial breath?"

"Decidedly he must have had an adventure," thought I. "But dispatch your toilet, young man, and then you shall *déjeuner* with me, and we'll have chablis and cigarettes."

"I shall be most happy, indeed. I won't be a moment dressing," said the poet, beamingly; and he dodged into his cabin.

"Pathetic little youth!" thought I, as I paced the parade to and fro. "Good fellow at bottom, but so soft!—the sort of creature that men trample on and women make game of. He has that most inoffensive of qualities—inoffensiveness. Poor Jeff! Ah! here he comes! Now let us watch him expand under the influence of chablis."

The unsuspecting poet took my arm, and we set out for my lodgings.

"How charming the Old World is!" he remarked, presently.

"You are an American, and everything here delights you by contrast."

"But I'm patriotic—very. I'm a descendant of the Puritans, and my forefathers fought on Bunker Hill."

"Yes, you Yankees are always bringing up the men of '76, whom, were you to meet them on Beacon Street to-day, you would cut dead. Since you have really contrived to civilize yourselves a little in the past century, why do you insist upon falling back on the reputations of a parcel of tagrag farmers who were shot ages before you were born? If I were a Yankee I'd keep mum about them."

"Ah, you may talk, but, at least, you know America is the greatest country on earth," rejoined my friend, with unruffled good-humor. "I'm sure you were delighted with your visit last year."

"I confess to some scenery; beyond that, one sees in the States only things which he thanks Heaven he hasn't got at home. America makes Europeans grateful and contented."

"I defy you to put your finger on one feature of civilization here that does not exist in a superior form in the States. There, now!"

"To begin with, then, why do you take the trouble to come over here to get a wife, if there are more desirable wives to be had in Boston?"

"How do you know that?"

"How? Have I heard anything from you this morning except about pagan goddesses?"

"Oh, you mean her? Yes—oh, yes!"

"Good heavens! does the man mean to insinuate that he has any other woman in this hemisphere in his eye?"

"Why, to tell you the truth, my father sent me over here just for that very purpose—that and the pipes."

"What and the pipes?"

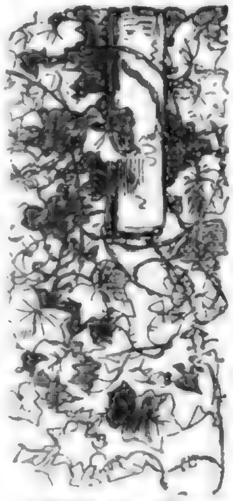
"To meet the young lady I am going to marry."

"And is your beautiful pagan the young lady you are to marry, pray?"

"Ah, I just wish she was!" said Jeff, very ruefully.

"This is becoming interesting, my young friend. But here's my house; we'll have our breakfast, and then a consultation over our wine. Come in."

Chapter V.



I REPRESSED my curiosity during the meal, but when we had settled down to our second bottle and the cigarettes, I fixed my eyes on my companion, and said:

"Well?"

"Did you see that dive?" he asked.

"Hers?"

"Hers, of course. Everything I say or do means her, now and for ever, one and inseparable!" cried Jeff, upon whom the wine was evidently beginning to work.

"But what about the other young lady?"

"Sink the other young lady, sir! I never have seen her, and I never want to!"

"Well, then, about the pagan? Did the fog reveal your souls to one another?"

"Now, Campbell, I wish you would please not chaff," said Jeff, seriously. "I don't like a man to be always cynical. Is there really nothing sacred to you anywhere? We Bostonians are not brought up so; and this is a sacred subject to me."

"Not more so than to me, my dear fellow. You shan't have cause to complain of me again."

"I accept your apology," said Jeff, with dignity. "Your health."

We emptied our glasses.

"Who was that handsome middle-aged lady you were talking with?" Jeff asked.

The question rather took me aback.

"You are more the traditional Yankee than I had imagined; you pretend to tell a story, and only ask a question. As for that lady, I never saw her before in my life. I should fancy her a Pole or an Austrian. But do get on with your story."

"There is no real story with a beginning, middle and end. Real life doesn't arrange itself in that way."

"There is always a middle, at any rate."

"I will plunge *in medias res*, then. Did you observe her paddling out?"

"To be sure I did."

"And did you divine her object?"

"Well, as to that——"

"My dear Campbell, don't you see that it was a case of *fugit inter salices?* She paddled out in order that I might pursue her."

"Oh! How did you find out that?"

"By intuition!" cried the poet, enthusiastically. "We are in such complete sympathy, she and I, that I feel what she feels. A motion of the shoulder, a turn of the neck, a flirt of the paddle, all bear a secret meaning to my eye. Why, for a quarter of an hour after starting out this morning, I could see nothing but her back; and you know there isn't ordinarily much—conversation in a person's back."

"I believe you are right, Jeff."

"But in this case," he continued, warmly, "I saw through her back all that was going on in her mind."

"Poetic insight. I have heard of it before, but never knew it to act so powerfully as it does on you."

"Yes; and in proof that I'm not mistaken, she did just what I knew she would do beforehand."

"And what was that?"

"How good this chablis is! The first thing she did was to paddle straight out to sea. She did that to try my faith."

"Did she succeed?"

"A poet's faith can move mountains," said Jeff, a little inconsequently. "Had I been as others—had I been less terribly in earnest—I should have got discouraged or offended and given up the chase. But that is not the Puritan style. I kept right on, and at last I forced her to alter her tactics."

"And all this through the back of her head? Wonderful!"

"Well, so she altered her tactics, and—what do you think?"

"I haven't a glimmering."

"She stopped—short," said Jeff, leaning across the table with his blue eyes wide open, and speaking in an impressive undertone; "and there she sat perfectly still, with her back still turned toward me."

"So that you might continue to read her thoughts?"

"Campbell, I trust you are not scoffing?"

"My dear fellow——"

"You are my friend, but there are some things——"

"Nothing injures friendship so much as unjust suspicions, Jeff," I said, with a solemnity almost equaling his own. He softened at once.

"Forgive me, old fellow; I was hasty. The blood of Bunker Hill, you know. Well, and so I gained upon her—and here's her health, Campbell."

"Bumpers!" said I; and again we set down our glasses empty. I began to feel a little warmed up myself.

"At last I was within ten yards of her. Just then I ran into one of those horrid blue jelly-fish, and it startled me so that I made a splash, and she——"

"Turned round?" I suggested, for he had paused, agitatedly.

"Any other woman would have turned round—she did not. She started perceptibly, dipped her paddle on the right side of the canoe, and shot diagonally toward the left. For a moment I saw her in profile."

"Well, didn't she tip you a wink? I beg your pardon, Jeff, upon my word. I mean, did she not, at the moment of the profile, bend upon you a smile or glance of encouragement?"

"What encouragement did I need? Besides, the time for encouragement had not yet come; I was still at the period of probation."

"Her tacking, then, was a fresh trial of your constancy?"

"Not of my constancy—that was already confirmed—but of another quality—my self-respect. Respect, Campbell, is ever the basis of true love. This was a most critical juncture in our acquaintance. Had I slavishly followed her tack I should have lost more ground morally than I gained materially. No, I did not tack; I kept straight on, and, as she had paused again, I was soon beyond her. It was at that supreme moment that we found ourselves enveloped in the fog—alone together, between sea and heaven!"

"Jeff, this is becoming exciting."

"I kept on. By-and-by, however, I stopped. I could now barely detect the outlines of her canoe through the pallid film of the mist; but anon the outlines grew distincter—she was approaching! Right on she came, with graceful strength, and paused within about a paddle's length.

"A moment eye to eye they staid,
The poet and the pagan maid."

"Jeff, this is poetry!"

"A verse I composed at the time. Do you like it?"

"Can you ask? But this suspense is wearing me out. Do, pray, come to the point."

"What point, dear Campbell?"

"Hang it! the point of contact."

"Sir, I fail to understand you!" said the majestic Jeff.

"Gammon! Who understands better than a poet the dramatic necessity of a point of contact? Here are your characters lost—I mean, here are your poet and your pagan maid lost in your fog, and staying eye to eye. Beyond reach of outside help, you are all in all to each other. '*Bonjour*, countess.' '*Bonjour*, monsieur.' 'We appear to be lost.' 'I fear you are fatigued,' she says. 'The delight of conversing with the Countess Almara would suffice to restore me, were that the case.' 'Perhaps if you were to rest your hand on the gunwale,' she continues. 'You overwhelm me,' murmur you. 'Nay, I would keep you from being overwhelmed,' she smiles. 'You are my guiding-star!' you exclaim. 'If I only knew whither to guide you. And mamma will be so anxious,' she sighs. 'Knows the Countess Semaroff that we are together?' you inquire. Just at this instant another of those horrid blue jelly-fish comes along, causing you to give another splash and sink. She screams, stretches out her hand to save you; you catch it, press it impulsively to your lips. . . . Well, there's your point of contact—now go ahead."

The close and serious attention which Jeff had given to this sally of mine had stimulated me to make it as absurd as possible, and maybe that last glass of chablis had something to do with my sprightliness. But in proportion as I warmed, Jeff seemed to cool; he leaned his cheek upon his hand, and directed a profound gaze into the bottom of his empty wine-glass. At length he muttered these singular words:

"How curiously things come out!"

"But what happened after you kissed her hand?"

"I didn't kiss it," sighed the poet.

"Not after accepting the support of her canoe?"

"I didn't accept it; she didn't offer it."

"Nor speak about it at all?"

"She said nothing; I said nothing; neither of us said anything."

"Then why, in the name of stupefaction, did you take the trouble to get lost in the fog with her? Better have staid on shore."

"Had I known the Countess Semaroff was there, perhaps I should," said Jeff, looking up.

I colored in spite of myself. I, a man of five-and-thirty, had been carried away to reveal to this boy the secret of my acquaintance with these ladies. I should now have no excuse to offer for not introducing him. Verily, that chablis cut both ways. I hastened to revert to our original topic.

"So there was no point of contact, after all?"

"Not what you would call such, oh you English materialist!" said the poet, eloquently. "But our points of view are so incompatible. Is not the soul more than the body? and, if so, is not a look of the eyes more than a touch of the hand? Our spirits met, Campbell, though our earthly frames held aloof."

"But would your spirits have met any less had your earthly frames behaved in a more materialistic and intelligible way?"

Jeff shook his head dreamily.

"You are of those who know not how to enjoy the rose upon its stalk. You must needs cull it and insert it in your *boutonnière*. You are not sensitive enough to apprehend the rarest delight of the *grande passion*—that of regarding the beloved object in her intact state ere the pure sphere of her personality has been invaded by materialistic approach."

"Well, Jeff, it's evident you know more about women than I do. But, admitting what you say, I still maintain (provided your intentions with the countess are really serious) that you are not taking the nearest way to a matrimonial issue. The flesh is sluggish, but it has its compensations."

The inspired Bostonian took his cigarette between two fingers and waved it in an illustrative manner as he said:

"Suppose, dear Campbell, you were starting on a journey through a delicious tract of country—a winding valley, say—and suppose, before setting out, you climbed a hill commanding this valley, and took a bird's-eye view of your proposed route. Would you enjoy that journey more, or less, for having anticipated it spiritually by that glance?"

"Ha! methinks I conceive you. Your psychological business is merely a sort of barmecide feast, designed to whet the palate for solid viands to follow? Having brought the transcendental part of your love-making to a happy issue, you now propose to pursue the game upon a practical basis?"

"Yes, I mean to marry her now," said he.

"And leave the other without even a bird's-eye view?"

"By-the-by, I must tell you about that. You know I was saying this morning that the Russian commissioner, our friend, had married. Well, he had a daughter, and this daughter and I were by our respective papas destined for each other."

"I see—a union of policy, like those of the royal families of Europe."

"To me the idea of utilizing the sacred covenant of marriage in the interest of mere business always seemed horrible and revolting. I told my father so."

"And he, I'll venture to say, told you you were a sentimental young idiot!"

"If that had been all——" said Jeff, wagging his head significantly.

"Well, what was there more?"

"Only this. After I had protested one day, with all the eloquence I could muster, against the cold-blooded inhumanity of binding down two fresh young souls, who had never seen each other, to such a contract, he replied (you remember his dogmatic, high-handed way), 'Either you marry her, or you live on three hundred pounds per annum!'"

"In that case," said I, not without a secret feeling of relief, "you certainly won't marry the pagan maid?"

"Why not?"

"Because, to go no further, you won't get her to take you at three hundred pounds per annum. You don't know what living on such an income means. I do; and I can tell you that, even without a wife and children, it's no joke."

"But, dear Campbell, you seem to forget that I love her."

"Take the advice of a man who has seen more of the world than you have, and forget it yourself. I am talking seriously now, Jeff, and for your good. You do not love this Countess Almara, and, to be frank with you, it is not possible that she ever should care for you. You have a strong will; use it on the side of common sense and—filial piety. Where were you to meet your intended?"

"Paris was the rendezvous appointed, but——"

"Pack up your traps and be off to Paris this very afternoon!"

"But it wasn't for a week yet that——"

"Never mind. Get away from here; that's the main point. Don't remain within reach of temptation."

"Campbell, this is not temptation; it's a foregone conclusion. I am going to marry the Countess Almara. Our meeting here was fated. I shall not go to Paris."

"But I tell you the Countess Almara won't have you."

Jeff was silent awhile. Presently he looked up and said: "How do you know she won't?"

"Well—never mind," I thought it prudent to reply.

There was another silence. Suddenly Jeff said:

"Campbell, if I went to Paris would you go with me?"

This turn embarrassed me again. It would not exactly suit my convenience to go to Paris that afternoon. There were some things I wanted to—attend to. I wondered whether my young friend was becoming suspicious.

"Could I be of any service to you there?" I inquired.

"After all, I don't know that you could," said he, after a moment's reflection. "Besides, thanking you all the same for your advice, dear Campbell, I've made up my mind to stay here. I can never love, much less marry, any other woman than the Countess Almara."

There was a certain element of nobility in the placid obstinacy of the young fellow, who was committing the amazing folly of resigning ten thousand a year for the sake of a girl to whom he had never spoken, and, until the last two or three days, never seen, that touched me a little, and made me resolve not to let him ruin himself without another effort to save him.

"Jeff, you are an ass," I said, bluntly. "Your brain has been addled with the pursuit of what you are pleased to imagine poetry, until you have grown to believe that a man can live on love and lyrics instead of on beefsteak and bullion. You say that you can never love any but the Countess Almara; I say it is, at all events, your duty to try. Go to Paris, and at least make the acquaintance of the young lady your father has selected for you. If you find her unlovable, at all events that will be some satisfaction."

"Thank you very much, Campbell, but I can't, really."

"You persist in running your head against a wall?"

Jeff smiled mildly, and said nothing.

"All right; *liberavi animam meam.* I wash my hands of you. One thing: I can't take the responsibility of giving you an introduction."

"You know them both, then?"

"Well, I have not been presented to the young lady yet, but——"

"I shall be happy to present you when I know her myself," said Jeff, forgivingly; "and when we are married, I trust you and I will be better friends than ever."

"Oh! fathomless self-conceit and fatuity of Bostonian youth!" I muttered to myself, as I lit a final cigarette and preceded the poet to the door. "Poor Jeff! upon my soul, I'm sorry for him!"

And when we parted outside I shook his hand with a feeling not far removed from respect mingling with my impatience, and I watched him walk away with a kindly hope that the Providence which presides over children and fools might keep a beneficent eye upon the poor little poet.

Chapter VI.

I was in rather an ill-humor that afternoon. After a short turn about the town I returned to my *atelier* and tried to paint; but color had lost its harmony for me, and composition its meaning.

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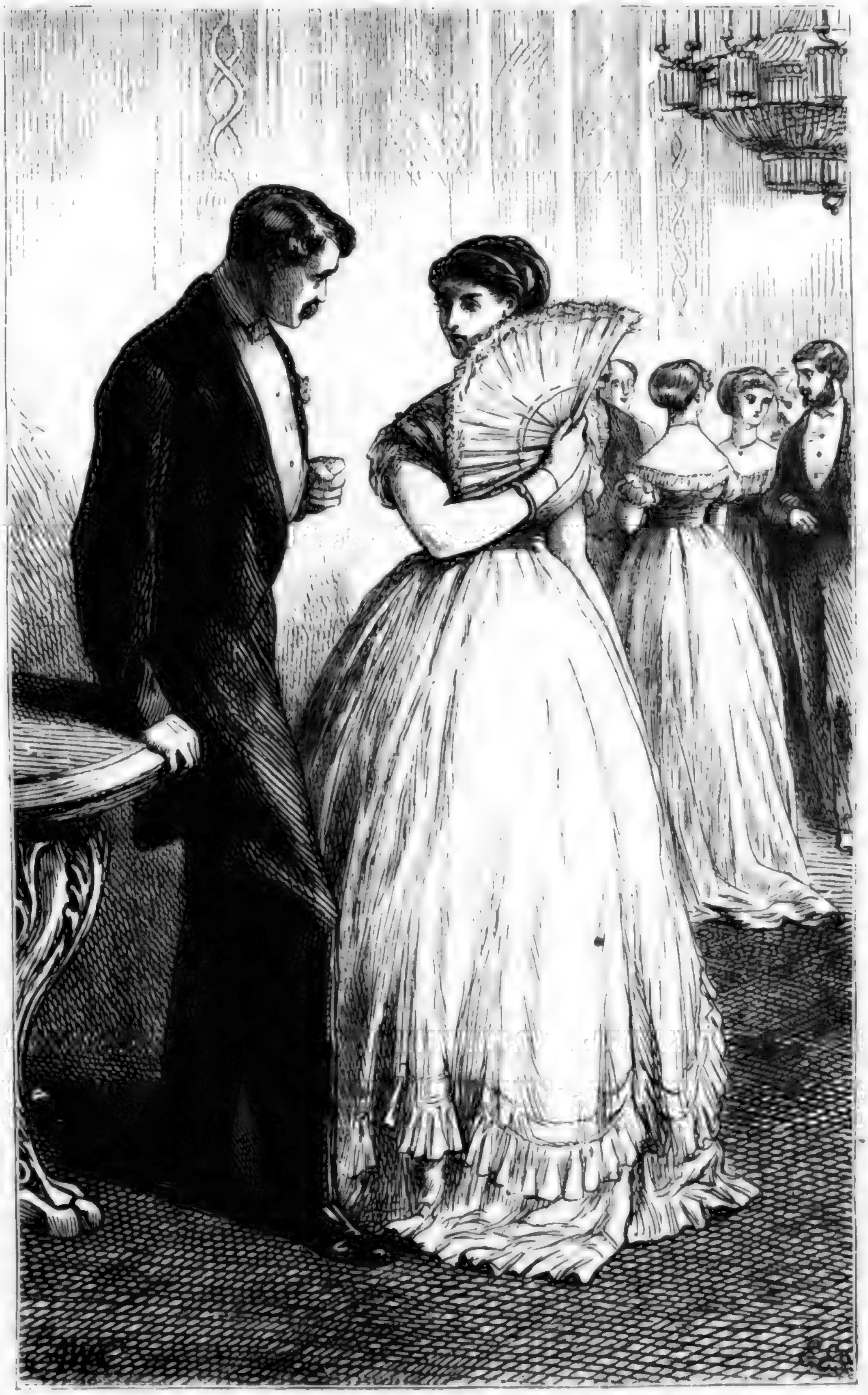
The clock—the tall Norman clock with its round face of embossed brass and its huge, slow-swinging pendulum—struck half-past three. I got up and rang the bell. Presently a withered old lady appeared, in a black gown, white cap and apron, neat blue stockings, and low shoes.



THE COUNTESS'S RUBY.—"'BEFORE YOU GO, COUNTESS, I WISH, MERELY OUT OF CURIOSITY, THAT YOU WOULD TELL ME ONE THING: ARE YOU AN ANGEL, OR A DEVIL?'"

"Madame Enault," I said, "I shall leave you this afternoon. That a porter be here at five o'clock, to take my baggage to the diligence; and, if you please, that we make up our little accounts."

Madame Enault was crushed. She was sent to grass! Monsieur going to leave that very day, even?

"Perfectly."

Monsieur had perhaps encountered something to miscontent him? Madame Enault would do anything in her power to render things more satisfactory to monsieur.

"Madame misconstrues me. It is that affairs demand my departure."

Monsieur, will he pardon Madame Enault?

"But without doubt."

Monsieur will, then, recollect that, in coming here, he was so good as to engage the rooms for six weeks, whereas only one week has elapsed——

"You are completely in reason, madame, and you will be paid for the whole six weeks precisely as if I had remained."

Madame drops a courtesy, and will instantly apprise a porter of monsieur's intentions.

I now proceeded to pack my trunks and painting gear, and then, it being a little after four, I sallied forth for a farewell stroll on the parade. It was a magnificent afternoon. A fresh, cool breeze had replaced the lazy calm of the morning. The horizon line and the profile of the cliffs were defined sharp and clear. Great white castellated clouds sailed across the blue, and rhythmic waves came tumbling in frothy profusion along the beach. The whole scene was like a shout of joy, and it had never spoken so feelingly to me as now that I was saying good-by to it.

As I turned away after a long look seaward, I met the Countess Semaroff and her daughter face to face.

I bowed. Madame smiled and gave me her hand, and before withdrawing it she looked at her daughter and said:

"My very dear, this is Monsieur Campbell. Ah, monsieur, it has been a dream of my daughter to meet you."

"I trust mademoiselle will not find in me an illustration of the proverb, 'Songe, mensonge,'" I said, clumsily enough.

Mademoiselle smiled slightly, as courtesy required, but

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all the while her eyes rested upon me searchingly and doubtfully, as though to satisfy herself whether I were to be believed in or distrusted, whether she might expect to find in the artist the complement and justification of his works.

Strange and striking in other respects as was the beauty of the young countess, it was her eyes that individualized her and rendered her a paragon among women. Large and perfectly black they were—so black that it was a wonder to see them so full of light. The iris was of breadth so unusual that, like a black sun between two clouds, its upper and lower rims were infringed upon by the imperial eyelids. The human eye, as every portrait-painter knows, has in itself but a narrow range of expression; it is the setting that imports. Now, the Countess Almara's upper eyelid was falconlike—straight above the pupil, and falling away thence toward the cheek in a long, sweeping curve—a bold, lavish eyelid, indicative of keen intelligence and a noble temper. In singular contrast with this was the lower lid, most sensitively and changefully fashioned, responsive to every shifting emotion, sad, mirthful, wistful, pleasurable, tender; this it was that betrayed the woman, as the other announced the countess. Like the shimmer of light upon water, the delicate nerves in this region were never at rest; here, as upon a photographic plate, was visible the impress of each word or unuttered thought. Thus it might be affirmed of the Countess Almara that she had two eyes where other women have but one; and certainly she was able to do four times more execution with her pair than most daughters of Eve can accomplish.

There was a fine unconventionality in the cast of her features, which was in itself an element of life. The low and broad forehead terminated in far-reaching and strongly defined eyebrows. The nose, long and finely chiseled, especially about the nostrils, descended from between the eyes in a line which, toward the end, had just enough of an upward tendency to redeem it from classic tameness. Tameness, in fact, is the word most expressive of everything that the young countess was not. Her mouth was generous; the upper lip, short and slender, lay like a coral snake upon the full and voluptuously molded lip below; thence curved forth the chin, clean-cut and mettlesome, which she habitually carried high, and to which she communicated movements of fascinating willfulness. Her profile, as a whole, was therefore of the concave rather than the convex order, and possessed a charmingly wild, barbaric quality, by no means inconsistent with a thorough refinement.

Of her grand figure I have already spoken. Her bearing was elastic and vigorous, yet pervaded always by the subtle and inevitable dignity of a high-bred lady. A kind of scarlet barret-cap surmounted the heavy black coil of her hair; and she wore a close-fitting dress of black serge, with a scarlet bow fluttering at the throat and a scarlet belt around the waist. It was a costume simple to severity, but in which she looked diabolically handsome. Her only ornaments on this occasion were two broad hoops of gold in her ears, and, on her left hand, an antique ring with an enormous ruby in it. Such a ruby, not one lady in a thousand would dare to put on; it must have come to her, I thought, from the tomb of some early royal ancestress. It harmonized well with what I took to be the essential character of the Countess Almara.

"I have much happiness in speaking to Monsieur Campbell," she said, after a moment, in a deep, fresh voice. "To me it is not as if I were speaking to a stranger."

We walked on slowly, the young countess between her mother and me. I felt a childish desire to utter something brilliant and profound; and, knowing by experience that such a wish is always fatal to the deed, I took refuge in the intensity of commonplace.

"Mademoiselle finds this place enjoyable?"

"After the city, truly, yes."

"Paris is, indeed, hot in this month?"

"It is from St. Petersburg that we come here."

"Mademoiselle the countess is, then, a Russian?"

Here the elder lady interposed, with a smile:

"Not altogether Russian, monsieur. For my part, I am a Circassian. My father was attached to the Court of the Czar after the conquest of our poor country. I was married among our conquerors—what will you? For Almara, she may be called the Reconciliation, is it not?"

"If all quarrels could find such reconciliation——" I began.

The Countess Semaroff laughed good-naturedly.

"There, you are *spirituel;* one sees you have lived much in Paris," she was kind enough to say.

"But it is not in the *salons* of Paris that you have found the power to conceive your pictures. I refer not to the execution—the *technique*—all that which labor and experience may acquire; but it is the thought, look you, the life, that is in your work; and this can be found not in any city, not in any society, but only in the man himself, who feels, who sees."

It was the young countess who spoke thus, and with an energy of tone and expression that caused those nerves of self-approbation which are situated somewhere in the back part of a man's throat to thrill pleasantly. I had not expected to find in so young a woman an appreciation at once so earnest and intelligent.

"You have studied art yourself?" I said to her.

"Behold, my very dear, you will permit that I sit on the bench and read my letter while you and Monsieur Campbell have your little debate. When you are fatigued you shall rejoin me. Go, then."

And with this the good countess established herself upon a seat sheltered from the breeze, but which we would pass and repass at every turn of our promenade. Our conversation continued.

"I do not name myself student; I am a lover," said the Countess Almara. "My life has not been a school; it has been a passion. I cannot talk learnedly, as do many; I know not the names of things; but I know what reaches my heart; that I understand and never forget."

"It is, then, that your heart has taught you more than the heads of many students teach them."

"I should like to believe that!" she exclaimed, with animation. "I like not to be told, 'You must believe this; you must say that.' I would believe and say because I cannot help it. Figure to yourself that my life has not been altogether after the *convenances.* A child, I lived in a grand chateau beside a lake; beyond the lake was a mountain, and on all sides a forest. I had a gun, I hunted, and I swam and rowed upon the lake, and I had my horses and my dogs. To sew, to play with dolls, look you, I cared not for it. I am not as the French, not even as the Russians; like my mother, I am Circassian; yes, I am more Circassian than she, instead of less."

"I believe it well. But later you left this chateau—you traveled?"

"I have been to many places and seen much society, and I have learned to behave *comme il faut* and to speak the French. But it is only a little comedy that I act; I feel that within me remains always the little girl of the lake and forest, but dressed differently, and with a face that does not tell the truth, as then. I can look happy when I am sad, and grave when I wish to laugh."

"But you are happier than you were before?"

"Oh, for example, behold a question of difficulty," said the countess, shrugging her shoulders. "One is never happy as in childhood; but, in fine, one finds a way to be happy. To love what is beautiful is happiness, but then it is a happiness full of all that is most sad."

"It is not often that one has discovered that truth at your age, mademoiselle."

"But it is true, is it not? For beauty dies; or if not beauty, then the eye, the soul, that has enjoyed it. Why was it ever shown to us? It only makes us long for what never comes—for what can never be."

This gloomy philosophy, uttered by one who should have seen as yet only the sunshine of life, roused me to attempt what, for me, was the anomaly of vindicating the more hopeful view. Some platitude I brought forth about the soul finding in another world the fulfillment of unsatisfied aspirations, and I asked her whether she doubted immortality.

We were leaning on the broad wooden railing of the promenade, looking seaward. The countess was turning her ring absently on her forefinger.

"There ought to be immortality," said she, "to recompense us, not for what we have suffered in the world, but for what we have enjoyed."

"Yes, you could not have hit upon a stronger argument," returned I, after a moment's thought.

"Is it strong enough?"

"Strong enough, certainly, to justify hope."

"Ah, my God! one hopes without any justification at all. You conceive, monsieur, I am not of those who believe all we are told of the holy Greek Church. To believe, and after all to be deceived! I could not bear it. I have not found any one so wise as to make all doubts seem foolish. But I have found many things that tell me, 'Destiny mocks you.' Yes," she added, turning toward me with a kind of fierceness in her look—"yes, destiny mocks me!"

"This girl has sustained some terrible injustice in her life," I thought to myself. "It glows in her words like the fire in her ruby." After a pause she spoke again.

"Figure to yourself, monsieur, a life that feels itself strong and capable of all enjoyments and aspirations; and this life, in the midst of its joy and freedom, one day meets its destiny, which says: 'You are a slave; your aspirations are ashes; your joy shall make you weep; you shall become all that you despise. If you struggle to be free, you shall but dig your dungeon deeper. So it shall be to the end; but I do not forbid you to hope.' Well, is not that mockery?"

"Destiny has not that power over us. I who speak to you have suffered, mademoiselle, but I have not found that suffering degrades. It chills, perhaps."

"Ah, you speak of men. I am a woman—it is another thing, that. But behold me who discourse thus to you, who see me for the first time—who think me mad!"

"Oh, countess!"

"Do you know why I say to you these things, which I have said before to no one—to no one, Monsieur Campbell? It is because they grew in my mind as I looked at your picture—your picture, that is now mine as well. Many hours have I looked at it, and I said, 'The man who has conceived that, he has known what are the secrets of life. If I meet him I will tell him these secrets of mine; he is worthy to hear them. He can interpret mysteries.' But your interpretation is profound, monsieur; not every one can read it."

"If I could always paint for such as you, countess, I might some day realize my ideal."

She stood meditatively, her hands hanging folded and her eyes dreaming.

"When I saw that picture," she said, at length, "I felt that it was the picture of my soul. There she sits within her rampart, which was once whole and sound. But now there is a breach, and that breach will never be built up again—never, never. Once the enemy has entered; and though for years and years she may watch and guard, yet at some hour, some moment even, her eyes will droop and her hand waver. . . . Then he springs and clutches her, and it is ended. See him where he lurks there outside among the bushes! He waits; he is sure. And she—regard that terror in her eyes! Monsieur, it is a sublime thing to be a great painter."

She held out her hand to me impulsively; there were tears in her eyes, but she smiled them away with a willful defiance. Our hands just touched; then she withdrew hers.

"You see I have not had your picture for nothing; I have looked at it," she said.

I was deeply touched. "You have seen through it into the heart that conceived it."

"Let us talk of other things!" she exclaimed, abruptly, in a lighter tone. "Come, let us walk; else madame, my mother, will think again that I am lost."

We resumed our promenade accordingly, but for awhile in silence.

"You look at my ruby. Do you find it handsome?" She had been turning and twisting the ring upon her finger, and my eyes had more than once been drawn to it. Almost as soon as she had spoken she slipped the ring off and laid it in my hand.

"It is a real antique," I said, concealing the surprise this sudden act inspired in me. "It is an heirloom in your family, perhaps?"

"It is a magic ring; there is a spell connected with it," said the countess, laughing.

"Let me not be the breaker of the spell," I rejoined, holding it toward her. But, instead of taking it from me, she extended her long, taper finger, and I put the ring on it.

"There, you have put it on, and now it will never again come off," she said, with a strange smile. "It is the ring of my destiny."

"Yours should be a rich destiny, then."

"Yes, I shall be rich; I shall make a figure in the world," she replied, still smiling. "Nevertheless, the spell is a curse; for so long as I wear the ring I must be miserable, and if I lose it I shall be wicked."

"Is there no third alternative?"

"There was, but now the moment is passed. That is your fault, monsieur."

"My fault?"

"If, when I gave you the ring, just now, and it was in your power, you had flung it far, far away into the sea, then the curse would have left me, and I should have been free, always."

"If that be all, I'll soon set you at liberty. Give me the ring."

She shook her head. "It is now too late. Such a chance can come only once. Have I not told you destiny mocks always? Behold my mother, who beckons us."

We approached madame, who took her daughter's hand affectionately in hers. "My very dear, we dine to-day at half-past four; we must make our toilet early. But, my God! how your hand is cold, my child! You have been chilled by that fog this morning."

The Countess Almara laughed. "It was not I; it was that poor young man with the black hair and the blue eyes.

who was swimming so far out; that he should have been chilled I could believe it. In effect, it was droll," she continued, turning to me. "Figure to yourself this little man—he was very little—little like that," and she held her palm about four feet from the ground. "Well, he swims out a fine distance, even as far as I go in the canoe. When the fog comes, I hear a splash; I look round; I perceive this unfortunate infant. I think he shall be drowned, and I go toward him to preserve him. Then I see that this infant it is a man; and this man he seems to fear me more than to be drowned, for he swims away when I approach. So I return toward the shore, but slowly, so that he may see me and follow me; and, in fine, when we are nearly arrived, the fog dissolves itself, and behold us."

"Do you by hazard know this gentleman?" inquired the Countess Semaroff of me. "He has the air of an Englishman."

"No; he is an American," I answered, with a touch of prevarication.

"Ah, these Americans, how I hate them!" murmured the Countess Almara.

Madame rose with a shrug of her shoulders. "We shall have the pleasure of seeing Monsieur Campbell at the dance this evening?"

"Without doubt—that is—no. I am to depart by the diligence, even at the present hour."

"Depart to-day? Impossible! After having met monsieur, to lose him so soon!"

"Madame, I am desolated, but—affairs."

"You will not go to-day?" said the Countess Almara, in a voice so low that it could have been audible only to myself.

"Perhaps, indeed, I could manage to postpone for a few days," I resumed, still addressing myself to madame.

"Good. We remain here but a few days longer ourselves; and when we go, you shall accompany us. That will be charming. Is it agreed?"

"Madame, a thousand acknowledgments."

"Till this evening, then."

I bowed low. The Countess Almara laid her hand in mine, our eyes met, her lips seemed to form the word "Merci," but she did not utter it aloud; then she turned brusquely and followed her mother, and they were soon out of sight.

Chapter VII.

I drew a long breath, stroked my beard thoughtfully, looked at my watch, and set out at a brisk pace for my lodgings. Before I had gone far, I heard my name called, and, turning, saw Mr. Jefferson Montgomery, who signaled to me with one gloved hand while with the other he lifted his hat in adieu to an elderly gentleman with a tremendous sweeping mustache. My friend now hastened toward me, his white teeth flashing, his blue eyes beaming, and with a general air of prosperity and benevolence.

"I am so glad to see you, dear Campbell! But they told me you were going to leave us. Surely, you're not?"

"What an idea! I shall be here at least a week."

Jeff took my arm with perfect cordiality and good faith. I did not want him, but there was nothing for it but to let the poor little man come. Arrived at my house, I sent him up-stairs, while I stopped to have a word with my landlady.

"Madame Enault, I shall be able to remain another week."

Madame Enault was delighted, but would monsieur pardon her?

"Freely and completely. What then?"

Only that, since monsieur's notice to leave, another monsieur had engaged the rooms, and Madame Enault had agreed with him for a month.

"Then let him know that you misunderstood me, and that he must go elsewhere."

To a marvel; only, alas! this gentleman had deposited the hire of the rooms in advance.

"You will return his deposit to him."

Perfectly, but that, having had a heavy bill to meet, Madame Enault had been constrained to pay the money away.

"Ah! and madame requires me to supply her with the cash in question?"

Monsieur had exactly divined the necessity that unfortunately existed.

Providence had treated me too well for me to be severe with so thrifty and unimpeachable a landlady; accordingly a financial transaction took place, the porter was remanded, and I went up-stairs.

"And so you have been introduced?" said Jeff. He was reclining, Adonis-like, upon the lounge, exquisitely dressed.

"To whom do you refer?"

"Now, don't be English and reticent. Whom should I mean but my countess? I do so want to hear your opinion of her."

I could not help laughing a little, for to be seriously angry with the bard of Beacon Street was not easy.

"Unless you wish to write yourself down irrevocably an ass, my dear boy, you will not again apply the possessive pronoun to the Countess Almara. It sounds much as if a horse-fly should speak of his proprietorship of a four-in-hand."

"My dear Campbell, you are really impolite."

"I know it, and I hold you responsible for forcing me to address you with such brutality. I'm not accustomed to it."

"How you do go on!" sighed Jeff, wiping his eyebrows with his cambric handkerchief. "One never knows when you're in earnest. But, really, don't you think we shall make a first-rate match?"

"Gracious Powers! Do you know that there are probably not two men living for whom the Countess Almara would not be more than a match?"

"Exactly. In fact, there is only one who could mate with her on equal terms, and—well, I happen to be he."

Jeff uttered this with perfect modesty and conviction.

"My young friend, your chances with that young lady are not only hopeless—they are ridiculous. She actually cannot maintain gravity at the thought of you. Must I reveal that she speaks of the *pauvre enfant*, that she is convinced you are only four feet high, and that she declares she frightened you terribly in the fog this morning? Eloquent looks and sympathy of souls, indeed!" and I laughed rudely.

"I don't believe a word you say," replied Jeff, laughing also. "But there is one thing that I do begin to believe."

"What is that?"

"That I've got a rival, eh? Ha, ha, ha!"

"You have an entirely too lively imagination," was my cold reply.

"Ah, Campbell, you are very deep—very. If I were less sure of my countess than I am, I declare I should feel uneasy."

"Merely for curiosity's sake, where do you find encouragement?"

"You were in earnest, then, when you said this morning that you knew less than I about women? Your difficulty is, probably, that you regard woman as a species of man, when, in fact, no woman who amounts to anything has a particle of masculinity about her. They may pretend to it sometimes, just to bamboozle fellows who are inexperienced; but they drop it in the presence of a man who sees through them."

"Through their backs. I understand."

"Exactly. Well, then, my countess, when I have my eye upon her, is her simple womanly self, because she knows my insight is unerring; but with you I'll wager she talks literature and art, and morals, and things of that kind, eh?"

"I will not deny it, Jeff."

"Of course she did; and why? Because she knew she could make you believe she really cared for such things; and, woman-like, she couldn't resist humbugging you."

"And her laughing at you, her contemptuous allusions to your stature, and so forth, were also impositions upon my naïve ignorance of the sex?"

"Indeed, my dear Campbell, they were."

"It is me, then, and not you, that she considers ridiculous?"

"At all events, you can see that it's not me," said Jeff, leniently. "Why, just consider the points in me which she professed to consider laughable. My height! Now, the last thing a woman bothers herself about in a man is his height. When there is a question of physical attractions, she looks first at his shoulders, then at his eyes, then at his feet and hands, then at his chin. If these please her, his height may take care of itself; and if you won't mind my saying it, the less it has to take care of the better. Look at Napoleon Bonaparte, Martin Luther, Frederick the Great, Benjamin Franklin, Plato, General Grant. Why, pretty nearly everybody who has stood a head and shoulders above his generation has been under five feet eight."

"Bravo, Jeff! You are both eloquent and sagacious. Beacon Street should be proud of you."

"Knowledge of this kind is a matter of temperament and intuition. Experience can but confirm what the soul has already divined; and if the previous divination do not exist, age and experience are just so much to the bad, if you won't mind my saying so. And so she ridiculed the fog incident?"

"She alluded to it with an apparent spice of humor."

"Dear girl!" murmured the poet, tenderly. "That seeming ridicule was almost as direct an avowal of affection as a modest woman could have made. That mutual, voiceless self-revelation of ours, which my dear Campbell professes to discredit, has evidently stirred my countess to her depths. It has aroused the potent germs of the master passion of her life. She trembles to confess herself to herself; how, then, could she do otherwise than vail herself from a stranger? and what better vail than a simulated mirth and mockery? But really, now, you don't need me to tell you this; it's the A B C of the feminine nature."

"Jeff, you puzzle me; you are either more or less than human. At all events, you are an incarnate solution of the old problem how to make the best of it. Well, what are your proximate intentions?"

"To dance the 'Boston' with her this evening."

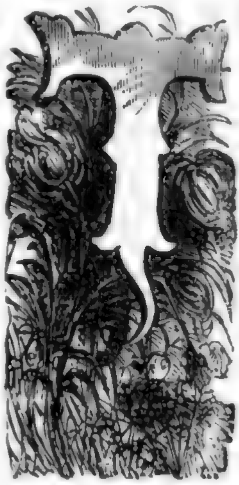
"You will be at the ball, then?"

"Indeed, yes. Shall not you?"

"I shall; for, since you are definitely resolved upon playing the donkey, I want to be in a position to hear your opening bray."

"At ten o'clock, then; but it will be a variation upon 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,'" answered the poet, with imperturbable geniality, and so we parted.

Chapter VIII.



THE ball—or rather, the *soirée dansante*—was announced for nine o'clock, and at thirty minutes after that hour I passed through the doorway.

An oblong hall, the floor space framed in on three sides by an embankment of benches, with the orchestra on the fourth.

In the pauses of the dance and clatter, the roar of the surf came in through the open door upon the wings of the cool salt breeze.

A moment's inspection of the whirlpool satisfied me that it did not contain the Countess Almara. As I was proceeding to a scrutiny of the benches, the *frou-frou* of a crisp skirt along the aisle caused me to turn and find my face within eighteen inches of the clear, firm cheek of the beautiful pagan. She and her mother passed without appearing to see me; and they were followed by a military-looking personage of some fifty years of age, bald-headed, broad-shouldered and bulky, whom I fancied I had noticed once or twice before. After seeing the ladies into their seats, he returned past me up the aisle and went out.

Presently I came down, exchanged greetings with my friends, and sat in a vacant seat near the Countess Almara. Her manner was distraught and preoccupied; her smile came only from her lips, and though she looked me in the face occasionally, with a certain intentness, she seemed scarcely to see me or to comprehend my words.

Her personal appearance was more diabolically handsome than ever. As usual, her colors were black and red, but, being in silk, they were exceptionally effective. There was a glimpse of warm white neck and smooth rounded arms; her hair, coiled on the top of her head, revealed the graceful bend of the nape. Her bracelet and necklace matched the earrings of the morning, and beneath the delicate film of her glove was discernible the form of the great ruby.

"Might I have the honor of this dance?"

"Not yet, not yet. In this moment I feel myself unable. Let us rather talk. I am not myself; you see it. Listen to the sea. My God! how it roars! I wish I were out on it in my canoe with the great waves."

I laughed to disguise the concern which her manifest agitation caused me.

"In that case, mademoiselle, you would be without the advantage of my society; and I doubt whether my little friend, Montgomery, even, would venture to swim after you on such a night as this."

"Oh, he is your friend, then, this Monsieur Mont—Mont-go-merie? And I have spoken of him to you slightingly! I did not know, and I am foolish; I speak without forethought. You will forget it? Yes."

"If anyone should apologize, it is I, for not having warned you beforehand of our tender relations. But be reassured: Monsieur Montgomery is a poet, and intends making you the heroine of an epic. If you are gracious to him this evening, he will forgive you anything."

"It is not of him that I shall demand pardon," said the countess, with the slightest imaginable intonation of scorn. "But he is your friend, and you shall see how I will be polite."

She breathed and moved nervously, her thoughts being evidently absorbed in some subject foreign enough to anything I could guess. Her eyes were restless, and she fanned her flushed cheeks in vain.

"What day is this?" she demanded, suddenly.

"The fifteenth of August."

"I shall remember it always—always."

The hand that held the fan drooped, and, seemingly by accident, touched my own. The momentary glance that swept my face showed an inward trouble and appeal, and, if I read it aright, a something deeper and more passionate beyond. With the unexpectedness that was one of her characteristics, she rose to her feet.

"Come, I feel better at present; let us dance—come."

In her preoccupation she had not perceived that the music had ceased some minutes, and the dancers all left the floor.

"What hast thou, then, dear one?" inquired the Countess Semaroff, looking up through her eye-glasses.

Almara perceived her blunder, and I could mark a pulsation of anger pass through her body, while she muttered behind her teeth:

"That I am imbecile!"

"Don't you find it very warm here? Suppose we take a turn to the door?" I suggested.

She thanked me with a look, exchanged a glance and a word with her mother, and, taking my arm, we began to move down the aisle.

Presentiments, though commonly deceptive, do nevertheless exist. Just at this time I had a presentiment that some crisis was impending. If I could secure a few minutes' privacy with the young countess, I was resolved to tell her a secret which already burned within me, though I myself had not known it until this very evening. But I felt conviction, I felt confidence, and I felt that there was no time like the present.

Events the most insignificant upset purposes the most momentous. There were two doors to the hall, and in order to reach the one at which we were aiming, it was necessary to cross the floor. As we stepped on the floor at one side a couple of gentlemen appeared on the other; we met in the very centre of the hall, but it was not until I felt the countess press my arm that I thought to notice who either of the gentlemen was. To my ineffable annoyance, I then recognized the infatuated Jeff leaning on the arm of the bulky gentleman with the mustaches, who was positively in the act of introducing him to my partner.

The countess seemed as much taken by surprise as myself. She returned Jeff's elaborate obeisance with a grand courtesy, and then stood erect and silent, her hand still resting within my arm. The music struck up another waltz.

"May I have the honor of this dance?" inquired Jeff, with his sweetest emphasis.

I waited to hear the countess say she was engaged, and to pass on with her; but, after an instant's pause, she slowly relinquished my arm, and, uttering the conventional words, "Je veux bien," she resigned herself to the triumphant Bostonian.

Then, when it was too late, I realized that our engagement had been for the previous dance, and not for this one, if indeed there had been any definite engagement at all, and that, as I had heard Jeff's request in silence, the countess had been forced to suppose that I desired we should part. It was one of those absurd misapprehensions which occur in ball-rooms as well as in other places, but which I had never found so vexatious as in the present instance.

The intangible trammels of society and etiquette are as strong as the thread that bound Fenrir, and I finally made up my mind that I might as well go home.

"Before you go, dear Monsieur Campbell," said the Countess Semaroff, with a glance at the count, "we will venture to entreat of you a great favor."

"I despair of expressing to you the extent of the obligation which your condescension would impose upon us," added the count, with his bland, impassive politeness.

"Am I really, then, so fortunate as to be able to contribute in any way to the pleasure of the count and countess? What happiness!"

"Behold how it becomes ravishing!" exclaimed the countess. "Almara, my very dear, Monsieur Campbell will perhaps consent."

The young countess had been sitting with her hands folded listlessly in her lap, absorbed apparently in her own thoughts, which were who knows how far removed from the confiding chit-chat which poor Jeff was babbling at her ear. She now raised her head and turned her eyes upon me. The deep sentiment contained in that look would have drawn from me, had she required it, the sacrifice even of that happiness which was to be the substance of my life. She said not a word.

"Thou must ask monsieur; do thou ask him, Almara," continued the countess, smiling, "since it concerns thee."

"Is it that you would paint a portrait of me?" said Almara, simply.

"Merely a sketch, dear monsieur," put in the mother, persuasively. "The opportunity may not again occur for us. It is not often one has the fortune to meet Monsieur Campbell."

"And there can be but one Monsieur Campbell in the world," added the count, with a bow.

"Something, at all events—a likeness, merely—a work of three days," subjoined madame, earnestly.

"It will give me great pleasure to sketch mademoiselle," said I. "Four or five sittings will suffice. To-morrow, after the bath, we will speak further on the subject. At present I must retire. Madame the countess, monsieur, mademoiselle, *au revoir*."

"Good-night, Campbell," spoke up Jeff, as I moved away. "Thank you ever so much; but you must expect to find me a severe critic. *Au revoir*."

Chapter IX.

The sittings began, and fulfilled all our anticipations—Almara's and mine. The further I penetrated into her mind and heart, the richer did these appear. Our speech and bearing still observed a chivalrous sort of ceremony toward one another; we did not as yet permit ourselves to be frankly lovers. But our reserve was only an instinctive device for gaining a deeper realization of our happiness. Strong natures often illustrate this paradox: they are repelled for a time by the intensity of their attraction to each other.

But why did I not declare the state of affairs at once to the count and countess, and thus settle a question of such vital moment to me? In the first place, I could plead the lover's excuse—the desire to keep the secret of his heart for a time vailed, even from her he loved. But, besides this, I felt uncertain how the avowal would be received; not by Almara herself—I was sure of her—but by her parents.

Another source of my hesitation had to do with the mystery which still continued to invest my beautiful sitter—that mystery which seemed concentrated in her ruby. What it might be I knew not; Almara quietly but resolutely foiled all my attempts to lead the conversation up to the subject. Of course I was not able, situated as we were, to make any serious attack upon her reserve; but it was evident that her secret would probably remain a secret until all concealments were finally at an end between us. All that troubled me in the matter was a fear lest it should turn out to be a hindrance to our union; but, as time went on, this apprehension faded from my mind. Almara was gradually losing those traces of depression and anxiety which she had betrayed in our first interviews. The sunnier side of her character came out; she chatted with gayety and abandon; the shadow of pain and revolt was passing away. She still turned and twisted the heavy ring upon her finger, but now rather caressingly than impatiently. And once, I remember, as she and I and the rest, including Jeff, were sitting after sundown round a table outside the casino, laughing, gossiping, admiring the afterglow along the western horizon, and sipping iced coffee out of tall glasses, on this evening of the last day but one of the sittings, I saw her lift her hand to her lips with one of those unexpected movements of hers and bestow a quick kiss upon the ruby. No one seemed to notice this strange gesture, which indeed was so managed as to have escaped any eye less keen than a lover's. What was the meaning of it? Almara's glance met mine! for a moment she seemed disconcerted, but the next moment laughed and said, saucily:

"Monsieur Campbell, do you know a cure for burnt fingers?"

The next day at noon the last sitting was over. I sat alone in the *atelier*, adding the finishing touches to the portrait. At four o'clock, the whole party, not forgetting Jeff, were to be present for the "private view."

No one, not even Almara, had thus far been permitted to see the picture; and as for my Boston friend, I had not suffered him even to be present at any of the sittings. Besides that, the little man had a disturbing effect upon me; I wished these hours to be as far as possible sacred to my sitter and myself—oases of serene communion, uninvaded by Bostonian ineptitudes. On the other hand, I must plead guilty to having used Jeff (or allowed Almara to use him), outside the studio, in a manner perhaps inconsistent with the strict loyalty of friendship.

No definite words had passed between her and me on the subject, but, by a tacit agreement, the unsuspecting poet was made to do duty as a blind.

About half an hour before the time appointed for receiving my visitors, there was a knock at my door, and Jeff came in. He was as neat, complacent and pretty as a miniature on ivory. I had just put the last touch to the canvas, and was standing back in thoughtful contemplation of the work.

"Well, how do you like it?" I asked him, after the first words.

"Campbell, I am almost satisfied; and that, from me, is the highest eulogy that can be bestowed upon you."

"You never told me that you were the final umpire in art criticism."

"Oh, I only pretend to be the final umpire on the subject of Almara."

"Come, Jeff, let this farce have an end," said I, laying my hand kindly on his shoulder. "From this hour you must give up your pretensions in that quarter. To use the homely phrase, the Countess Almara is meat for—well, let us say, for your elders."

"Oh, my dear fellow, not at all; we suit each other perfectly. But I knew we should; you remember my telling you so? I should think you would have noticed it this week past, yourself."

"What I have noticed, my poor Jeff, has caused me more than one twinge of conscience. You must try and forgive me. The fact is, the Countess Almara and I——"

The poet interrupted me with a harsh laugh.

"Twinge of conscience, did you say? Twinge of jealousy, you mean. My dear old Campbell, if I have anything to forgive, I forgive it with all my heart. But my object in coming here so early was to ask you to forgive me."

"Ah, I fancy I understand you, and I admit having thought you rather reprehensible on that score. Considering that your father made that provisional arrangement regarding your income in case you thwarted his wishes——"

"Yes, but that was only in case I——"

"In case you married any one but the lady he had selected for you. Exactly. And you decided that you preferred the countess to the income."

"Really, you are mistaken, Campbell. I have no idea of risking my income. I know the value of money."

"All I was going to say was that you have not been acting quite ingenuously toward the Count and Countess Semaroff, not to speak of their daughter. They look upon you as a young gentleman able to dispose of ten thousand pounds a year. Now, if you had proposed to them for her hand without letting them know——"

"Proposed to them for it? But, my dear Campbell, that was all settled from the beginning."

"Do you mean to say they have admitted you as a suitor?"

"Why, what else could I mean?"

"And you omitted to tell them that, in case you married her, you would have but three hundred pounds income?"

"Indeed, I told them nothing of the sort. Why should I?"

"Because an honest man in your place would have told them," I replied, coldly. "You are sailing under false colors. You are giving yourself out to be a millionaire, when you have only the salary of a clerk."

"But isn't a clerk with ten thousand a year a pretty decent millionaire?"

"But you will have ten thousand a year only as long as you are unmarried."

"That is so far the case that, after I'm married, I shall have twenty thousand a year—my wife's income added to my own."

"Well, Montgomery, I don't care to beat about the bush with you. If you can reconcile your conduct with your own code of honesty, it's no concern of mine. But, as regards the Countess Almara—I am going to marry her myself."

"You! Oh, you are joking?"

"I have loved her from the first. She loves me——"

"Oh, I say! Ha, ha, ha! Has she told you so?"

"We have not openly declared ourselves in so many words—you are welcome to whatever consolation that may afford you—but there are other means of coming to an understanding than by words."

"Well, that is true, at any rate. It is for that I came to ask your pardon, Campbell. But, really, was it not in great measure your own fault?"

"Upon my word, Montgomery, I fail to catch your drift."

"Well, the long and short of it is, she's been flirting with you."

"With me? You surprise me!"

"You see, she didn't want you to suspect our engagement. You remember that first conversation you had with her, when she made those allusions to my height, and said she hated Americans, and so on?"

I made a sign of assent.

"When she said those absurd things, though only in fun, she did not know that I was her intended; and when, a few hours later, we found each other out, she naturally felt annoyed at having spoken of me to a stranger in such terms. You understand?"

"Pray go on," I said, taking up my palette and brushes and standing before the canvas, so that my face was turned from the speaker.

"So she begged her mother and me not to let you suspect; and the more thoroughly to lull your suspicions (and also because the girl is a born flirt, as all feminine women are) she—just—you know what—made love to you in a mild way, I suppose."

Jeff paused.

"The man is mad—raving mad!" I muttered, still making pretense of retouching my background. Jeff flowed on:

"Of course a man like you, a man of the world, a great artist, and getting on in the forties—of course, I knew you'd only be amused, and would take nothing seriously; and you know you scoffed at the notion of matrimony when I asked you about it. But still, she can be so attractive when she chooses, that latterly I began to fear you might be the least bit fetched, after all. I told Allie I'd never forgive her if it turned out so."

"Told—*who?*"

"Allie—Almara, you know. We always called each other 'Allie' and 'Jeffie' in our letters."

"Letters? You corresponded, then?"

"Regularly—for the last five years."

"I see; and—and so it's been a settled thing—but—is this your first meeting?"

"Yes, and that is what made it so amusing. It had been arranged, you know, that I was to meet them in Paris on the 20th——"

"Meet whom? You must excuse me, but you have such an unsystematic way of imparting your information. I'm a bit confused."

"To meet the Semaroffs. The count is the Russian commissioner with whom we are in treaty about the cigarette holders. We were to be formally betrothed in Paris, Allie and I——"

"Would you mind calling her the Countess Almara, in speaking of her to me? I—I have unpleasant associations with the other name. Go on."

"The point is that, happening to stop here on my way, I was a good deal taken with the 'beautiful pagan,' without, of course, knowing who she was; and I might have made myself very unhappy about her if it hadn't been for you."

"Eh?"

"Yes, a fact. The first I knew of my pagan maid being one and the same with Allie—Countess, I mean—was your mentioning her name to me that first day at breakfast. Don't you remember my remarking how strangely things came out? It was accident our both happening to be here, but it was you who made us known to each other. Wasn't it curious?"

"Very curious, very amusing, the whole thing—ha, ha! And so that story about the three hundred a year was—part of your poem, I suppose?"

"Not at all. But the Countess Almara being my papa's selection, I risked nothing in marrying her. I tried to explain it to you at the time, but you pitched into me so, and insisted upon my leaving her and marrying somebody else, that at last, just for the fun of the thing, I allowed you to believe that I was really as great a fool as you took me for."

Hereupon ensued a pause of some minutes. Jeff, I believe, lit a cigarette. What I did, I have no recollection; but I must have remained standing before the easel. At length I felt that Jeff was standing behind me.

"It couldn't be better, really," he said. "They'll like it so much at home."

"Beg pardon?"

"It's to go to Boston, you know, to give papa and mamma an idea of how their daughter-in-law looks. Ah, you've put in the ring, too! I'm glad of that. Handsome ruby, isn't it?"

"An antique. Such rings are not made nowadays."

"Except by Tiffany; he manufactures them after the antique models. I got this at his store in New York six months ago, and paid fifteen hundred dollars for it. By-the-way, my dear Campbell, how much will this sketch be?"

"Hum, let me see. How long have I been over it?"

"Just six days."

"Well, then, I'll let it go for six thousand pounds. I don't care to make money out of friends!"

The smoke of Jeff's cigarette got into his windpipe; and while he was coughing the door opened, and the two countesses, followed by the count, came in.

After the portrait had been criticized and the compliments exchanged, I drew near to Almara, who was standing apart from the others, near the easel.

"Countess, permit my congratulations?"

There was a slight, involuntary quivering of the eyebrows and of the corner of the mouth, and she kept her eyes upon the portrait as she said, in a low tone:

"You know it, then?"

"Your future husband has just told me."

She shifted her position a little, and began to blush, slowly.

"I have included a portrait of the ruby, you observe," I went on. "Are you satisfied with it?"

"Very well—excellent," she said, mechanically.

"I was not sure whether you might prefer to have it omitted. That evening on the beach, you remember, you seemed to wish it out of the way. I will conjure it away even now, if you say the word;" and I took up the palette and brushes.

There was a pause; she understood me; the color gradually left her face, which she still kept averted. At length, with a perceptible effort, she said:

"It had better remain."

"I think so too," I said, laying down the palette. The company was now prepared to depart.

"Before you go, countess, I wish—merely out of curiosity—that you would tell me one thing."

"Well, monsieur?"

"Are you an angel, or a devil?"

Then at last she raised her face, pale as marble, and her black eyes met mine in a quiet, strange look. She shrugged her shoulders slightly.

"I know not—well, I am a woman. Adieu. You will not forget me." And there, at all events, she spoke no more than truth.

The modest price which I had put upon my portrait appeared to overtax the resources of Beacon Street, and the work remained upon my hands.

That night Madame Enault's chimney caught fire—an occurrence unprecedented in the middle of August. I explained that I had burnt up some rubbish, which had proved to be remarkably inflammable, and made the fullest apologies; but the good lady's nerves did not recover their tone until after the imbibition of tincture of argentum—a sound dose.

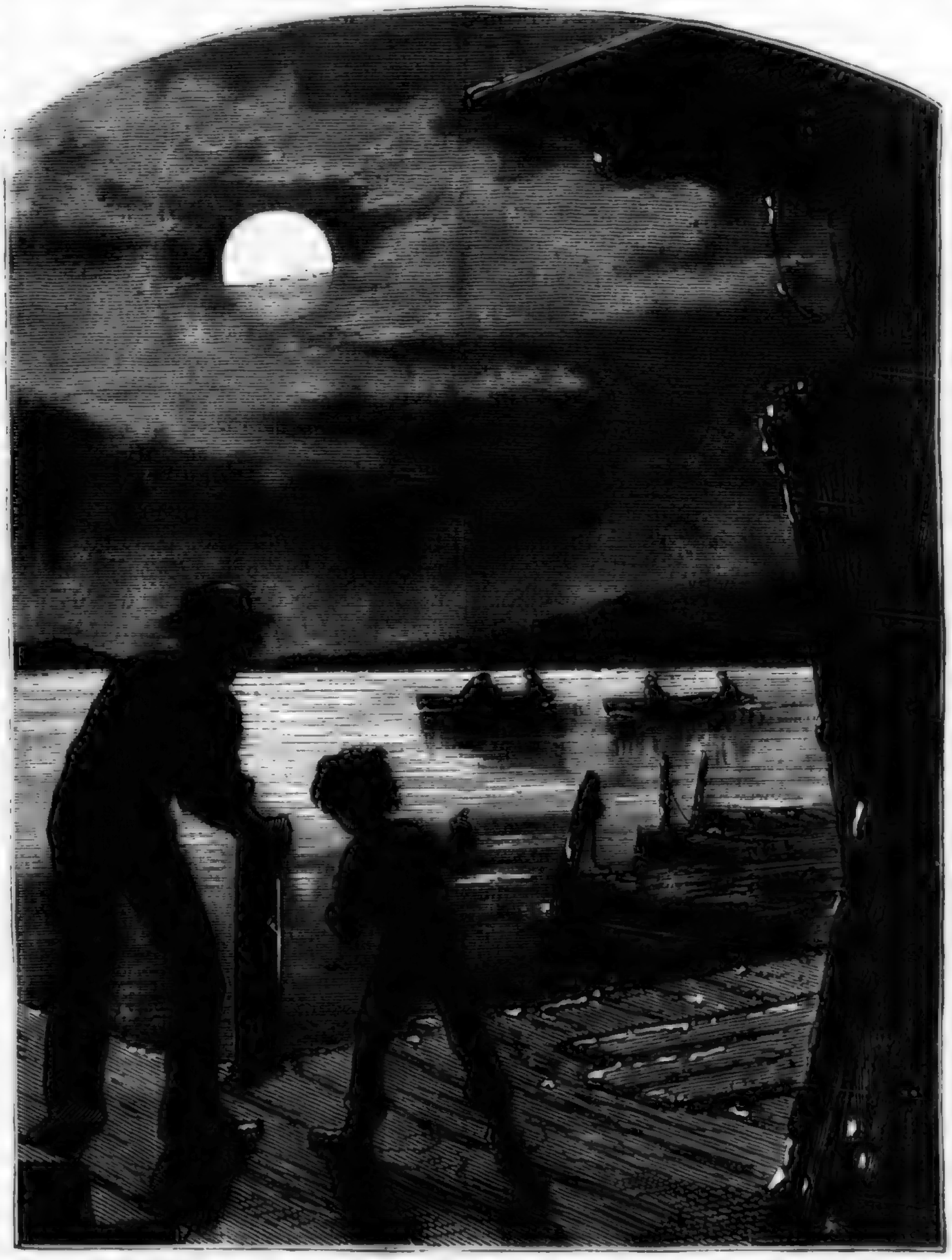
This, so far as I can recollect, was the last noticeable episode of my Summer holiday.

A TALE OF TWO TUBS.

Mr. Bill Topham lay dozing upon a bench in his boat-house, waiting for the customers who failed to be won by the liberal inducements recorded upon the signboard nailed over his door. This carefully worded advertisement announced in two brief paragraphs the nature and terms of his business:

"BOATES TO LET—25 CENTS THE HOUR."

That Mr. Topham had enjoyed a taste of seafaring life, no one who had ever read any of those exciting tales of Captain Marryat, so enchanting to the youthful mind, could fail to perceive.



A TALE OF TWO TUBS.—"'NOW!' AS THE WORDS LEFT HENDERSON'S LIPS THERE WAS A LITTLE MORE WEIGHT THROWN ON THE BEGINNING OF HIS STROKE, A QUICKENING OF THE RECOVER, AND THE 'DOLLY' DREW UP, HAND OVER HAND, ON THE LEADING BOAT."

His shirt was of the traditional navy-blue flannel, with sleeves rolled up to the elbow, displaying an elaborate piece of tattooing on the right arm representing an almost nude female—the figure done in red ink, the hair, mouth and eyes in blue. One foot was gracefully poised in the air, while the other rested on a globe bearing the inscription "Sweet William."

I am not prepared to say that this female was intended to represent Mr. Topham's lady-love, as the inscription would lead one to suppose, although the globe bearing his name and resting beneath her foot, might, indeed, be typical of his utter subjugation; yet, for the sake of his sweetheart's modesty and his own reputation as a married man and a father, *I* am inclined to hope that the portrait was merely a fancy sketch.

Mr. Topham, as I have said, lay dozing upon his back. His hands were clasped under his head, his legs carelessly crossed, and he rolled a generous quid from side to side of his mouth, occasionally stopping to vary the monotony of the situation by turning to expectorate, with admirable force and accuracy of aim, at a nail-head, which, projecting an inch or two from the floor, afforded an excellent mark for the display of his skill.

The tide had risen nearly to flood, and the slanting beams of the afternoon sun came dancing over the water and flickering in the face of the skipper, who began to shift uneasily under their glare.

A swallow glanced by the open door, twittering a loud rebuke at the sleeper's laziness; and a huge bluebottle-fly of inquiring disposition went rambling about the skipper's nose, until arrested in its course by a loud, impatient snore.

This last had the effect of arousing a boy of exceedingly frowsy appearance, who had been asleep on the other side of the boat-house, curled up on a coil of rope.

"Wake up, Bill!" said he of the frowsy head, as voices were heard out on the sands; "here they be!"

"'S fact, by gol!" said Bill, turning lazily to the door which faced the sands, and staring sleepily up the beach.

A gentleman with shawls and wraps on his arm, evidently prepared for a pull, was handing a dainty little lady across the planks to the boat-house.

"Arternoon, Mr. Henderson. Goin' to take a row, I s'pose, and want a good, even-pullin' boat, now, I'll 'low?" said the skipper.

"Yes," said the gentleman; "we want a light, easy-going boat."

"A light, easy-goin' boat," said the skipper, meditatively—"an' fast?"

"And fast."

"And comf'able fur ladies, I s'pose?"

"Yes, of course—I take two."

"An' rudder, an' rudder-lines fur ladies ter steer—takin' turns, off an' on?"

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"Yes, yes, Mr. Topham—rudder and lines, and all that; only be lively about it."

"Now wait a bit," said the skipper, with the air of a man not to be hurried in a moment of grave deliberation. "Le's see! He wants an easy-pullin' boat, *an'* fast, *an'* comfable fur ladies, *an'* rudder an' rudder-lines fur ladies ter steer, takin' turns off an' on. Why, then—Dick, give 'em the *Sylph!*"

He said this with such an air of relief, and such a clearing up of the lines of care on his face, that you would have thought the selection had to be made from a whole navy of row-boats; whereas, by actual count, his stock was limited to two—the *Sylph* and the *Dolly*.

The frowsy-headed boy brought round the *Sylph*, and moored her to the float.

"Ye gods! what a misnomer!" said the gentleman, when he saw the rounded outlines of the tub.

The frowsy-headed boy stared stupidly.

"We shall resemble the three wise men of Gotham," said the little lady, in a pleasant, flute-like treble, "when Miss Chester comes to fill out the trio. Ah! there she is, and Mr. Kent with her. Did you invite him to join us, Ted?"

"No!" said Ted, sharply.

Something in his voice, and the hostile stare with which he greeted the intruder, made the girl turn quickly toward her brother.

"Why, Ted," said she, in a low voice, "you don't *care?*"

"But I do, Nettie!" said he.

As he spoke, the approaching lady spied them, and, with a wave of her sunshade, came running down the narrow bridge to the float, disregarding her companion's proffered hand of assistance, and his warning cry, "Take care, Miss Chester!"

"My dearest Nettie," said she to the girl in the boat, "I must ask you to intercede for me with your brother. He looks so dreadfully savage already at my keeping him waiting, that I don't dare to plead my own cause. But seriously, I met Mr. Kent just out of the hotel, and when I told him of our proposed pull, he reminded me of a promise I made to go boating with *him* this afternoon. So you see I've got myself into a dreadful muddle, and must appeal to your brother's generosity. Won't you compromise, Mr. Henderson, and give Mr. Kent a place?"

"I'm very sorry to disappoint you, Miss Chester," said Henderson, stiffly; "but our boat won't carry four with any comfort. Of course, under the circumstances, your prior engagement holds good, and Mr. Kent, no doubt, will be able to get another boat. Shove off, will you?"

This last in a strange tone to the frowsy-headed boy.

Miss Chester walked back to her escort.

"What an ill-tempered brute that Henderson is!" said he.

Miss Chester shrugged her shoulders expressively, and then made a melodramatic gesture of despair.

"Rejected by the *Sylph's* party, I am left to your tender mercies, Mr. Kent. Fail me not, or I venture out alone, for I'm determined not to lose my row."

"I shall be only too delighted," said he, coloring with pleasure.

"Shall you?" said she. "Thank you. I was beginning to fear that you would throw me over after witnessing my humiliating rejection by the Hendersons. Am I such a bore?" and she shot him a dangerous glance from her soft brown eyes.

Kent started as if to make some reply, but checked himself, and turned to secure a boat.

He was a manly looking fellow—broad-shouldered, deep in the chest and thin in the flank; crisp brown hair, and a mouth which meant a little obstinacy and no end of endurance—rather grave when in repose, but a flash of ivory when opened in an infectious, and often a jolly, rollicking laugh. Rather over-sensitive, some of his cronies said, but generous, not only with his money, but with his time and comfort—a rare sort of generosity, which made him "the best fellow in the world to get along with." This to his friends. But men whom he disliked—and of these there were not a few—were not long in discovering his opinion of them.

"If Dick Kent don't like you," once said an observant member of his set, "he has a dooced ugly way of lifting his chin and looking near-sighted at you; sort of droops his eyelids and scowls while you're talking—beastly aggravating!"

A habit which prejudiced a great many against Master Dick.

Miss Chester watches him as he goes into the boat-house, with a curious look on her face. That she admires him, any one could see; more than that, any one would scarcely venture to assert.

She herself is a very striking-looking girl. I don't know that you would call her beautiful at first sight, though you certainly would after a day's acquaintance. And yet it isn't that her face is an animated one—indeed, there is no great variety of expression, nor is her conversation particularly enchanting. Her great charm—a rare one among our Manhattan belles—is repose of manner. There is a nameless something in her air and carriage which impresses you, before you have known her five minutes, with the idea that she couldn't make an ungraceful gesture or do anything unladylike, if she tried. You don't care to have her talk, nor do you wish to talk much to her; she captivates by a sweet repose, a sort of restful gravity and easy, sympathetic adaptation to her companion's mood.

This is her usual manner; but, once in a great while, if you are lucky enough to be with her at a moment of great excitement, then you'll see a transformation. The soft brown eyes flash, the bright-red under lip quivers, a vivid flush colors the softly tinted cheek, and perhaps extends to the delicately veined temple; and then, my dear fellow, unless you've a *very* strong head, you'll find yourself in a dangerous vicinity. I've known young men to lose their nerve at such a time. But that is neither here nor there. We're keeping Mr. Kent from selecting his craft.

A second time was Mr. Topham aroused from his slumbers, and again was the grave deliberation gone through with; once more did he have to scratch his head in puzzled contemplation, and finally announce in tones of triumph the result.

"It's a light boat yer want, an' easy, an' seats fur two, an' sculls fur one? Why, then, Dick, give them the *Dolly!*"

"All right, pap!" said the frowsy-headed boy, with filial respect awed into unwonted reverence by Miss Chester's presence. It was only on an occasional relapse into stiff politeness, and then for mere formality's sake, that he addressed his father as "pap." For all ordinary occasions he held to the simpler and more euphonious "Bill."

The *Dolly* was brought round, and Miss Chester helped carefully in; her wraps were settled carefully about her; the frowsy-headed boy pushed off, and a few powerful strokes took them far beyond the float. The frowsy-headed boy watched the rower with critical admiration.

"He's a sculler!" said he, in a commendatory tone; and with this brief note of approval retired to his coil.

The sun faded away, and after a little while the moon shone clear and lit up the water with her peaceful, dreamy

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light. The skipper snored musically in unison with the "swish" of the incoming waves; at measured intervals there came a somnolent grunt from the frowsy-headed boy, and even the sail-boats at anchor in the harbor seemed overcome by the general drowsiness, and nodded their mast-heads sleepily in the bay.

About two hours after he had lain down, the skipper was awakened by a noise out on the water; he could distinguish, by the clear moonlight, the two boats heading for the float. They were close together, and coming at a good pace. Something in their appearance caused the skipper to make a sudden exclamation, which aroused the frowsy-headed boy. Both ran out on the float to watch.

"It's a race!" said the frowsy-headed boy.

"The *Sylph's* ahead!" said the skipper.

"The *Dolly* will beat!" said the frowsy-headed boy.

"I'm not so sure!" said the skipper.

"*I* am!" said the frowsy-headed boy.

If they had been a little nearer the two boats, they might have overheard the following dialogues:

THE "SYLPH."

Lady (anxiously)—"Oh, Ted! I'm so afraid you'll hurt yourself. You're pale already!"

Gentleman (in a low voice, breathing hard)—"Hush, Nettie! I *must* get in ahead of that Kent! Curse him! he's beaten me once to-day."

Lady—"Oh, Ted, Ted, take care!"

THE "DOLLY."

Lady (excitedly)—"They're only a length ahead. You *must* beat that Mr. Henderson! Faster—faster!"

(No reply from the gentleman.)

Lady (still more excited)—"Do you hear, Mr. Kent? I shall die of mortification if they beat us! Why don't you row faster!"

Gentleman (calmly)—"Wait."

Lady (wild with excitement)—"But he's rowing faster than you. There—there, I thought so! Oh, dear—oh, dear! They're gaining—they're gaining!"

Gentleman (glancing over his shoulder)—"Now!"

As the word left his lips there was a little more weight thrown on the beginning of his stroke, an almost imperceptible quickening of the recover, and the *Dolly* drew up, hand over hand, on the leading boat, lapped her, drew even, and then shot in ahead.

"Didn't I say he was a sculler?" said the frowsy-headed boy, with pardonable pride at this proof of his judgment.

He ran to aid the victor in landing; the vanquished, he thought, could take care of himself.

"How splendidly you pulled, Mr. Kent!" said Miss Chester, "and how silly of me to doubt your skill!"

Kent smiled at her enthusiasm, and was inwardly delighted with it.

"I'm so grateful to you for winning!" said she; "what prize will the victor name?"

Kent colored to his temples, and, bending over her, said something in a low tone which made her flush in her turn with wonder and surprise.

She made an attempt to speak, but the words seemed to fail her; and when he had handed her out of the boat and along the bridge from the float to the boat-house, she walked by his side in silence, avoiding his eyes.

Kent left her and went back for the wraps, glowing with good-humor at his success. He passed Miss Henderson on the bridge, and seeing her brother standing on the float, walked up to him, saying:

"Wasn't that a jolly race, Henderson? I tell you what it is: I thought you had me at one time. See here, don't you think you pull too quick a stroke, and hurry too much on the recover—that is, for racing?"

Henderson turned round on him with an ugly look on his face.

"Mr. Kent," said he, "when I need your services as *professional coach*, I will let you know; until then, please keep your criticisms to yourself!"

Kent looked at him a moment with compressed lips, and then boiled over.

"Henderson," said he, "I didn't think you were such an ill-bred ass! This is the second time you've acted like a fool to-day. On the first occasion you only hurt yourself; this time it concerns me, and I warn you that I won't stand it much longer. I heard the remark you made to Willis and De Lancy as I passed you on the promenade last evening; I know you intended me to overhear; and I tell you this thing has got to be stopped, or your insolence shall be chastised as publicly as it deserves. You understand me, you impudent—ah!"

As he was speaking, Henderson struck him full in the face. Kent sprang at him, white with fury, caught him with a rush fairly under the chin, and sent him spinning off the float into the water.

There was a shout of laughter from the "muckers" and fishermen who had collected at the sounds of the fight when he came up, gurgling and splashing, throwing his arms in every direction.

"Coom ashore, lad, an' 'ave anuther round!" shouted a huge, red-faced English fisherman.

The crowd yelled with delight, but the man in the water did not seem disposed to accept the invitation: he gurgled and splashed, and his head went under again. When he came up, his eyes were staring wildly and his arms going like a windmill.

"I doubt yon chap can swim," said the English fisherman. "Tide's turned, an' he's driftin', sure!"

"'S fact, by Jove!" said the skipper. "Run, Dick, fur the rope! in the corner by the nets!"

The big fisherman kicked off his boots and threw aside his reefing-jacket; but there was a splash in the water before him, and a strong swimmer was striking out for the drowning man. It was Kent.

He soon reached Henderson's side, and, grasping him by the collar with his left hand, turned on his side to swim back to the float. Henderson clutched him convulsively by the left knee.

"Let go your hold!" shouted Kent, struggling to get free. "You'll drown us both!"

But Henderson clung to him with all a drowning man's strength. Kent turned on his back, put his right foot on Henderson's chest, close to the neck, and with a mighty thrust from the loin, like the action of a hurdle-racer taking a high leap, wrenched himself free, and, tearing the boating handkerchief from his neck, threw the knotted end to Henderson, crying: "Catch hold!"

Henderson managed to grasp it, and Kent, now out of the other's reach, turned on his side and struck out for the float, swimming with both legs and his right arm. But at every stroke Henderson's head went under, though he clung to the handkerchief like grim death.

Meanwhile the English fisherman had caught up a rope, and was swimming out to them with one end in his hand. By his aid Kent soon got the now insensible Henderson up on the float and laid him on his face, resting the brow on the right forearm.

"Stand aside and give him air!" he called to the crowd. Then he made two of them pull off Henderson's shoes and chafe his feet, while he worked upon his chest in such a way as to create a slight artificial respiration.

This soon had the desired effect. There was a faint, fluttering breath, and then a long-drawn sigh.

"Has anybody got any brandy?" asked Kent.

"Run, Dick!" said the skipper, "up to the house—quick with ye!"

"But there ain't none there," said the frowsy-headed boy. "Marm said the last was gone this mornin'."

"Ye'll find some in a case-bottle under the bed," said the skipper, with something like a knowing twinkle in his left eye. "Quick, now!"

The frowsy-headed boy shot off, and was back in a jiffy with the liquor.

Henderson very soon came to. He opened his eyes, and tried to sit up. Kent supported him with his arm, and gave him a taste of the brandy, which he swallowed with an effort, and then looked about him. When he caught Kent's eye, and saw who was supporting him, he gave a half-sigh, half-groan, and put his hands up to his face. Kent signaled to two of the bystanders.

"Help him up to the hotel," said he, in a whisper, "and get him into a warm bed as soon as possible. I will follow with the ladies."

They helped Henderson to his feet, and walked him slowly up to the hotel. Kent started to find the ladies.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.—SEE POEM ON PAGE 738.

"Take a pull at the spirits, surr," said the English fisherman, who had already been tasting the skipper's brandy; "it'll take the chill off ye. The ladies 'ave gone up long ago with a strange gent."

Kent took a swallow, and then ran up to the hotel to change his clothes. It was late that night before he got to sleep. He lay awake, thinking over the events of the day, the boat-race, his trouble with Henderson and its dramatic *dénouement*, but principally of Miss Chester and the few words he had whispered in her ear. What made her look at him in that frightened sort of way? Was she surprised? No; surely she must have seen long before this. At any rate, he would speak again the next day. But she was going away in the morning stage! Then he would be up early to see her off and get a few words with her before she left. With this determination he fell asleep.

At the ringing of the first bell he rose and went down to the office.

"Has Miss Chester gone in to breakfast yet?" he asked of the clerk at the desk.

"Miss Chester? Gone an hour ago—left by an early stage. Gentleman came last night for her and her aunt. John" (to a waiter who was passing), "brandy-and-soda to 37, for Mr. Harding. Ah! stop a minute, Mr. Kent; here's a note for you," handing it over the desk. Kent opened it and read:

"My Dear Mr. Kent: I was so surprised and grieved at what you said to me last evening, that I could scarcely believe you were in earnest.

"I thought, of course, you knew of my engagement to Dr. Winthrop—the gentleman who takes me away to-day. Forgive me, if I have unwittingly deceived you.

"Yours, truly,

"C. Chester."

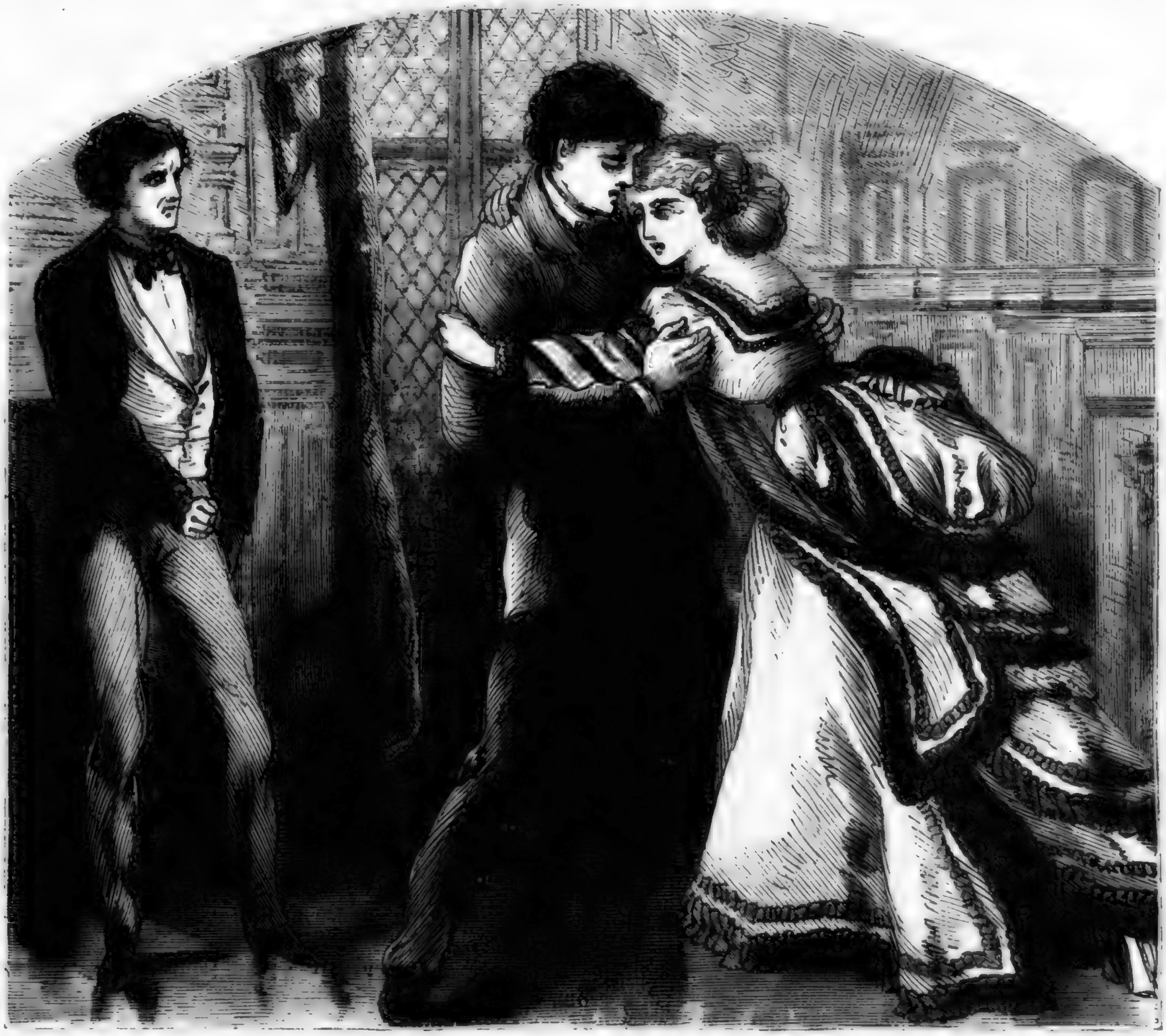
And that was all!

He had finished reading, and was quietly folding the note, when Henderson came into the room. His face was pale, and his eyes had a troubled look; but he walked straight up to Kent and extended his hand.

"Mr. Kent," said he, in a low, broken voice, "I was a jealous brute to quarrel with you yesterday, and your generous bravery shows you are far worthier her——"

"Hush!" said Kent, quietly. "I fancy all cause for our quarreling is removed." Then he handed him the note, and went quickly out of the room.

Harsh words and harsh requirements have many a time alienated a child's feelings and crushed out all love of home.



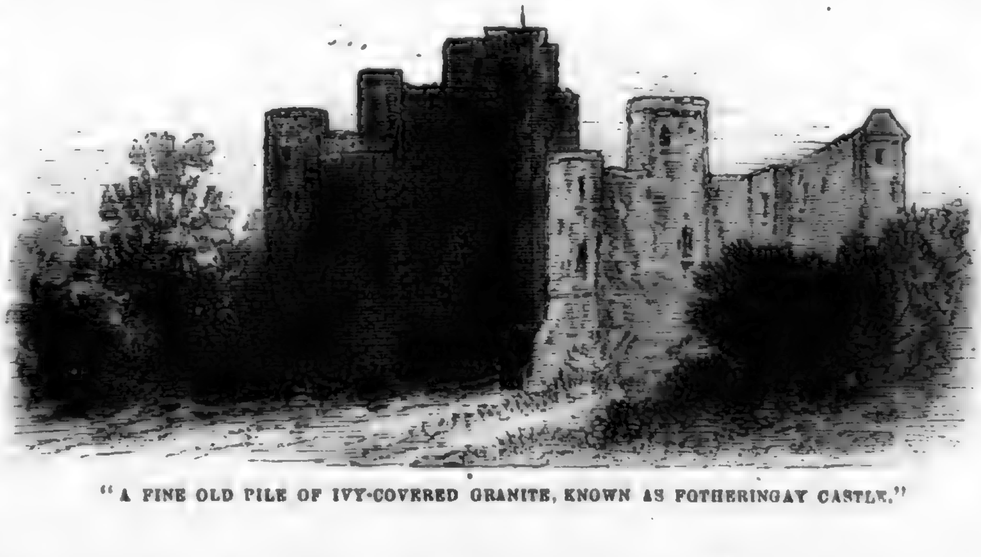
THE FOTHERINGAY DUEL.—"CATCHING HER IN HIS ARMS, HE KISSED HER PASSIONATELY, WHILE SHE CLUNG TO HIM AS SHE HAD NEVER CLUNG TO HER MISERABLE HUSBAND."

THE FOTHERINGAY DUEL.

Some hundred odd years ago there stood—perhaps still stands—in the heart of one of the prettiest of England's lowland counties, a fine old pile of ivy-covered granite, known as Fotheringay Castle.

At the date of which I write, it had just undergone a complete remodeling; had been refurnished and redecorated, and now, in more stately magnificence than it had ever before boasted, opened wide its gates to receive home its young master, and the lovely bride to whom, three months before, he had been wedded. With proud, exultant face, Sir Arnold Fotheringay entered the home of his fathers, with his wife upon his arm. The welcoming crowd of servants, some of whom had grown gray in his own and his father's service, fell back respectfully as he advanced, yet turned upon him and the lady, to whom as a gracious mistress he commended them, their honest, eager faces radiant with good-will and unspoken congratulations.

By her own request, Lady Fotheringay was conducted at once to her apartment, where Sir Arnold left her, he himself at once returning to the lower rooms, that he might renew acquaintance with such members of his family as he had not yet seen since his return.



"A FINE OLD PILE OF IVY-COVERED GRANITE, KNOWN AS FOTHERINGAY CASTLE."

Despite his lofty name and high position, Arnold Fotheringay was still a boy in heart, nor was he, indeed, much more in years. His twenty-second birthday had been only a few months passed when Adelaide von Walstein became his wife. He was a handsome, well-grown young fellow, kind and honest-looking, despite his swarthy skin and fierce black eyes; possessed, beyond a doubt, of strong passions and a reckless, headstrong will, yet, withal, generous and affectionate; a kind master, a loyal, steadfast friend.

As he passed now from hall to hall amid his numerous retainers, he met the honest, friendly faces that smiled a welcome upon him from every side, with words of kindly courtesy, and with well-pleased face, upon which the boyish flush, so easily aroused, more than once appeared.

He stood now by a wide, low entrance, opening directly upon the courtyard of the castle.

"I want to take a look at some of my four-legged friends before dinner," he said, addressing a slim, gayly-dressed man, whose shaven face and close-cropped red head smacked strongly of the stables. "The horses are all right, are they?"

"Right as a trevet, Sir Arnold; her ladyship may mount Queenie to-morrow, if she chooses. Mayn't I go with you, Sir Arnold?"

"By no means," replied the young baronet, good-humoredly. "I will take counsel of my own eyes and judgment before I consult yours. I have only time for a passing glance to-night, and you shall do the honors at your leisure to-morrow."

The man bowed and drew back, and alone Sir Arnold left the castle. He had approached within full view of the stables, when from one of them there issued a man who, with step light and easy as Sir Arnold's own, crossed the yard and advanced toward him.

At first sight of that tall, commanding figure, with its careless, graceful tread, Sir Arnold halted in his own advance, while an undisguisable start proclaimed that he recognized—and with no pleasurable feelings—the individual approaching.

After a moment's pause he resumed his walk, but his slackened, hesitating step betrayed how complete a change this unexpected incident had wrought in his feelings. The two continued to advance, and at last stood face to face. Then could plainly be seen, from the strong likeness between them, that they were of the same blood, and probably as much alike in temperament and disposition as they were in face.

The newcomer appeared to be some years Sir Arnold's senior, and he was a taller and, undoubtedly, handsomer man than the young baronet. He was the first to speak.

"Welcome home, Sir Arnold. I trust I am not the last to utter my congratulations?"

Sir Arnold had half extended his hand, but, noticing that his companion's was withheld, he drew back hastily, while, with some irritation in his voice, he said:

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Reginald. Of all men, you are the last whom I expected to see this day. What brings you here?"

"Perhaps a longing to abide in the only home I have ever known, and from whence, thanks to your father's will, you have no power to eject me. Fortunately, no expectation of receiving a welcome from its master accompanied that longing. I see it would have been doomed to disappointment had it done so."

"Nonsense!" returned the other, testily. "The claim you are so keen to refer to, of course, does away with any necessity of formal greeting from me. You are here, not as my guest, but as one whose right is indisputable as my own. I can but admit, however, that I should have liked it better had you timed your visit more discreetly. You are aware of my marriage?"

The question was asked in a slow, reluctant voice, while the speaker's face grew crimson to the roots of his hair, and his eyes were resolutely averted from those of his companion. The latter only answered quietly—too quietly, perhaps: "I am very well aware of it, Sir Arnold."

The baronet drew himself up haughtily.

"Then I repeat, Cousin Reginald, since plain speaking seems to be the order of the day, your presence in my house, at this time, is neither delicate nor friendly."

Reginald broke into a loud, discordant laugh.

"What bug-a-boo has scared you now? Think you your possible heir attaches himself to you on murderous deeds intent? or is it, rather, that the happy bridegroom fears for the peace of mind of his loyal spouse, thus brought into dangerous contact with her jilted lover? Speak out, Arnold; is it fear, or jealousy?"

"Neither the one nor the other, as you know right well, Reginald Fotheringay," retorted Sir Arnold, angrily. "Friends, I suppose, you and I can never be, though I, for one, am heartily willing to bury the hatchet, and join hands with you in brotherly trust and affection. Spare me that sneer. I am as well aware as yourself that such an event is little likely to come to pass; but, though I cannot love you, I do not doubt, much less fear, you. You are a Fotheringay and a gentleman, and I shall be the last to dispute your claim to either title. As to the other weakness with which you charge me, be good enough to remember that Adelaide von Walstein is now my wife. It is quite impossible that I should insult her by being jealous of any man."

"Your wife—ay, your wife!" muttered the other, between his tight-set teeth. "Keep her, Arnold, keep her; you have no need for jealousy. Neither I nor any other man will grudge you possession of the prize you have won—the fair, false devil!"

With irrepressible rage the young husband sprang at him, but Reginald Fotheringay caught the uplifted arm in a strong grasp ere it could descend.

"Tut, tut, man, this is folly!" he said, in a more amicable voice than he had yet used. "Let us not renew in manhood the childish altercations that enlivened our youth. Regard my rash words rather as a proof of how little cause you have for uneasiness during my vicinity to your fair bride. I have proved her false, if you have not, and a false woman can never hold a place in the heart of Reginald Fotheringay. There is surely nothing in this fact that we need quarrel over, however. As you have yourself declared, there can never be friendship between us; but, Arnold, I mean what I say when I tell you that I shall be glad if there may be peace."

"It must be a peace, then, which shall curb your insolence. I will not be bearded in my own house by one who——"

He stopped abruptly, perhaps ashamed of the taunt he had been about to utter. Reginald making no reply to the interrupted sentence, the two walked silently toward the castle, the time which had elapsed during the interview rendering impracticable the visit to the stables which Sir Arnold had contemplated.

A hasty inquiry, as they entered, gained for him the information that Lady Fotheringay had descended to the drawing-room, and only waited her husband's return to order dinner.

"Will you go with me now to Lady Fotheringay?" asked Sir Arnold, in a voice plainly indicative of his wish that his companion should decline the invitation.

But Reginald bowed an unhesitating assent, and seeing no way of avoiding the interview for which he would fain have prepared his wife, Sir Arnold led the way to the drawing-room.

It was a frosty evening in October. A cheerful fire blazed upon the hearth as they entered, and near it, buried in the depths of a vast armchair, sat the mistress of the mansion. The footsteps betraying that her husband was not alone, she raised her head quickly as the two men drew near, and thus, unexpectedly, was she brought face to face with Reginald Fotheringay.

The suddenness of the event utterly overthrew her self-control.

"Rex!" she cried, in a half-frightened voice, her face growing in a moment absolutely colorless.

Save by the mocking smile that curved for a moment Mr. Fotheringay's handsome mouth, he took no notice of her agitation.

"Will Lady Fotheringay accept, upon this auspicious occasion, the congratulations of her most humble kinsman? Late in the day, perhaps, to offer them, but I flatter myself they will be none the less acceptable on that account."

His words and manner were courteous, but the sneer was undisguisable. In a moment Adelaide was herself again.

"Thanks, Mr. Fotheringay," she replied, haughtily. "I cannot but be pleased that you should wish well to me and mine."

Dinner was at the moment announced, and, in rather a hesitating manner, Reginald offered her his arm. Without appearing to notice his action, Lady Fotheringay turned to her husband.

"Will you give me your arm, Sir Arnold?" she said, pointedly; and, flushing high with delight and exultation, Sir Arnold obeyed.

Again that derisive smile flitted over Mr. Fotheringay's face, and, with a bow much lower than the occasion called for, he fell behind the others.

"She has a conscience yet," he muttered.

The fit of absent-mindedness into which this conclusion threw him was not dispelled until some time after they had taken their seats at the table. It was first the almost insolent gayety of the lady, afterward the unnatural talkativeness of her husband, that awakened his attention. Adelaide seemed really desirous that the conversation should resume the tone of scarcely suppressed belligerence it had borne in the drawing-room, while Sir Arnold was evidently more than equally determined that it should not do so. Every word, every accent, every turn of the conversation that could tend to anything personal in the past life either of himself or his companions, he literally pushed aside by the incessant stream of lively, inconsequent talk that flowed from his lips. With an energy that his companions unwittingly yielded to, he led their thoughts into the channels of general conversation, and strove, for some time successfully, to guard every point at which they might be turned aside. His own unwary tongue at last brought about the result he had fought against.

His wife had been giving a long and brilliant account of the different picture-galleries they had visited during their bridal tour, a subject so innocent that Sir Arnold thought himself perfectly safe in encouraging it; with which intent he had taken advantage of a pause in her narration to interpolate:

"Be accurate, Adelaide, or your description is valueless. It was at the Louvre, not the Luxembourg, we saw the Maria de Medici series. Don't you remember? We saw them the day we met De Boville and his friends?"

Scarcely were the words uttered, when Sir Arnold's face turned scarlet, and he cast a hasty, half-frightened look from his wife to his cousin, as if hoping his words had been unnoticed by them. This hope was a vain one, however; Reginald had caught the words, and turned eagerly toward him.

"De Boville? Did you meet De Boville in Paris? Was Lady Clarice with him?"

"What Lady Clarice?" cried Adelaide, sharply. And the first smile which had illumined Reginald's face since his meeting with his cousin brightened it now, as he answered:

"Lady Clarice Snowden that was, Lady Clarice de Boville that is; can it be possible that Arnold has failed to tell you of the romantic wedding in which I bore so prominent a part?"

Sir Arnold's face was pitiful to behold; he made an attempt to stammer forth a jesting evasion, but his wife gave him no opportunity to do so. She turned a white, agonized face upon Reginald.

"Tell me," she said, in a voice utterly unlike her own, "*is* Lady Clarice Snowden the wife of George de Boville? and does Arnold know her to be so?"

"Certainly!" replied Reginald, gazing uneasily at the agitated face of the lady, and the guilty one of her husband. "Lady Clarice became De Boville's wife about the time I went to Rome; indeed, we traveled from Dover to Calais in company. The wedding was a strictly private one, but I wrote a full account of it to Arnold, from Paris. Did you not receive my letter?"

And he turned upon his cousin his keen, searching eyes, which, though puzzled, seemed to defy deception.

Whatever trouble it had been that Sir Arnold feared, he seemed now resolved to brave it out.

"I received the letter," he said, haughtily, "but I did not see fit to make its contents public. Lady Fotheringay, Jervis is waiting to remove your plate."

The pointed allusion to the presence of the servants served to call the lady to some semblance of self-possession; save in the glittering blue eyes she turned upon her husband, no unseemly emotion was betrayed by her, as she asked:

"When did you receive that letter, Sir Arnold?"

His eyes gazed defiantly back into hers.

"One week before our wedding-day," he replied, slowly. And then he fairly shivered under the cold, wrathful gleam those blue eyes cast upon him.

Stern etiquette, however, forced into a surface-peace the turbulent elements which had thus suddenly arisen; nothing further was said upon the subject, and shortly afterward Lady Fotheringay quitted the table.

In passing Reginald she cast upon him a glance so full of passionate anguish, of mingled deprecation and entreaty, that the half-formed suspicion which had arisen in his bosom was confirmed, and he determined to exact from her, upon the first opportunity, that explanation of the past which he had hitherto been painfully anxious to avoid. How or why, he could not see, yet he was confident that some treachery to him was concealed beneath Sir Arnold's strange conduct. An immediate interview with Lady Fotheringay was his mental determination, and, as if that determination had been guessed at by Sir Arnold, every obstacle that could prevent it was thrown in his way.

Together the two men left the dining-room, together entered the apartment wherein Lady Fotheringay awaited them; nor throughout the evening could Reginald either find or make any opportunity to make known his wishes to the lady. He could not but fancy, however, that Adelaide understood and endeavored to forward his purpose, and all

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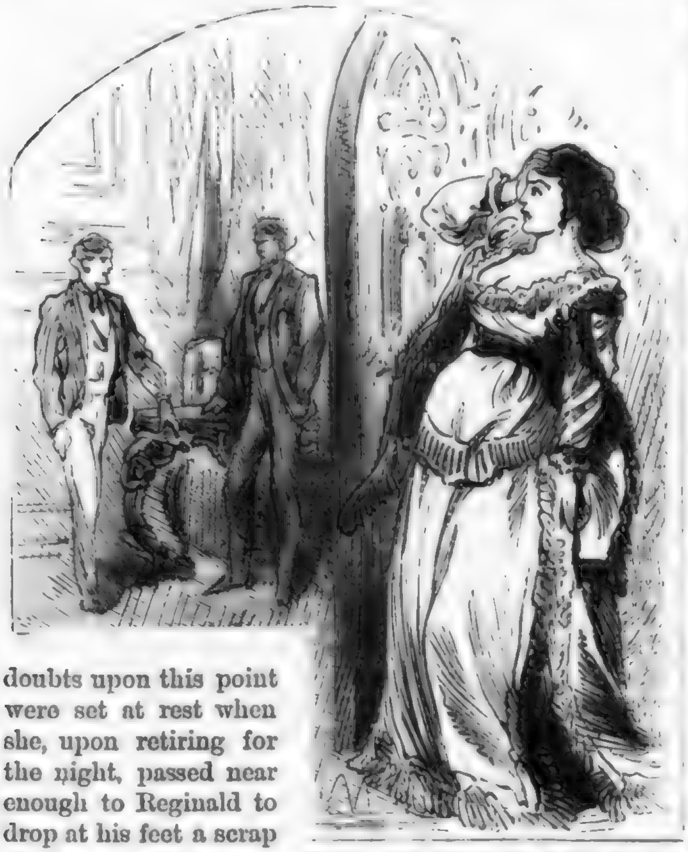


"ADELAIDE, SHIVERING WITH TERROR, SAW THE PALE BLUE GLEAM OF GLISTENING STEEL."

doubts upon this point were set at rest when she, upon retiring for the night, passed near enough to Reginald to drop at his feet a scrap of paper, which, unnoticed by Sir Arnold, he secured.

Opportunity to read it was not now hard to find; his wife having left them, Sir Arnold ceased to maintain any surveillance over his cousin, and eagerly opening the note, Reginald read as follows:

> "I cannot sleep until I have spoken to you—alone. I will return to the drawing-room when I can do so unperceived. For God's sake, Reginald, meet or await me there!"

That was all; neither signature nor address; yet Reginald's heart throbbed as it had not done since Adelaide von Walstein, his own betrothed, had clung to him in unavailing grief at their parting, six months before.

What did it all mean? Was it possible that she was less false, less heartless, than he had believed her? Could Arnold—but, no; he checked the thought in its birth; enemies as they were—as they had been from their earliest youth—Arnold was, as he had said of Reginald, a Fotheringay and a gentleman; a dishonorable, an untruthful act was impossible to him. It was all a mystery, but its solution would surely be found in this midnight interview his cousin's wife was about to accord him.

Parting with Arnold at the foot of the staircase, with scarcely a passing scruple Reginald returned to the appointed rendezvous; of the wisdom, to say nothing of the propriety, of his contemplated *tête-à-tête*, his conscience did not fail to whisper doubts, but they were unceremoniously stifled in their birth.

Ordinary rules could not govern a case like this—so he argued; if Adelaide was the wife of his cousin now, she had been his own betrothed when last they met, and whoever was to blame, he had been injured most cruelly by the marriage, and an explanation was most assuredly his due.

Yes! he would see her, if only to tell her how utterly, how entirely he despised her; and then he would renounce the foolish intention he had formed of revenging himself upon them by the constant torment of his presence; he would leave the redressing of his wrongs to a higher Power, and, bidding farewell for ever to the two beings who had caused him so much misery, he would return to Germany, and bury himself for the remainder of his life among the books which were now his only friends.

The tiny French clock that stood over the fireplace had just chimed the hour of one, when a light footstep and the rustling a woman's dress betrayed to Reginald the approach of the lady whose pleasure he awaited. He rose from his chair, and with grave, courteous mien stood before her as she advanced. When he gazed upon her confused and agitated face, and met the frightened, deprecating glance of the large blue eyes he had once so dearly loved, imperfectly though he understood the reason of her presence here, he yet felt instinctively that the position was one against which her delicacy revolted, and the natural kindliness of his nature overcame the bitterness which had lately filled his heart against her.

"Will you be seated, Lady Fotheringay?" he said, gently.

She gazed at him speechlessly for a moment, then, "Oh, Rex!" she gasped, and burst into tears.

He silently handed her to a chair, into which she sank, while he remained standing by her side.

"What must you think of me?" she sobbed; "what have you thought of me? And yet, oh, Rex, I have not been quite so heartless, so fickle, as I have appeared!"

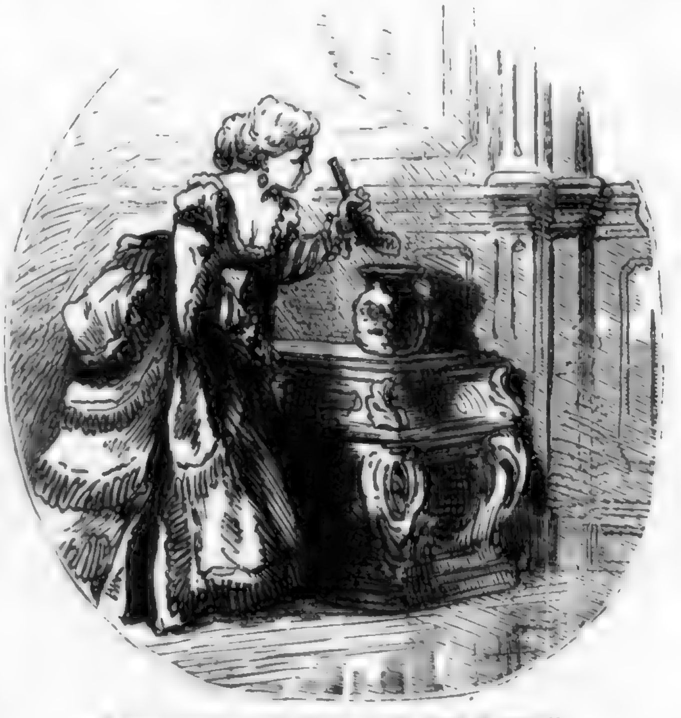
She raised her eyes timidly to his; he was very pale, and still spoke not a word, but his eager, questioning eyes seemed almost to force from her the explanation she longed yet feared to utter.

"I thought you false," she murmured. "They told me you were married to Lady Clarice Snowden—that you had taken her to Rome with you. Oh, Rex, forgive me! believed it—it broke my heart—it made me mad! Arnold knew how I was feeling, but he begged me to marry him; papa and mamma urged me, and I was so miserable—so reckless! I was not false, Rex, I was only weak!"

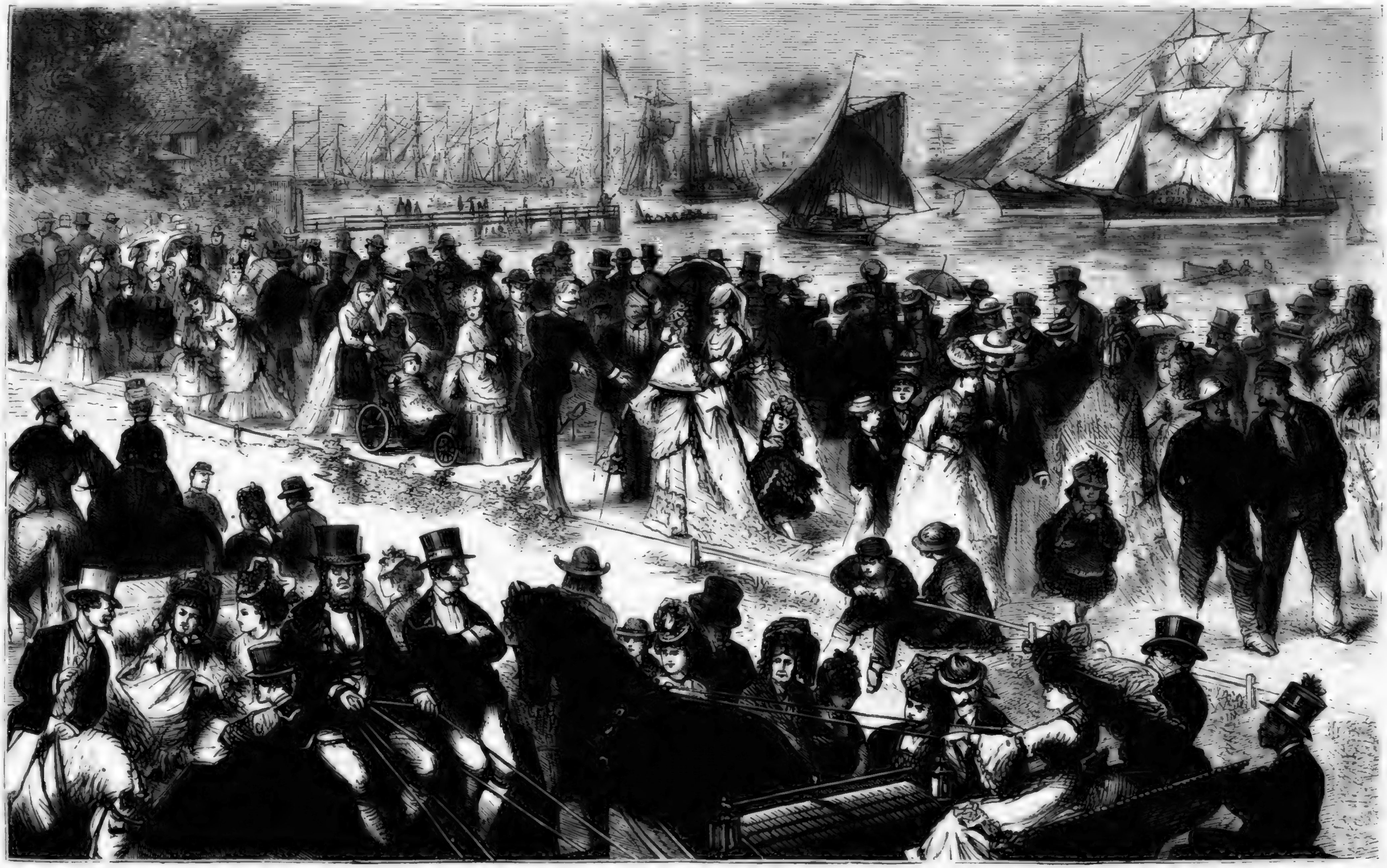
"Who told you I was married?" said Reginald, hoarsely; "did Arnold——"

A flash of angry scorn lighted up for a moment her white, hopeless face.

"Arnold! Oh, no; Arnold is a gentleman! He would not lie, nor betray his friend. He only said, when the story was brought to me by one who had seen you standing



"SHE THRUST THE PISTOL INTO THE WATER."



PROMENADE ON THE LONG LINE AT COPENHAGEN.—SEE PAGE 732.

by Lady Clarice's side as the vessel left the dock—Arnold only said, when I turned to him in agony, that he had known long of your admiration for Lady Clarice, though he would not have believed it possible that any man could be false to me. There was nothing treacherous, nothing dishonorable in that, was there? And then, when, a week before our miserable marriage, he received the letter which would have proved to me that the man over whose inconstancy I was grieving so bitterly was as loyal and honorable as I had ever believed him—what did he do then? He told me no lie—he deceived no one—he only 'did not see fit to make the contents of his letter public!' That was all."

"Lady Fotheringay!" cried a harsh, angry voice near her, "may I beg for an explanation of this very remarkable scene?"

And the bitter laugh died upon Adelaide's lips, as she beheld her husband, white with passion, advancing toward her.

Reginald at once stepped before her, desirous to shield her emotion, if possible, from the jealous eyes of his cousin.

"It means, Sir Arnold," he said, in a voice that told in its very calmness rather of repressed passion than the absence of it—"it means that the day of retribution you can but have foreseen has come upon you sooner than you had anticipated; it means that the wife you have won through treachery is yours but in name; that—so long as she and I both live—we will be to each other what she will never be to you, and that the misery of knowing yourself a despised and unloved husband will be yours to your dying day!"

He turned his back abruptly upon the unhappy man, who, speechless with shame and anger, beheld without interference the scene that ensued. Reginald bent over Adelaide, as she sat white and miserable upon her chair.

"Would to Heaven, my poor girl," he said, in a voice of inexpressible tenderness, "that I could bear your share, as well as my own, of the sorrow your weakness has brought upon us! The bitterest drop in my cup is the knowledge of the hopeless destiny that is yours. I must leave you; for your sake, no less than for my own, it is best we should never meet again; yet, should the day ever come when you need a friend, and that friend I can honorably be to you, send for me, Adelaide, and I will devote my life, if need be, to your service."

She looked up into his face as he ceased to speak—the handsome, noble face she had loved so well! She reached forth her arms.

"Oh, my king! my king!" she wailed; and at the sound of those piteous words—the dear, loved name by which she had been so proud to call him in their happy past—his stout heart failed him; his lip quivered; his eyes grew dim, and, catching her in his arms, he kissed her passionately; while she clung to him as she never had clung, never would cling, to her miserable husband.

That sight broke the spell that had sealed Arnold's lips; he sprang forward with a fearful oath, and tore his wife from the arms that embraced her.

"You dare—you dare!" he gasped, "in my very presence!"

"It was your presence gave me the license I desired," returned Reginald, contemptuously. "Had my leave-taking been a clandestine one, it would have been far less demonstrative. Fear not, Arnold; there is one Fotheringay to whom honor is dearer than love!"

The sneer rendered uncontrollable the fury now burning in Arnold's bosom.

"Await me here!" he said, between his clinched teeth. "I will assist Lady Fotheringay to her chamber, and we will then settle uninterruptedly the long account which this night's work has brought to its climax."

Reginald bowed a cold assent, and Arnold, half-carrying, half-leading, his wife, took her unresisting from the room. He left her at her chamber-door.

"It cannot be many hours from daylight, Lady Fotheringay," he said. "You will oblige me by remaining in your own apartment until the sun shall countenance your leaving it."

Adelaide returned no answer. The insult had fallen on deadened ears. She tottered to a chair as he left her, and for many minutes sat with her face buried in her hands, a prey to the unavailing regrets she felt must ever henceforth be her doom.

Suddenly a remembrance of the words her husband had uttered as he left the drawing-room flashed upon her. She sprang to her feet in horror; the cold, defiant face of Reginald, the threatening one of Sir Arnold! what did they mean? She stood for a moment in miserable uncertainty; then, turning, she left the room, crept noiselessly down the dark staircase and through the silent hall, until she stood at the door of the apartment she had so lately quitted. It was ajar, and she became, without difficulty, a witness to what was passing within.

The two men stood facing each other, and it was curious how strangely alike, in that moment of intense excitement, their dark, set faces had grown. Sir Arnold held in his hands a morocco case, open, in which Adelaide, shivering with terror, saw the pale blue gleam of glistening steel.

"They are both loaded," Arnold was saying. "You know the weapons; they were my father's. If you desire it, I will discharge and reload them in your presence."

"It is unnecessary," replied his cousin, coldly.

"Then choose you one, and I will take the other. At sunrise, in the western coppice, we will meet again, and then, once for all, shall be terminated our life-long feud.'

Reginald bowed assent, and took one of the pistols from the case.

"If that is all we have to arrange, I will leave you now. You will agree with me in thinking that the few hours remaining between one of us and eternity had better be passed in solitude."

Words and manner alike indicating that they were about to separate, the wretched listener was compelled to desert her post and return hastily to her own apartment.

When Sir Arnold joined her, which he did shortly afterward, he found her lying, apparently asleep, upon the bed, though she had laid aside none of the garments she had worn during the evening.

His first act was to place the pistol within the drawer of a cabinet that stood near, half-unconsciously turning the key upon it after he had done so. Then he came to the side of the bed and gazed upon the white face and closed eyes of his wife.

"And she can sleep!" he murmured.

He stood for some moments silently by her side; then, bending suddenly, he kissed her passionately; and, as he turned away, the hot tear that fell upon her face must assuredly have awakened her had she really slept.

Scarcely had the door of Sir Arnold's dressing-room closed behind him when she had arisen.

"False kiss! false tear!" she muttered, rubbing fiercely the cheek upon which her husband's caress still burned.

Her breath came fast and thick; her cheeks were hot and flushed, and there was a dangerous glitter in her eyes that told more of the passion within than the wildest words could have done. She crept stealthily to the cabinet; the key was in the lock, and she opened without difficulty the drawer. There it lay—the weapon which, in a few short hours, was to stretch lifeless, under the morning sun, her Reginald—her love, her king!

In that moment there rushed upon her mind, with horrible distinctness, the many stories she had heard concerning Sir Arnold's skill with the pistol. She knew he had been held without a rival in the Vienna gallery, where he and Reginald, in company with many of the noblest youth of the city, had practiced the art; and she knew, too, the hatred which would make certain his aim, when that aim was the heart of Reginald Fotheringay. She grew wild at the thought, and gazed at the weapon with almost sickening terror. It would be useless to hide or destroy the pistol; another would soon be found to fill its place. But was it not possible to render it harmless?

She examined it timidly, cautiously. It was the first time she had ever held such a weapon in her hands, and she was, of course, utterly ignorant of any method of tampering with the load. But, after a moment's thought, she crossed the room to a table whereon stood a vase of water, and into this she thrust the pistol, holding it there for some moments.

She withdrew it, dripping at every point, and then with a napkin she carefully dried it, wiping away all visible moisture slowly, patiently, until at length, dry and polished, she laid it again within the drawer, to all appearance in the same condition it had been left by its master.

When the gray dawn began to creep above the eastern horizon, the door leading to Sir Arnold's room was cautiously opened. She heard the click of a key—an opening door. Then he was gone again, and she was left to bear as best she could the maddening suspense of the hours that lay before her.

The clear, frosty beauty of the young Autumn day had barely replaced the shadows of that long, sad night, when Reginald Fotheringay, with white, awe-struck face, stole into the house which had been his home since his earliest remembrance. He was met in the lower hall by the ghostly semblance of the fair, innocent girl he had loved as Adelaide von Walstein. Clad in the disordered magnificence of her yesterday's dinner-toilet, her golden tresses, unrestrained by comb or ribbon, falling in damp masses around her white face and hollow, glittering eyes, she came to him—so unnatural, so spectral in appearance, that he fell back a pace or two, while a nervous cry involuntarily escaped his lips. In a moment, however, he had regained his self-possession.

"My poor Adelaide," he said, tenderly, though his very lips seemed colorless as he spoke, "I see you already know something of this wretched business. Come with me, and I will tell you all."

He took her cold, passive hand in his, and led her into an adjacent room.

"You need tell me nothing!" she cried, hysterically. "All that I care to know your presence tells me. Oh, Rex! you are here, safe and unharmed! and that is what I have been praying for during the past long hour, as I never prayed for anything in my life before! Thank God! thank God! your life has been spared! I can bear anything now—even to live with him!"

She shuddered as she spoke the words, yet strove to gaze into his face with a reassuring smile.

"Adelaide! Adelaide!" he cried, with anguish. "You do not know—— Ah! can you not guess what it is I have to tell you? Arnold and I have fought! I have escaped unhurt!"

"Yes, yes!" she cried, an exultation fearful to behold lighting up her face. "You have escaped, and I—I have saved you! I, whom you thought so weak and faithless! You will forgive me now, Rex—won't you? You will think of me kindly even in Arnold's arms, when you remember that I saved your life?"

"What do you mean?" cried Reginald, staring blankly at the pleading face upraised to his.

She cast a cautious glance around, then, raising herself on tiptoe, she whispered in his ear, that exultant smile still curving her lips:

"I held his pistol under water before he went out with it! You were safe, Rex—quite safe!"

He staggered back against the wall.

"My God! you have made me a murderer! I have shot a defenseless man!"

"Shot!" she repeated, vaguely. "You have shot——"

"I have shot your husband!" and Reginald's voice had grown loud and fierce in his despairing horror. "He lies upon the meadow that an hour ago was his, with the bright, cruel sun glaring down upon his poor, dead face! While I—— Oh, Arnold! My cousin! My dead uncle's boy!"

His face dropped in his hands, and a sob of uncontrollable agony escaped his breast.

The sight of his grief made her oblivious even of the words he had spoken. She sprang wildly forward, and in a moment her arms were around his neck, her cheek pressed to his, while her lips murmured broken words of love and sympathy into his ears.

"Don't, don't, Rex! my king! my king! It tortures me to see you weep! Oh! that I might be all in all to you, as you are all in all to me! Rex, dear Rex, be comforted!"

"Never!" he cried. "Never again, until I stand face to face with that poor murdered boy, and hear from his lips that my unconscious sin is forgiven! Off, unhappy woman!" and he thrust rudely away the clinging arms, the drooping golden head. "Had Arnold Fotheringay fallen by my hand in fair and honorable fight, as God knows I thought he did, still would there have been a barrier between you and me, never, through all eternity, to be passed! But now—now find what joy you may in your widowhood, Lady Fotheringay! God may forgive you for this day's deed—I never will!"

He thrust away her outstretched hands, and rushed madly from the room, heeding not, even if he heard, the feeble cry, the dull, heavy fall, that followed his exit.

Baron von Walstein, brought to his daughter's side by the news of the terrible tragedy herein recorded, found instead of the rosy, bright-eyed girl he had given to Arnold Fotheringay three months before, a white-lipped, vacant-eyed woman, who received him without surprise and without pleasure—who would utter no intelligible words, except to murmur, over and over again:

"I have saved him! He cannot hate me now! I have saved him!"

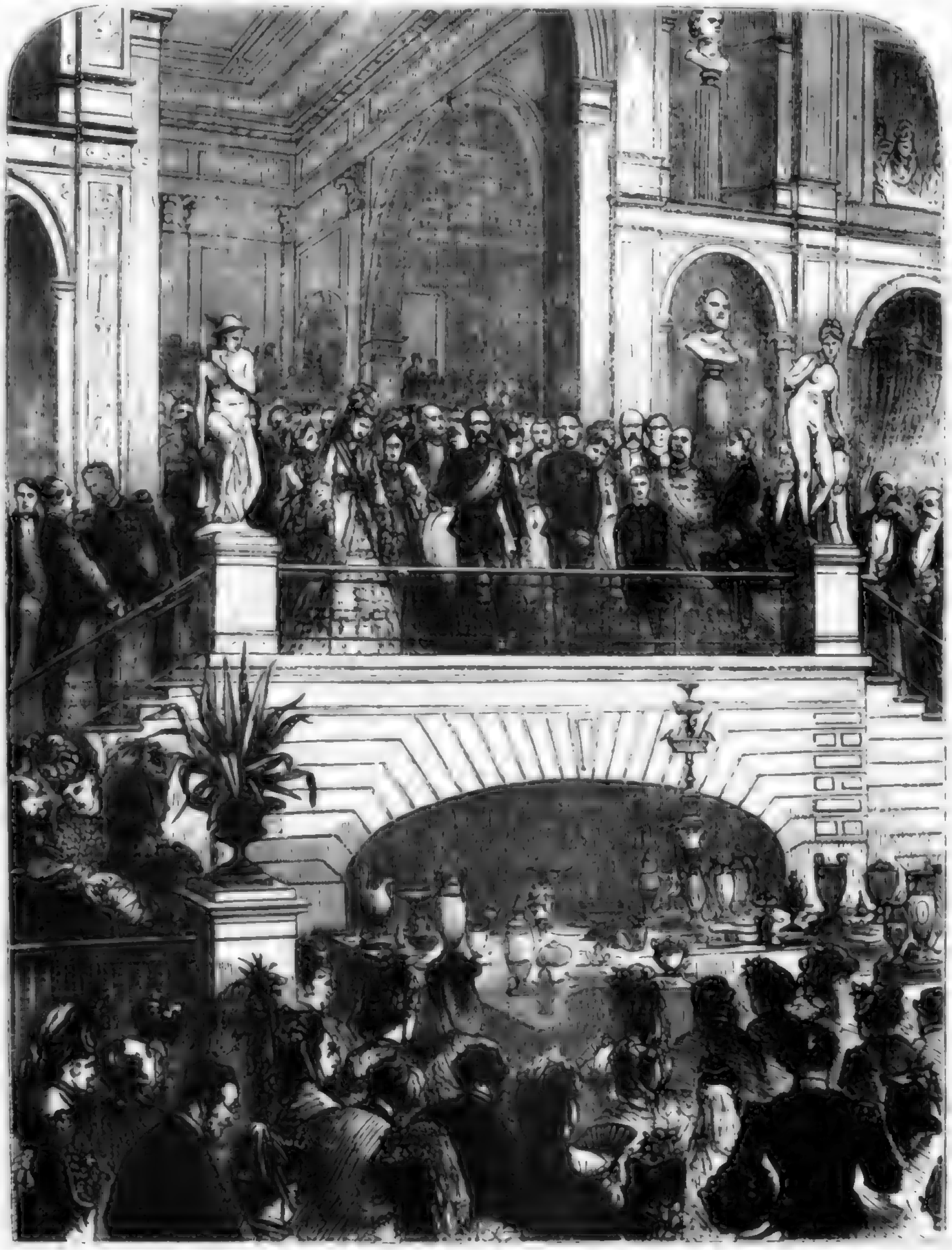
Her mind had received the shock which must have slain the body. In blest unconsciousness of her sorrows, she lived until, in the hour that gave a posthumous son to the title and estates of ill-fated Sir Arnold Fotheringay, his unhappy widow also gained her release, and followed him to the world beyond the grave.

Seek pleasures whenever you can consistently do so. No enjoyment, however inconsiderable, is confined to the present moment. A man is the happier for life from having once made an agreeable tour or enjoyed any considerable interval of innocent pleasure.

XUM

A GLANCE AT COPENHAGEN.

THERE are few pleasanter places for spending a Summer holiday than Copenhagen, and those whose lot it is to reside there for a longer period find much that is at once interesting and amusing to occupy their leisure hours in Denmark. The number of tourists who annually pass through Copenhagen on their way to Norway and Sweden, sufficiently attests the popularity of that capital as a halting-place. It is our purpose in the present paper to speak rather of the peculiarities which come under the eye of the resident than to repeat the familiar passages of the guide-book.



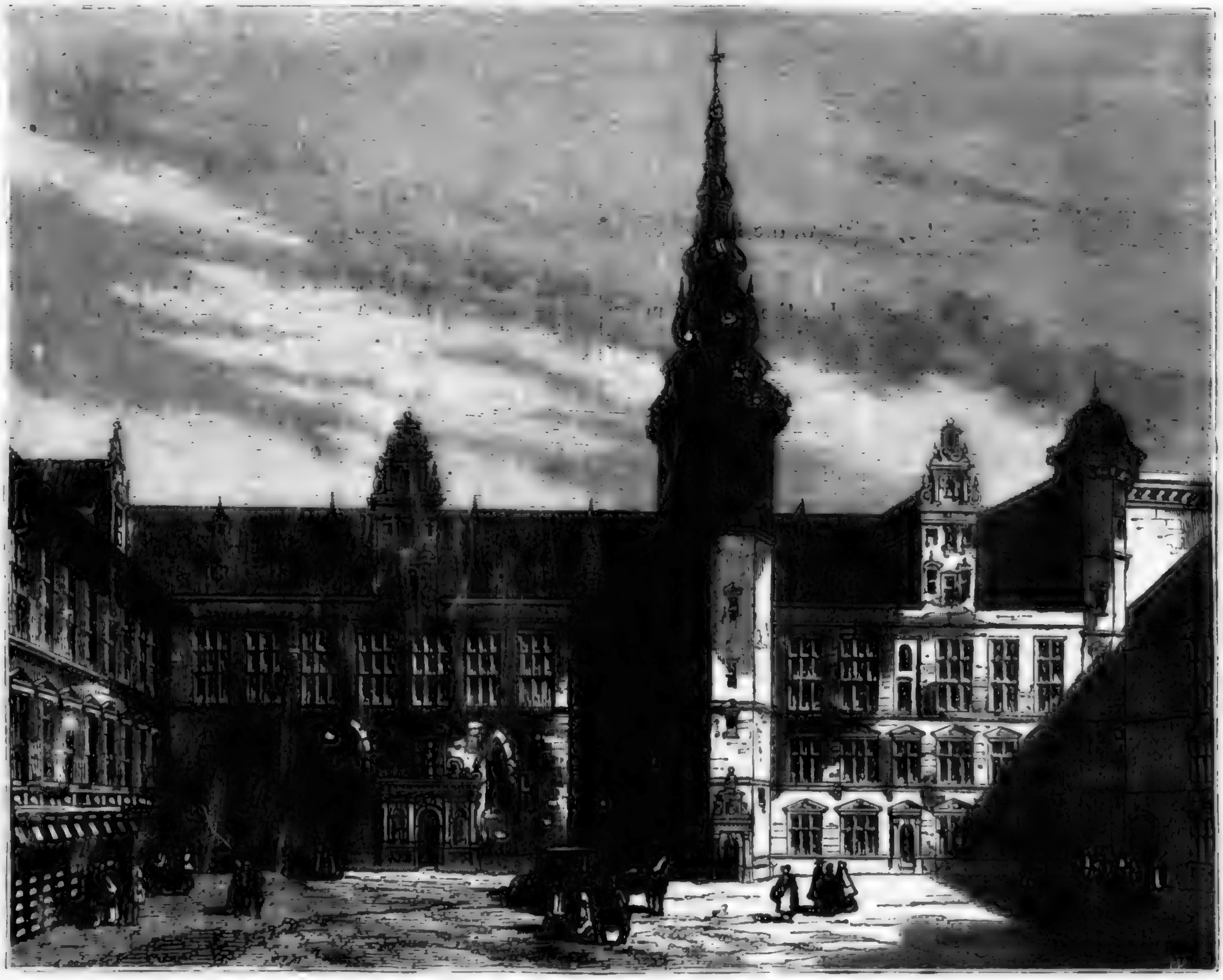
THE INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION AT COPENHAGEN INAUGURATED BY THE KING OF DENMARK.

Not many years ago we took passage in the Danish steamer *Thyra* to Copenhagen. With much delight we at last found ourselves, early one Tuesday morning, off Elsinore, the "wild and stormy steep" of which exists only in the mind of the poet. It is not our intention to describe the town of Copenhagen, but to pass at once to more general considerations.

No person living for any length of time in a foreign country can hope to enjoy himself, and find that interest in his surroundings which compensates for the absence of home comforts, without obtaining a fair mastery of the language of the land in which he lives. Danish is not a difficult language to acquire. A few months' study and practice in talking with the natives should suffice for all ordinary purposes. It may be described as a mixture of German and English. The traveler who speaks Danish will find himself quite at home in Norway, where the language is almost identical, and will have no great difficulty in picking up Swedish, which greatly resembles it. In Swedish, a large proportion of words terminate in *a*, and the Swedes raise the voice at the end of each short sentence, in a manner somewhat similar to (but decidedly more musical than) the Scotch. The affinities between Danish and English are too well known to call for remark here, and may be studied by all in Trench, "Upon Words." It may be noticed only, whilst on this subject, that in Lincolnshire and such English country districts as were occupied by the Danes, many purely Danish words still exist among the people which do not form part of the "Queen's English"; whilst in Jutland the country people have many of what we should call "English" words, which do not exist in the Danish language as spoken and written in the capital. The climate of Denmark is rigorous, as the Winter lasts more or less for nine months of the year. During both the Winters which we spent there the Sound was frozen over the whole way to the opposite coast of Sweden, and in some cases persons have crossed on the ice from shore to shore. When once the heat of Summer is established, however, trees come quickly into leaf, and for three or four months the weather is delightful.

In Summer some good trout-fishing can be obtained in Jutland; and the yachtsman finds Copenhagen a very good place for headquarters. Bathing is fairly good in the Sound, but not equal to the open sea, as the water is brackish and has little buoyancy. Fair amusement may be had in a canoe for those who can manage one with a sail. Pleasant trips may be made to Fredericia, Veile and other places of interest, or to the islands. The geologist will find a rich field in the island of Moën, where the chalk cliffs abound in fossils. The scenery of this spot is also exceedingly pretty, and the hotel very pleasant and comfortable.

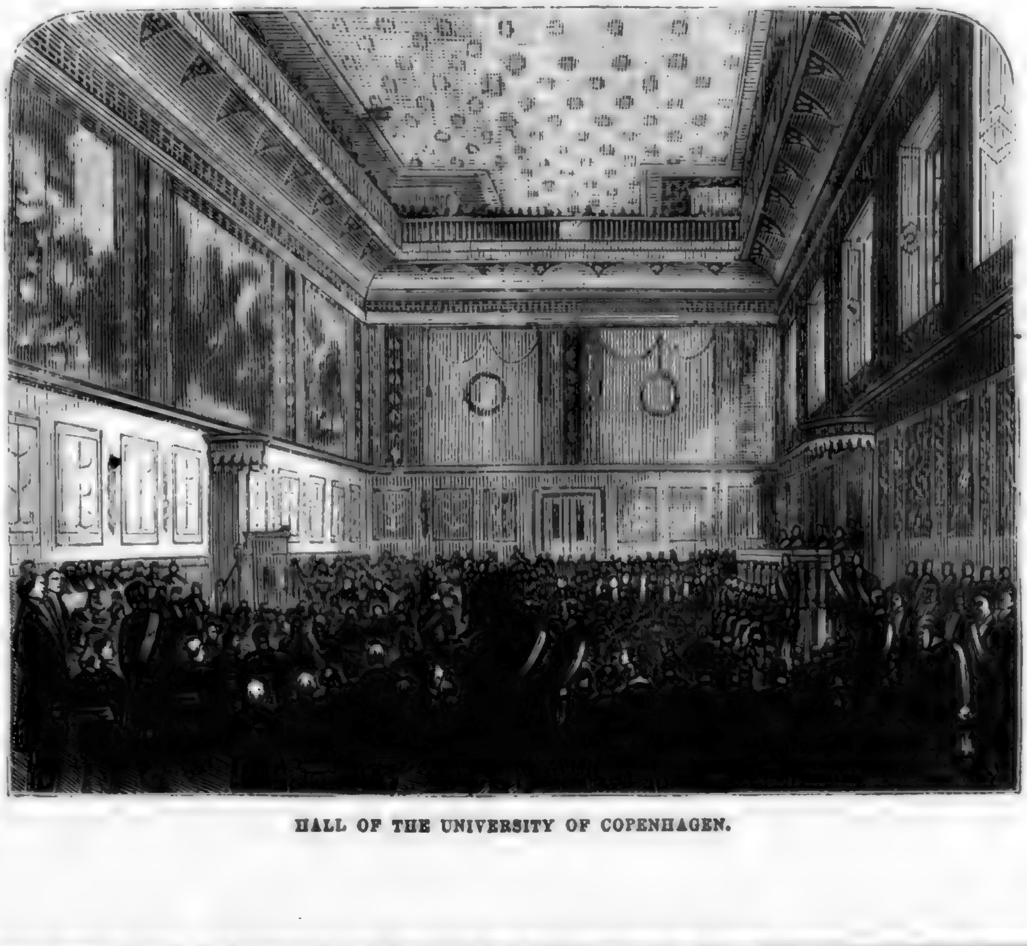
Winter brings skating, which is conducted in an admirable manner. A club is formed, open to all respectable persons on payment of a small subscription. A large space of ice is roped in on the reservoir near the town,



THE CHATEAU KRONBERG, NEAR COPENHAGEN.

and kept carefully swept and attended to. A band plays in the afternoons, and exhibitions of fancy skating, races, etc., take place, as well as occasional illuminations and skating festivals at night. Certain young English gentlemen go every year to Copenhagen for the express purpose of skating; and if they do not find it in perfection there, proceed to Stockholm, or further north.

Good wild-fowl shooting may be had with a little trouble. Other sport is very scarce. Those who care for pike-fishing may, however, enjoy it to perfection, as permission is easily obtained, and both the natives and the fish appear to be ignorant of the use of the spoon-bait, which is very killing in Danish waters; we have taken nine or ten good fish in a day in the immediate neighborhood of Copenhagen, and have at times landed pike of twelve and fifteen pounds weight. In the market they may be seen up to as much as thirty or forty pounds when they are in season.



HALL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF COPENHAGEN.

A slight disadvantage attending a residence in Copenhagen, or the pretty watering-places which dot the coast of the Sound from thence as far as Elsinore, is experienced from the smell of the seaweed washed up by the brackish water and lying exposed to the sun. This evil odor is maintained by the Danes to be neither unpleasant nor unhealthy. The general opinion of foreigners may be expressed in the words attributed to King Nebuchadnezzar concerning his grass diet: "It may be wholesome, but it is not good." After all, perhaps, the smell of rotten seaweed is the most agreeable that exists in the Danish capital during the Summertime; but this is an unsavory subject, and need not be enlarged upon.

The visitor, shortly after his arrival in the town, usually asks for a glass of Copenhagen cherry-brandy, which he generally is unable to obtain, as it is made entirely for export, and is unknown as a retail article of drink to the Danes themselves. Foiled in his first desire, the traveler frequently endeavors to console himself by procuring a "real Danish dog." Here again he will be doomed to disappointment, as the intelligent spotted animal commonly known as the "carriage" or "Danish" dog is not found in Denmark, and is of Dalmatian race. It may be interesting to note that the rabbit does not, and apparently cannot, exist in Denmark or further north, and that no four-legged donkeys are found in that country, excepting one in the Zoological Gardens at Copenhagen, which specimen is perhaps the most interesting object of the collection to the inhabitants.

It ill becomes us, however, to criticise Denmark as to what it has *not;* let us rather see what Copenhagen has—and it has much at once interesting and beautiful. Firstly, its museums and palaces, the Thorwaldsen statuary, the northern antiquities, and the fine ethnological collection; then the lovely castle of Fredriksborg, with its chapel containing a series of paintings by the modern artist Bloch, whose picture of Samson and Delilah and other works will, we venture to assert, obtain, in course of time, a more than local reputation; the unique and invaluable collection in the old palace of Rosenborg, which has no parallel except perhaps the celebrated "green vaults" at Dresden. Again, the "Dyrhaven," or royal deer-park, and the grounds at the royal Summer residence of Fredensborg, to which free access is given to the public, will bear comparison with the finest English parks. The new theatre in Copenhagen, built after the model of the opera house in Vienna, shows that a small country may succeed where large ones sometimes wholly fail. In this theatre the old Danish comedies of the Danish Shakespeare, Ohlenschlœger, are most creditably performed.

To those whose travels have chiefly led them southward, there is a great pleasure in the first awaking in Copenhagen. Everything is new—the associations, the characteristics, the history; even the very names on the omnibuses are suggestive of the sagas and romances of the North; and though the Summer sun is hot, the atmosphere is as clear as that of a tramontana day in an Italian Winter, and the air is indescribably elastic. The comfortable Hôtel d'Angleterre stands in the Kongens Nytorv, a modern square with trees surrounding a statue in the centre, but there are glimpses of picturesque shipping down the side-streets, and hard by is a spire quite ideally Danish, formed by three marvelous dragons with their tails twisted together in the air. Tradition declares that it was moved bodily from Calmar in the south of Sweden. It rises now from a beautiful building of brick erected in 1624 by Christian IV., brother-in-law of James I. of England, and used as the Exchange.

Not far off is the principal palace—Christiansborg Slot, often rebuilt, and very white and ugly. Besides the Royal Residence, its vast courts contain the Chambers of Parliament, the Royal Library, and a Picture Gallery chiefly filled with the works of native artists, amongst which those of Marstrand and Bloch are very striking and well worthy of attention.

A queer building in the shadow of the palace, which attracts notice by its frescoed walls, is the Thorwaldsen Museum, the shrine where Denmark has reverentially collected all the works and memorials of her greatest artist—Bertel Thorwaldsen. Though his family is said to have descended from the Danish King Harold Stildetand, he was born (in 1770) the son of one Gottschalk, who, half-workman, half-artist, was employed in carving figures for the bows of vessels. From his earliest childhood little Bertel accompanied his father to the wharfs and assisted him in his work, in which he showed such intelligence that in his eleventh year he was allowed to enter the Free School of Art. Here he soon made wonderful progress in sculpture, but could so little be persuaded to attend to other studies, that he reached the age of eighteen scarcely able to read. In his twenty-third year he obtained the great gold medal, to which a traveling stipend is attached, and thus he was enabled to go to Rome, where, encouraged at first by the patronage of Thomas Hope, the English banker, he soon reached the highest pitch of celebrity. Denmark became proud of her son, so that his visits to his native town in 1819 and 1837 were like triumphal progresses, all the city going forth to meet him, and lodging him splendidly at the public cost; but his heart always clung to the Eternal City, which continued to be the scene of his labors. Of his many works, perhaps his noble Lion at Lucerne is the best known. He never married, though he was long attached to a member of the old Scottish house of Mackenzie, and he died when visiting Copenhagen in 1844.

In accordance with Thorwaldsen's own wish, he rests in the centre of his works. His grave has no tombstone, but is covered with green ivy. All around the little court which contains it, are halls and galleries filled with the marvelously varied productions of his genius, arranged in the order of their execution—casts of all his absent sculptures, and many most grand originals. Especially beautiful are the statue of Mercury, modeled from a Roman boy, of which the original is in the possession of Lord Ashburton, and the exquisite reliefs of the Ages of Love, and of Day and Night, the two latter resulting from the inspiration of a single afternoon. But all seem to culminate in the great Hall of Christ, for though the statues here are only cast from those in the Vor Frue Kirche, they are far better seen in the well-lighted chamber than in the church. The colossal figures of the Apostles lead up to the Saviour in sublime benediction; perhaps the statues of Simon Zelotes and the pilgrim St. James are the noblest amongst them. In the last room are gathered all the little personal memorials of Thorwaldsen — his books, pictures and furniture.

The Museum of Northern Antiquities should also be visited, and the Tower of the Trinity Church, with a roadway inside making an easy ascent to the strange view of many roofs and many waters which is obtained from the top.

But the most delightful place in Copenhagen is the Palace of Rosenborg, standing at the end of a stately old garden—where it was built by Inigo Jones for Christian IV., and containing the room where he died, with his wedding-dress, and most of his other clothes and possessions. This palace-building King, celebrated for the drinking bouts in which he indulged with his brother-in-law, James I. of England, was the greatest dandy of his time, and before we leave Denmark we shall become very familiar with his portrait, always distinguished by the wonderful left whisker twisted into a pigtail falling on one side of the chin.

Other rooms in Rosenborg are devoted to each of the succeeding monarchs and filled with relics and memorials which carry one back into most romantic corners of Danish history, the ever-alternate succession of Christians and Frederics making a most terrible bewilderment, down to the two English queens, Louisa the beloved, and Caroline Matilda the unfortunate. Most curious amongst a myriad objects of value are the three great silver Lions—"Great Belt, Little Belt, and Sound," which, by ancient custom, appear as mourners at all the funerals of the sovereigns, accompanying them to Roeskilde and returning afterward to the palace.

Those interested in such matters will wander as we did through the more ancient parts of Copenhagen in search of old silver, and specimens of the older Copenhagen china. Formerly the china imitated that of Miessen, but it has now a more distinctive character, and is chiefly used in reproducing the works of Thorwaldsen. Copenhagen has no other especial manufactures.

No visitors to the Danish capital must omit a visit to Tivoli, the pretty, odd pleasure-grounds—very respectable, too—near the railway station, where all kinds of evening amusements are provided in illuminated gardens and woods by a tiny lake, really very pretty. Here we watched the cars rushing like a whirlwind down one hill and up another, with their inmates screaming in pleasurable agony; and saw the extraordinary feats of "the Cannon King," who tossed a cannon-ball, catching it on his hands, his head, his feet—anywhere, and then stood in front of a cannon and was shot, receiving in his hands the ball, which did nothing worse than twist him round by its force.

The tourist who has money to spend and a taste for curios and china may still make a good bargain in the antiquarians' shops; but the Jew dealers from Paris and London have for some time past swooped down on all that was most worth acquiring of this kind. The resident collector, however, still finds means to fill his house with old china and brasses of curious manufacture, and picks up, here and there, quantities of those varied *objets de vertù* which fill the heart of the *bric-à-brac* hunter with delight. The less wealthy traveler may well content himself by purchasing some of the best and cheapest gloves in Europe, and such articles of the well-known Danish modern china and terra-cotta work as suit his purse and fancy.

As in most other countries where railways and Cook's tourists work their way, peculiarities of costume are fast disappearing amongst the peasants, though in the island of Amorga, close to the gates of the capital, where the descendants of an old Dutch colony still reside and avoid intermixture with the Danes, picturesque festival dresses are yet retained to a certain extent.

The cost of living is by no means high, considering the advance in this particular that has been made in every city in Europe of late years.

The Danes mostly make a substantial breakfast about ten A.M., and dine at three in the afternoon, the cravings of hunger being subsequently allayed with schnapps, beer, and slices of brown bread and butter covered with a piece of smoked salmon or some similar delicacy. Every true Dane delights to begin the day with a basin of *ölbrodsuppe*, composed of black beer and cream, with slices of brown bread floating therein. It is said to be very nutritious. The strangest compound of which it ever became our lot to partake was called *rumsuppe*, and was composed of milk, rum, and preserved cherries, made hot and whipped into a froth. At a dinner commencing with such a dish, it may be supposed that it was a difficult matter to choose what to drink, and the after-consequences may be imagined, but need not be described.

Several Danish dishes look more peculiar on the *menu* than they do upon the table—for instance, *Foloren Skildpadde* (mock turtle), *Ræget Gaasebryst* (smoked goose-breast), etc. The proverbial honesty of the Danes shows itself on the tariffs in the restaurants, where "Lafitte" figures at three francs per bottle, "Real Lafitte" fourteen francs, and so on.

A great institution at Copenhagen is the State lottery, drawn in two series of six months each, and very popular with all classes. The drawing of this lottery and payment of prizes are conducted with admirable method and fairness. Nothing better exhibits the calm and unexcitable nature of the Danes than the systematic way in which one will take his tickets for thirty years without drawing a prize, and never fret or even mention the matter; whilst another wins the grand prize, ruins himself, and commences afresh, in the same quiet and matter-of-fact manner.

The independent traveler must be cautioned against indulging too freely in the habit of whistling, as it is not permitted in the streets of Copenhagen. The police signal to one another by a whistle, and do not approve of the general public whistling promiscuously after nightfall. We ourselves had a serious altercation with a native official, and it is said that an *attaché* to the British Legation was once locked up for the night in consequence of his persisting in riotous whistling in opposition to the police.

The Danish soldiers are hardy and brave, as they have proved on many a hard-fought field. The martinet might perhaps take exception to a habit of the sentinels in front of the royal palaces in Copenhagen walking up and down their beats two and two, so as to beguile the time with conversation, occasionally putting down their rifles for a quarter of an hour or so for greater convenience. We will not venture to say that they smoke whilst on duty, not being quite certain upon this point.

A fine sight is the daily mounting of guard in the palace-square, when the King and Queen are in town. The Royal Guard is composed of men selected for their height and size, and still retain the old uniform of their corps.

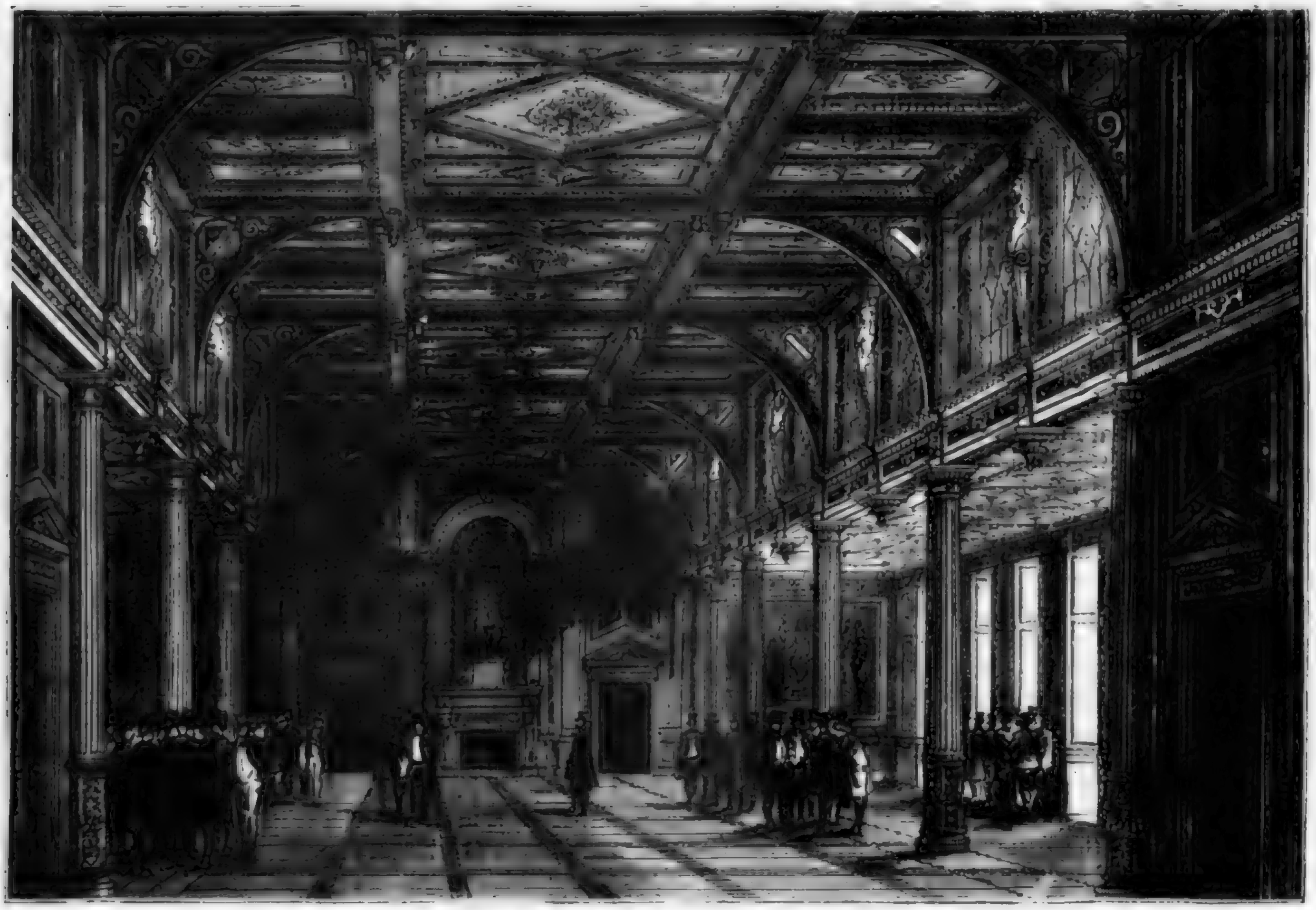
A curious costume is still worn by the King's "running footmen," who act as attendants at state festivities. They are dressed in a short scarlet jacket, tight knee-breeches and silk stockings, and carry on their heads a tall, square hat adorned with a profusion of artificial flowers; the entire head-dress having the appearance of a large gilt flower-pot filled with roses and other flowers. As these servitors are mostly old and very stout, their appearance is calculated to afford considerable amusement to the irreverent stranger.

Danish society is somewhat stiff and ceremonious. The native grandee, weighed down by the sense of his own importance and the insignia of the Order of the Elephant, balancing on one side the large gilt chamberlain's key which he wears on the other, calls in evening dress on the official foreigner early in the morning, and expects his visit to be returned with the like ceremonial.

The middle and lower classes also indulge in the greatest courtesy toward one another. No one enters a shop or leaves it without saluting the gentleman or lady behind the counter, and exchanging inquiries as to health, family and general prosperity. Salutations in the streets are so frequent and profound that the brim of one's hat is soon worn out unless made of extra strength and durability.

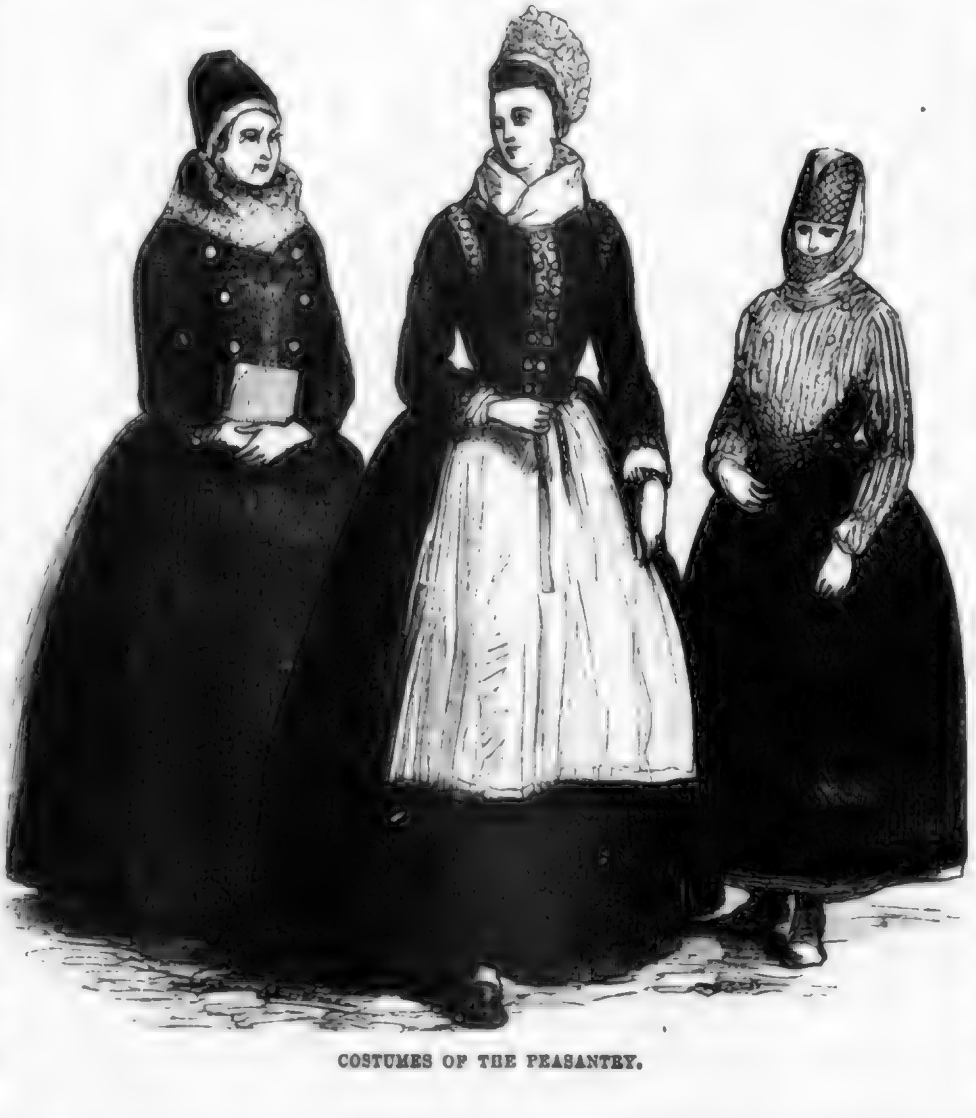
It was our good fortune whilst at Copenhagen to attend the grand naval review in the Sound, and also an annual

XUM



THE EXCHANGE IN COPENHAGEN.

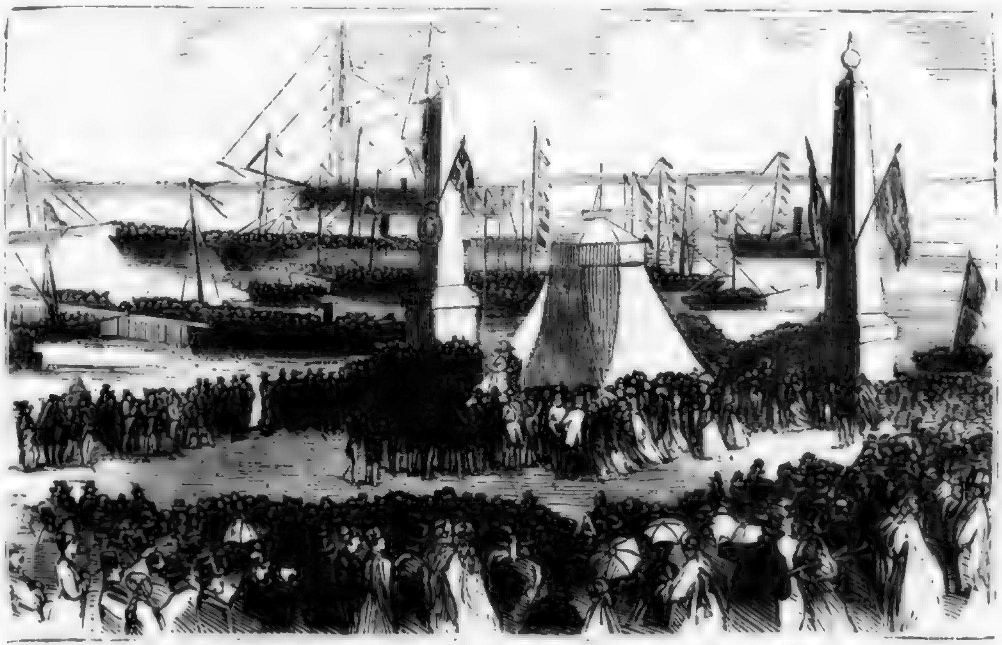
review of the military forces, held near the town. On the latter occasion the *attaché* to the British Legation determined to attend on horseback, with which purpose he repaired, equipped in riding costume, to the military stables, where he was in the habit of hiring a horse. There he found that all the men had gone to the review, and only one evil-looking steed remained in the stalls. Assisted by a small boy, he promptly saddled the animal and rode out on to the boulevard, on his way to the scene of action. The horse, which was only half-broken, and had been kept at home on that account, evinced no disposition to obey his strange rider, and after a series of extraordinary evolutions in public, the latter was obliged to dismount and lead his steed back to its stable, proceeding himself on foot to the review, where his costume provoked some comment among his friends and acquaintances.

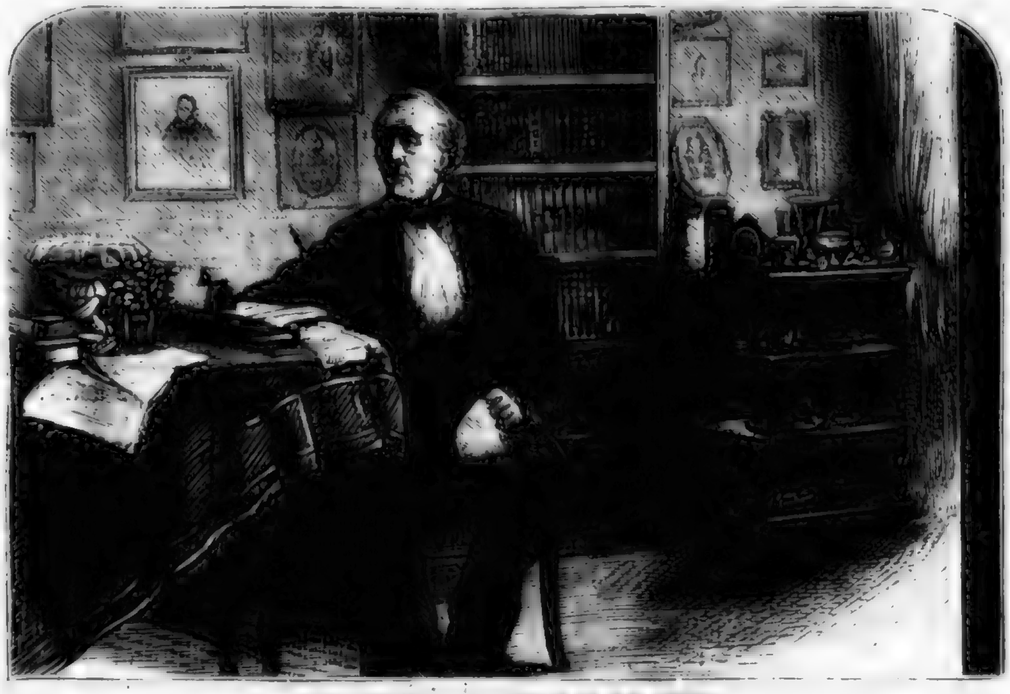


COSTUMES OF THE PEASANTRY.

In conclusion of these very discursive notes, we will notice a pleasant excursion easily made from Copenhagen in ten days' time. The tourist takes steamer to Christiania, and after spending two or three days there, proceeds to cross the continent, by rail, to Stockholm, thence descending the Gotha Canal to Gothenberg, and so by steamer back to Copenhagen.

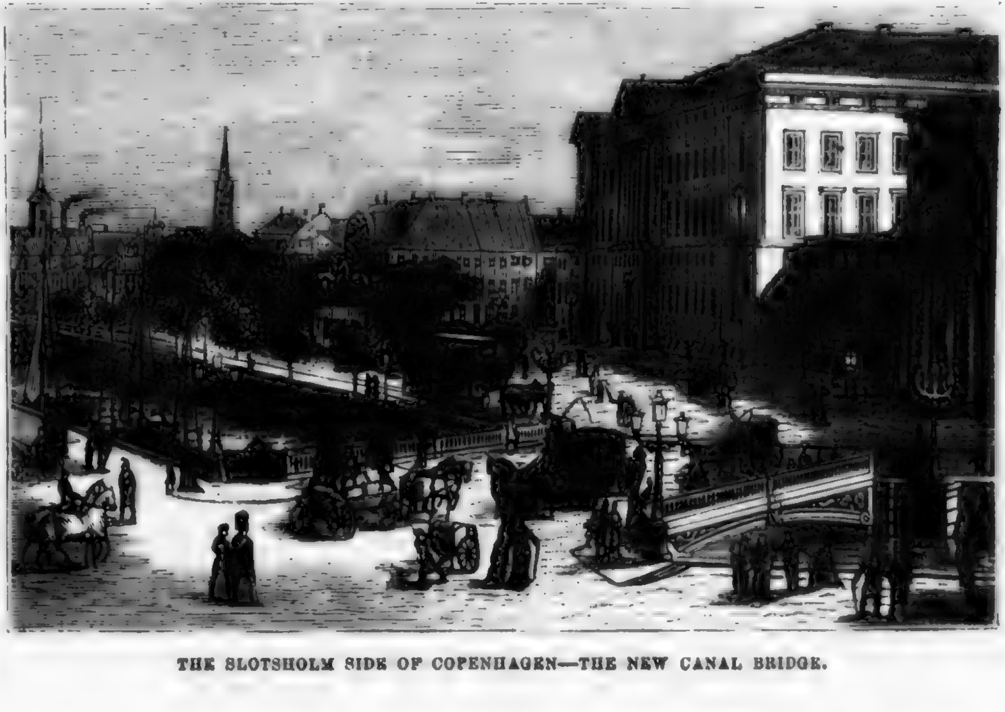
As this journey does not belong to the subject of the present paper, we will only notice the excellent arrangements of the Swedish and Norwegian railway trains. The latter, in Summer, carry, in place of the usual oil-lamp, a filter of pure water containing a large lump of ice, and fitted with a tap and with a cup, suspended by a chain. In Sweden the carriages are warmed in Winter time by a system of pipes conveying steam from the engine throughout the train, each compartment being fitted with an apparatus for regulating the heat.


SCENE NEAR THE CUSTOM-HOUSE, COPENHAGEN, AT A ROYAL CARNIVAL.


HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN IN HIS STUDY.

A young man of our acquaintance, traveling in Sweden, took with him a York ham, and one of those ingenious contrivances by which "a mutton-chop may be cooked in five minutes with a single sheet of paper." Having passed the night in the train, and feeling hungry at early dawn, he cut some slices off the ham, and set his cooking-machine to work on the floor of the carriage. The other travelers soon awoke in consequence of the smell of burnt paper and the frizzling of the ham, and must have been not a little surprised at the sight of their fellow-passenger on his hands and knees, diligently feeding the flames with scraps of paper. Rashers were, however, distributed to all, and contentment reigned supreme.

This same gentleman, dining one day at a Swedish hotel in some small town, observed on the bill-of-fare the word "Sparris." He at once came to the conclusion that this meant asparagus, a favorite dish with him; he therefore ordered two platefuls to follow his joint. Now "Sparris" happened to be the "spare-rib" of pork; but the waiter, not to be astonished at the appetite of a foreigner, nor at any order coming from a traveler, brought two


THE SLOTSHOLM SIDE OF COPENHAGEN—THE NEW CANAL BRIDGE.

good helpings of the dish in due course; whereupon followed a scene of explanations and recriminations vastly amusing, no doubt, to the other guests.

Here we will close our notebook, with the hope that no member of the Danish nation, under whose eye these lines may fall, will take offense at anything we have written, or imagine that we think slightly of that country, in which we spent many pleasant and instructive days, and of which the remembrance is both pleasing and dear to us.

THE BIRKS OF ABERFELDY.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
To the Birks of Aberfeldy?

Now Simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlet plays.
Come, let us spend the lightsome days
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels hing,
The little birdies blithely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws,
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours;
And, rising, weets wi' misty showers
The Birks of Aberfeldy.

Let fortune's gifts at random flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me,
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the Birks of Aberfeldy.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
To the Birks of Aberfeldy?

THE SIEGE OF BASING HOUSE.

The siege of this seat of the Marquis of Winchester by the Parliament troops is one of the most famous in English history.

In August, 1643, Basing House, then very strongly fortified by John, fifth marquis, for the King, was invested by the Parliamentary troops, and for a period of two years—broken, however, by occasional intermissions—was continually harassed by the enemy. During this time many assaults were made, particularly by Sir William Waller, who within nine days three times attempted to carry the house, but was repelled with great loss, and ultimately obliged to retreat. On their part, too, the besieged troops kept the besiegers in a constant state of anxiety and alarm by repeated sallies.

After Waller's defeat, the Parliamentary forces of Hampshire and Sussex were collected under Colonel Norton, who once more summoned the marquis to surrender. The answer was, "If the King had no more ground in England than Basing House, he would maintain it to the uttermost."

Famine now promised to accomplish for the Parliament what its soldiers could not; the distress of the garrison became so great that, in September, 1644, the marquis, after having in vain sent messenger after messenger to Charles, who was at Oxford, for relief, was compelled to send a last notice that in ten days he must surrender if no assistance were given.

For the time, however, the brave defenders of Basing House were saved by the courage and address of Colonel Gage, who, seeing their desperate condition, volunteered to convey them provisions. He succeeded in accomplishing this object, and in returning to Oxford, with the loss of eleven men killed and forty or fifty wounded. This protracted defense would naturally draw the eyes of the nation upon the struggle, and make it imperative upon the Parliamentarians to succeed.

Accordingly, the attack was next confided to the man who knew not defeat; Cromwell appeared before it, with three regiments of foot and three regiments of horse; the garrison, according to Sir Robert Peake (its governor), was only three hundred fighting men. The house was also defended by about ten pieces of ordnance. The result is best told in Cromwell's own letter to the Speaker of the House, October 14th, 1615:

> "Sir: I thank God I can give you a good account of Basing. After our batteries were placed, we settled the several posts for a storm; Colonel Dalbaere was to be on the north side of the house, next the grange, Colonel Pickering on his left hand, and Sir Hardresse Waller's and Colonel Montague's regiments next him. We stormed this morning, after six of the clock; the signal for falling on was the firing from our cannon, which being done, our men fell on with great resolution and cheerfulness. We took the two houses without any considerable loss to ourselves. Colonel Pickering stormed the new house, passed through and got the gate of the old house, whereupon they summoned a parley, which our men would not hear.
>
> "In the meantime, Colonel Montague's and Sir Hardresse Waller's regiments assaulted the strongest work, where the enemy kept his court of guard, which, with great resolution, they recovered, beating the enemy from a whole culverin and from that work, which having done, they drew their ladders after them, got over another work and the house wall before they could enter. In this, Sir Hardresse Waller, performing his duty with honor and diligence, was shot in the arm, but not dangerously.
>
> "We have had little loss; many of the enemies our men put to the sword, and some officers of quality; most of the rest we have prisoners, amongst which are the marquis and Sir Robert Peake, with divers other officers, whom I have ordered to be sent up to you. We have taken about ten pieces of ordnance, much ammunition, and our soldiers *a good encouragement*," etc.

The booty thus delicately phrased was indeed considerable, being valued at £200,000. It consisted of money, jewels, provisions, the magnificent furniture, and, in a word, the entire contents of Basing House. The provisions and furniture were sold to the country people. What the soldiers left a fire destroyed, caused by the neglect of the garrison in quenching a fire-ball thrown by the besiegers. In less than twenty hours Basing House literally presented nothing but bare walls and chimneys.

The prisoners were about two hundred in number, and the slain about one hundred; of these the canting miscreants butchered, in cold blood, seventy-four men and one woman, a young lady, the daughter of Dr. Griffith, whose fate is very pitiable. "She came," says Mr. Peters—Cromwell's messenger to the Parliament—"railing against our soldiers for their rough carriage toward her father," whom he acknowledges they used hardly on account of his opinions and past conduct.

Many of the garrison probably escaped, and others miserably perished in the vaults of the house. Mr. Peters says: "Riding to the house on Tuesday night, we heard divers crying in vaults for quarter; but our men could neither come to them nor they to us." The site of the ruins of Basing House is bold and commanding.

The marquis lived long enough to taste the bitterness of ingratitude; the Restoration came, but brought him no recompense for his immense losses. The exertions, the anxieties, the gallantry and the fortitude which entitle the marquis to our respect and admiration, produced no acknowledgment, at least no fitting or worthy one, from the son of the man for whom so much was done and suffered.

A STORM ON THE AMAZON.

A WELL-KNOWN French traveler thus describes his experience while traveling down the Amazon:

"We resolved to use all our endeavors to reach a small island situated on the opposite bank, for we felt uncomfortable, certain that we should soon be visited by one of those terrible storms so frequent in those regions. Unluckily, before we had time to make the shore, the storm broke over our devoted heads, and rain and hail mingled together fell in perfect torrents from the sky, and threatened to swamp our frail canoe. Miguel, my attendant, immediately let go our anchor—that is to say, he threw overboard a large stone attached to a long rope, while I vigorously used my hat as a baler, and tried to heave out some of the water that had gathered in the bottom of the canoe.

"The poor monkeys that I had collected during our travels, set up some hideous cries and seemed little better than half-dead with fear. The thunder shook the earth with sullen roars, and the vivid lightning flashed from side to side in a blinding manner. As soon as Miguel had let go the anchor, he seized hold of a tin bucket and assisted me in keeping the boat afloat. Though I was weak from sickness and want of food, I was forced to exert my strength to the utmost, for I knew that if I showed the slightest sign of 'caving in' my worthy native attendant would immediately give up all hope, and surrender himself to his fate, which meant that we should certainly drown together.

"Suddenly our cable was carried away, and with a swift whirl the strong current swept us helplessly along. It is impossible to say how long we were in this terrible position, or what distance we covered, but I managed to distinguish through the rain that we were being carried near the shore, and, seizing a long pole that lay at the bottom of the boat, and plunging it into the water ahead of the canoe, I shouted to Miguel to help me, and as luck would have it, managed to arrest our wild career.

"Morning broke in gloomy silence, and found us, pale and exhausted, clinging to the pole that had been the means of saving our lives. The danger of being immediately dashed to pieces had disappeared, but the wind was still blowing very strongly, and we earnestly consulted as to what would be the best course to pursue.

"One of the first things that we discovered when it was light enough for us to gaze around, was that we were not near the mainland at all, but close to a small island, and that we had luckily swung under its lee, and had thus been saved from destruction. As soon as the weather had moderated sufficiently, we seized our paddles, and managed to reach a larger and more fertile island adjoining the one that had proved our salvation.

"We then made a meal with the rest of our small stock of provisions, and seeking for a place of shelter from the sun, we were soon plunged in a deep and refreshing sleep.

"When we awoke it was already nighttime, and Miguel wanted to pass the rest of the night upon the island, but I had resolved to take advantage of the smooth water to reach Obidas. This in due course of time we managed to do, and as I once more found myself in safety under the roof of a comfortable house, I vowed that I would never again trust myself in a canoe on the broad Amazon."

T'OTHER, OR WHICH?

WHILE the mother groaned over the care of four girls, the father delighted in it. She was provident and fretful, disturbed if the hair of the one was too long distressed in crimping-pins, or if another cheated in her practicing. Holding dreamy Gertrude to some useful work, keeping an eye on Mollie's flirtations — these were her hourly anxieties. The poor lady's face was a network of perplexities. They were not rich, and the requirements of four girls are endless. Somebody must devise economies. Somebody must retrim the dresses and make the bonnets. Poor Gertrude, who possessed a temper that would bear any amount of domestic oppression, was dragged out to stores with mamma to consult about striped or plain, gray or green. She must walk the mile, and mount the fifty stairs to the dressmaker, and sew with her when she came. Mollie never had time to sew—she had too many visitors. Annie must practice, she was the musical one; and as for Mattie, she was never known to set a stitch that had not to be pulled out afterward. So Gertrude, who has no knack at gayety, whose music will die within her, and who sews like a fairy, sits hour after hour listening to the dull click of the seamstress's tongue, endures her mother's flurries, lives other people's lives, until the click of a key in the hall-door is followed by a cheerful roar:

"Holloa, children!"

Every girl runs down to hug the rosy, smiling, gray-whiskered man in a big white coat like a miller.

"Goodness alive!" says Mrs. Braye, in her discouraged voice, "nothing to be done now—there's father!"

She smiled, however, as the head of the family came into the sitting-room entwined with two girls, a rough sketch of the Laocöon.

"Now we'll see if he has anything for us," says Mollie; and they begin to search his pockets.

"I've a letter!" shouts Annie, pulling it out with a great flourish. "Oh, you wretched man! it's the one we wrote to Brunsie! Papa, how could you?"

Papa smiled confusedly—he is often caught in such delinquencies—but declares he has a letter from the young man himself, somewhere, which will, he thinks, atone—fumbles—hopes he hasn't left it at the office.

They all scramble.

Papa, with surprising alacrity, jumps on a chair to escape the thirty or forty fingers.

A scream from Mrs. Braye.

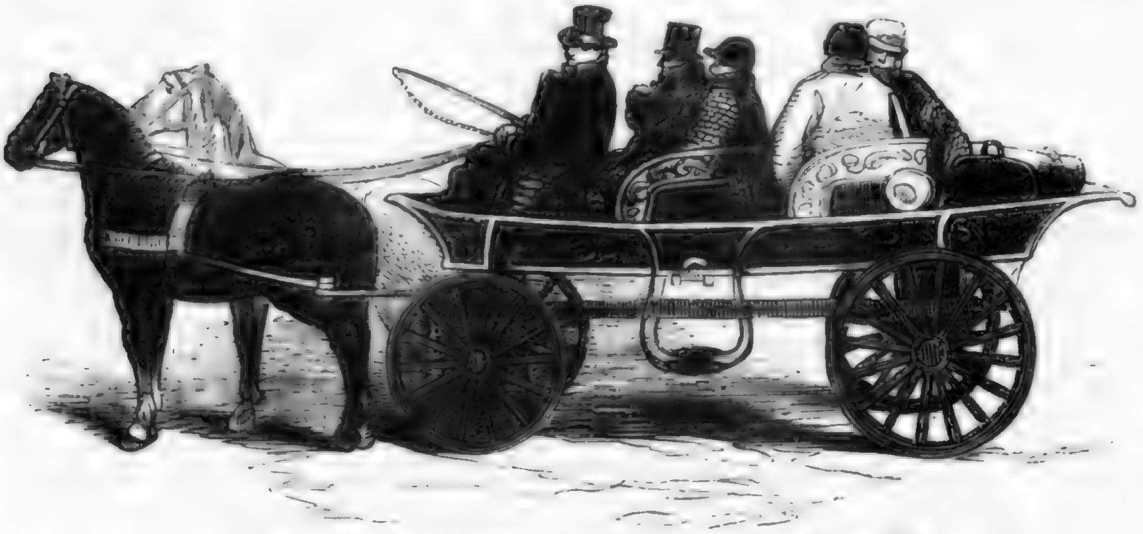
"Father, how can you? You'll spoil the springs!"

Down he comes, obedient ever, and rolls down-stairs to the dining-room, followed by the family. He holds the missive above his head. Gertrude, noiseless as a conspirator, has seized a pair of tongs, and, stealing behind, captures the treasure by an unexpected, magnificent snip. Then the letter is read over the supper-table by mamma, to whom it was found to be addressed:

> "Brunsie, to his dearest auntie and the household, greeting: Hopes to be in their embrace about seven o'clock Tuesday eve."

Gertrude runs into the kitchen to make coffee, for it is cold, and Brunsie despises tea. While in the depths of the kitchen, the bell rings; a soft feminine hurrah assures her of her hero's arrival. She comes, in her silent, sandaled way, to have her hands seized by an effusive young

XUM



A GLANCE AT COPENHAGEN.—A PUBLIC CARRIAGE.—SEE PAGE 732.

man, who is warming himself at the grate and having bits of questions and answers flung at him from the table.

"Brunsie!" she exclaims, under her breath, "you are going!"

"Hush—h!" he returns, warningly, and gives her hand a consoling squeeze; then, dropping it, walks to the table and takes his place by Annie.

"Where is my Matilda?"

"Gone to New Haven to visit the Berneses."

Here the father winks violently at Brunsie, and the mother's face assumes that placidity of satisfaction produced by the feeling that one charming daughter is disposed of well.

Gertrude fixes her great, dark eyes on Brunsie. She remembers a lock of hair exchanged, and other tender passages.

What petted young man can composedly endure that another should carry off one of his admirers before he has time to consider whether he can do without her himself?

Brunsie colored high, and Gertrude's eyes met his. He laughed, too, and stroked his beautiful mustache as the old maid caresses her cat. His mustache was a great comfort to him.

"Then that match is settled," he pronounces.

They declare it is an engagement, and that it was written to him in a letter papa never put in the office; which defaulting missive papa now gives up.

Brunsie listens to the expression of family content, says it is a good thing, but is grave when he returns to the discussion of his supper.

Mattie given up to that great, raw-boned Bernes? But Bernes is rich! He sighs in his coffee, and takes an enormous slice of charlotte-russe.

Before the evening was over, Gertrude found Brunsie trying to unlock a bag, diving gloomily into his eight pockets, searching for the missing key. She brought him the family bunch, and waited while he tried them.

"Brunsie, do tell me about it—have you really?"

"Really what? There, that will go. No, it won't turn. Another key. Girlie, why, what cold fingers!" and he looked up at the troubled brown eyes and rosy, compressed mouth. "I can't tell you now, dear—I must get all my letters first. Don't say a word to them about it," indicating the gay group in the parlor. "How did you know?"

"I didn't know; I felt it."

"Woman all over!" said he, and looked at her again.

He must have had considerable coolness of temperament to resist that pretty, plaintive face.

"How sweet she is!" thought he; "the sweetest and truest of the four. Little darling, you are like a picture"—said aloud. "Do you care a bit about the plague of a cousin?"

He put his arm round her, kissed her two or three times, as, of course, he felt he had a relative's right to do. The tears were just rounding.

"I shall not be so very far away, you know."

"Two years and a thousand miles," said she; and, breaking from him, ran up-stairs.

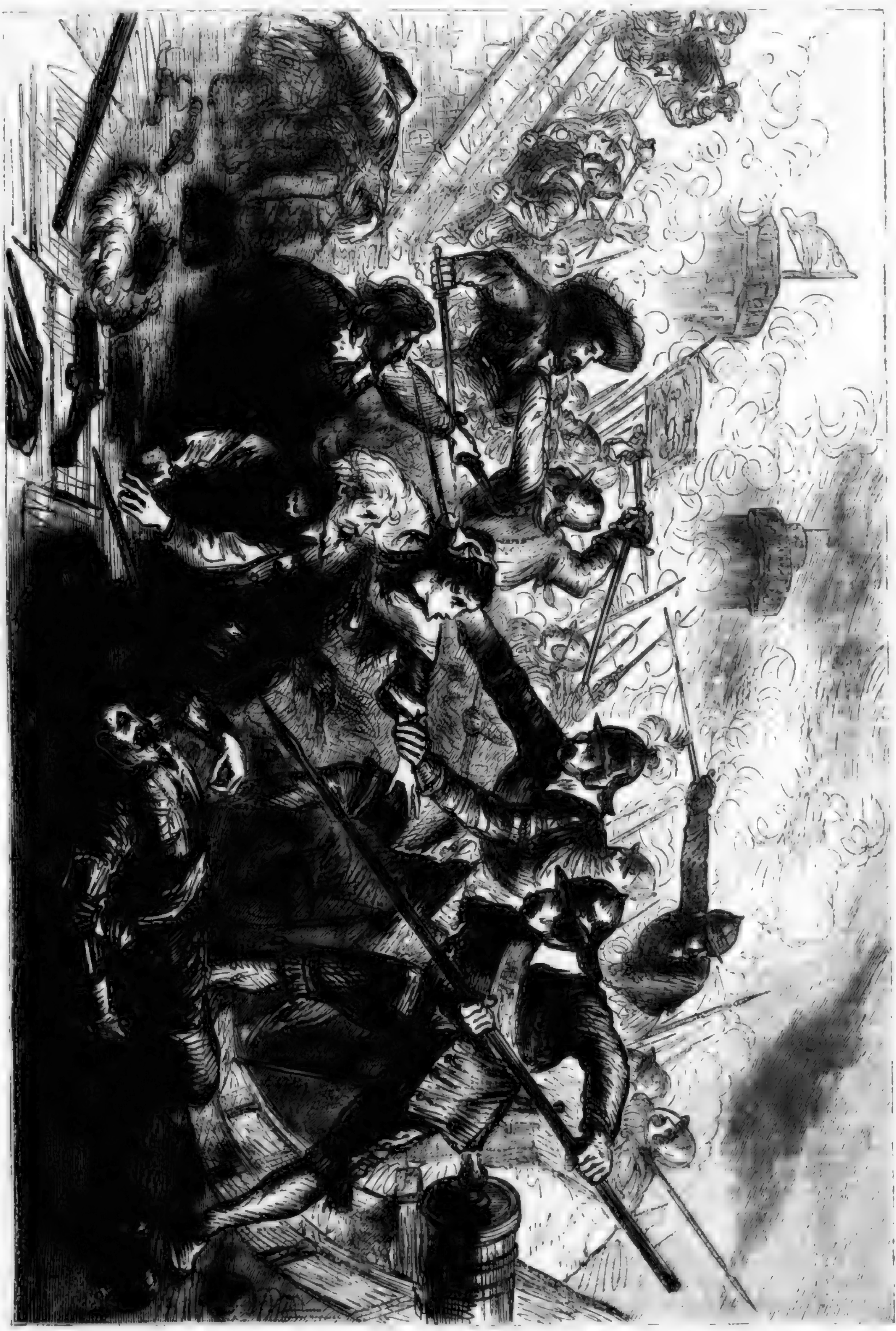
"I wonder if Mattie will care half as much?" thought the flattered Brunsie, as he went on with his key-fitting. "Why couldn't she have waited?"

When the grand announcement was made that Brunswick Starkey was going to the Pacific Coast for two years; that he had a capital post as engineer; was going to make his fortune—that needed making—there was a lamentable outcry. But after a day of dolor, the girls recovered their spirits, and resumed their tricks.

There were three months before he would have to start. What a glorious time of farewells and festival-making, last rides and dangerous *tête-à-têtes!* The girls of his acquaintance embroidered pockethandkerchief-corners, suspenders, slippers, watch-cases, towels—everything a young working engineer on the frontier would be likely to want in a dream of luxury.

He went among them a conquering hero. Was he not a

OFF COPENHAGEN.



THE SIEGE OF BASING HOUSE.—CROMWELL CARRYING THE HOUSE BY STORM.—SEE PAGE 738.

beauty going beyond their reach?—to be shot by Indians or blown up by a mine! So they lapped him in love and idleness. But he said there was such a thing as enough. He was longing for work. Here he caught Gertrude's smile as she softly moved away with a pile of his shirts she had been marking. He was sitting by Annie, her little fingers pinning a sprig of mignonette in his button-hole. He would have walked after her if he hadn't been so pleasantly detained.

He didn't understand that smile. It was doubtful, sad and provoking at once. There were several things he would like to ask Gertrude; but she had, in these last weeks, managed to distance him as he had never before been distanced. Was it because Captain Spenser was making love to her? He grew hot and cold at the thought of it. Gertie, his own especial darner and consoler, to whom he told his scrapes and his loves, and left his love-letters with—had he lost her?

"Annie, whom does that Spenser come here to see? Not you?"

"Well, Brunsie, suppose he does?"

"Do you like him?"

"Very much."

"You do?"

"Why, yes, dear. What's the matter?"

"Better than anybody in the world?"

"No—o," said Annie, blushing extravagantly, and hanging her golden head in a suspicious manner.

"I believe you do. He comes here too often," the excited Brunsie declared.

"Almost every day," added Annie; "but I don't—love him."

This was said in a way to upset any man's prudence, her eyelids rising and falling.

"Annie"—softly—"whom do you love best in the world? Tell Brunsie."

She hesitates, blushes more, smiles. She is trying to push two fingers through one buttonhole now.

"Do I know him?" whispers Brunsie, who thinks he will say a little more.

It is almost like being made love to, this, and slightly intoxicating.

Annie makes up a queer little face, and bends it down, so that Brunsie can't see it to his satisfaction. He puts an arm round her shoulders, and turns her charming visage upward.

"You don't love anybody best?"

The answer to this is a look, and then a grieved sob like a baby's.

"Precious child!" returns he.

"You are going away so far!" cries Annie, who has succeeded in making the object of her preference known.

"Can you wait—so long?"

She says she will wait a hundred years.

"Only two," responds Brunsie, with a queer feeling of being actually that century old.

And then she nestles in his arms, and he kisses her curls and soft cheeks and fringed eyelids, and believes he is engaged.

Voices are now heard, and Annie runs off. For the first time in her life she does not want to be found sitting alone with Brunsie.

There is a party that night, and two of the girls are going. Brunsie has business, but he will come after them. He writes his letters, and walks up and down alone till the time comes for going after them.

He goes up-stairs to prink a little, and catches a sight of Spenser sitting by Gertrude's work-table, trying her thimble on his big finger, and winding up spools of thread. He feels like going in and giving that table a kick.

When he has succeeded in finding a becoming necktie, and got his hair to wave just right, and found gloves to match his ribbon's tint, he takes his way down-stairs, to hear the front door shut before him—to see Gertrude sitting alone.

He goes in, he knows not why, seats himself in the Spenserian place, looks wretched, and Gertrude notices it.

"Does your head ache, Brunsie?"

"No—yes, a little."

He draws his gloves through his hands so roughly that Gertrude says:

"You will soil them before you get there," and takes them out of his hand.

He sits a few moments, replies shortly to Gertrude's remarks, and presently gets up and walks away.

Half-way down the street he remembers his gloves, and comes back. He stands in the sitting-room door again, just in time to see Gertrude take up his gloves, kiss them, and, putting them down with a sigh, resume her sewing; but she looks up as she does so, and sees Brunsie with passionate eyes on the threshold. He comes swiftly forward, drops on the cushion at her feet, grasps her hand and looks up in her face, kissing the resisting fingers.

"Brunsie, what ails you? Get up! I thought you had gone. Let me go, Brunsie! Indeed, I shall have to call mamma!"

He half releases her, asking, gently:

"My gloves, where are they?"

"Where you left them, forgetful boy!"

"What were you doing to the senseless things? Oh, my darling——"

"Brunsie, I was *smelling* them. What is this new scent?" and she puts her hand toward them.

He snatches them from the table, mutters something about being late, and disappears.

Gertrude, the color now coming over neck and brow, hides her face in her hands, and laughs and cries.

Brunsie went down the street with an uncommon sensation. It is all Spenser. Then he thinks of Annie, and walks faster than ever. He reached the lighted house, passed up the dusky avenue, walking by groups of girls in their tinkling trains. There are people everywhere. He sees the handsomest one leaning over the balustrade of the winding staircase. As she descends, it is indeed Mattie herself, with her pale, oval face and moony brow. She sees him; smiles. He is by her side entreating for a waltz, the last one they are likely to have together. She puts her hand through his arm.

"Richard Bernes doesn't like to have me waltz, Brunsie."

"My chief!" exclaims the young man, who has a habit of swearing by his directing head, the chief-engineer. "Not with your cousin? He can't object to that!"

"He just does."

"Hum—m!" said Brunsie.

"He is jealous of you, you see."

"Did you tell him about all our childish courting?"

"Of course I did. You don't think I would engage to be a man's wife and not let him read every leaf out of my past life?"

"Then he kindly turned over his diary for your inspection?"

"Not in the least. Nor did I want to know about it," said Mattie, sorrowfully. "It is a matter of complete indifference to me."

"You don't like him?"

"I respect him; I trust him. I mean to make him a good wife."

Brunsie sighed like a volcano.

"Oh, why didn't this splendid chance of yours come before I went to New Haven? Just too late. We could have waited two years."

"I know it," he answered, striding away with her into the winding paths that ran through the shrubbery. "Everything comes too late."

"I told him all about it," she went on. "I thought he would give me up, but he has no thought of it."

"Twenty thousand a year," pronounced Brunsie—which was the popular estimate of the younger Bernes's income. "You won't refuse me this last waltz?" added he, in the Laird of Ravenswood style.

"I'll refuse you nothing you please to take," was the desperate reply. "There is the Sophie Waltz—if I could have her fate!"

"Hush!" said Brunsie, as if he were soothing a child; and they moved off to the sighs of the orchestra.

Brunsie became conscious of an adorable being in turquoise blue, who kept passing him with her cavalier—a dark man with a long black mustache.

It was Annie, evidently in high delight at having captivated the fancy of an elegant Baltimorian, who had attended her the whole evening. It occurred to her possible future husband that his position had not been discussed by the sisters.

The dance was over. Mattie told Richard Bernes she would like to go home. He seemed relieved, and went to look for the carriage. The pair walked up and down the avenue waiting for it, and Brunsie quoted:

> "She walks in beauty, like the night."

Mattie was tragically silent, was placed by her lover's side in the carriage, and was whirled from sight, while Brunsie, one occupation gone, went for the other. If Mr. Lansing hoped for the honor of taking Miss Annie home, this she denied him, and shawled herself for the attending Brunsie. Once away, on foot, as Annie chose, slowly pacing down the deserted streets—

"Brunsie," began his ladylove, "I've been thinking about what you said to me after tea this evening. I'm such a baby in everything, they all say, and we are cousins, and we don't know what we want. I'm so young——" stopping helplessly with a gasp.

"You don't want to wait for me—that's it, is it, dear?"

"I suppose it will be better not. It *is* a long time."

"All right," said he.

"And you're not angry with me?"

"Not angrier than I would be with a butterfly that escaped from my hand and fluttered away into the flower-garden. It is a wise decision."

"I'm so glad you're not vexed," said Annie, both hands clasped around his arm. "Gertrude did scold me so, and said I wasn't treating you well at all. You know we always tell her everything, for she helps us out of scrapes. But she said you must not be made unhappy."

"Little Annie must not be made unhappy. That is the most important. I may be poor at the end of my term, and then what would my girl do? She couldn't marry a poor man."

"That's just what I told Gertie," confessed Annie, artlessly, as they went to the steps. Brunsie stopped a moment and looked by the hall-lamp into the rose-leaf face.

"Go to sleep and dream of that handsome fellow you danced with," he said, shrewdly, and so bade her short good-night.

She ran up-stairs, and the jilted man thought he must have a cigar. He walked into the library, where the gas was burning low, and turned it up. Started to find Mollie there, crying. She jumped up with an exclamation, "Oh, Brunsie Starkey, what made you come in here?" wiping her eyes and trying to stop her tears. "I wanted to have it all out alone. There is such an army of us, that if one has the blues and will indulge in a good howl, one has to hide. I supposed, of course, you would go up-stairs."

"Must smoke, you know. I've the blues, too, abominably. We'll console each other. Don't cry, Mollie, there's a good girl. Tell me all about it. Since I've come in, I'm going to know the whole."

Mollie was afraid he would find out how silly she was. He always did, and had whatever it pleased him. He didn't think so himself. Was this part of her martyrdom? He had her hand, and had pulled her toward him.

"You want your pipe, Brunsie?"

"Time enough. I don't expect to go to bed at all, Mollie; for I have my orders to leave to-morrow."

Mollie gasped. She trembled from head to foot, poor little thing.

"Is this truly the last night? Why didn't you tell us?"

"I did not certainly know till the mail came in this evening. I hadn't the heart. Comfort me, pussy."

But she was standing with averted face.

"Tell me what you were crying about. What was that you thrust in your pocket? A letter? Pussy, tell."

"I've had an offer," sighed Mollie, seeing no way out of her difficulty.

"My chief!" exclaimed Brunsie. "And in tears! Don't you like him? Who is it?"

"It's Captain Spenser."

"Spenser! Hurrah! A capital fellow, Mollie. Were you crying because you had accepted him, or because you didn't?"

"I have done neither."

"How was that?" persisted the youth, who had a little of woman's curiosity.

"He came this evening, talked with Gertie—and—when he spoke to me, I said I would—tell him to-morrow."

Here she broke down, pulled out a handkerchief—with it a photograph, which Brunsie at once picked up.

"Oh, pussy, there's another one you like better, I see. Tell me all about it. I'll bring him up to the scratch."

Mollie tried in an agony to repossess herself of the picture. She did so easily, for he instantly yielded it, begging pardon for annoying his little cousin; but in the rapid passage from one hand to the other he could not help recognizing his own face.

"Good-night, little cousin—good-night. I must not keep you up any longer. When I come again you will be somebody's darling, as you deserve."

He kissed her, opened the door for her, closed it after her, sighed, looked round for his meerschaum, concluded he wouldn't smoke, after all, sat down by the table, and, leaning his head on it, was for some moments lost in thought. A light touch on his shoulder roused him.

"Brunsie, are you asleep? Come, boy, it is two o'clock."

He raised his head. His eyes were wet. It was Gertrude in her pink wrapper who stood before him.

"Have I raised you by my incantations? I was longing for you. Did you come because of that?"

"I was awake, and the girls couldn't tell whether the gas was turned out or the door fastened. I knew I could not trust you, either, so I came to see. Come, my poor boy, you must go to bed."

"You are sorry for me?"

"Very sorry."

"You would give me whatever I wanted, if you could?"

"Indeed, I would. But don't be utterly out of heart; she is a thoughtless, impressible child, but she will grow steadier. I will not let her forget you."

"Let her; I don't want her to remember me that way. I never had a thought of being her husband till I found her in my arms and thought she loved me. My chief! she said so. And you, Gertrude—what webs have been weaving between us! I was sure you were to marry Spenser—that it was all over for me! And if Annie loved me—it didn't matter what other it was. Don't tell me that you think I am a weak good-for-nothing, for whom you have only pity; don't tell me that I have indeed lost everything——"

"Children! Hoity-toity! What's going on here?" said the deep voice of Mr. Braye. He had heard a good

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deal of noise, suspicious whisperings and soft accents—had seen gleams of light; at last had arrayed himself in burglar costume and come down to investigate, rifle in hand.

"Uncle Braye!" exclaimed Brunsie, looking up into the kindly but amazed countenance beneath its pointed nightcap, "I want Gertrude to marry me."

"Not at three o'clock in the morning, if I know myself," returned Uncle Braye.

"I've got my orders, and must leave to-day." And the nephew explained the situation.

"Gertrude, go to bed, my dear," said her father. "I have sometimes thought," continued Mr. Braye, leaning meditatively on the end of his gun, "that it is to my girls' disadvantage that they have been brought up so intimately with you. You're a good fellow, but they have no chance of knowing their own minds with regard to you or any other man. It is my advice, to put yourself on the old cousinly terms, write to Gertrude if she likes, and see how you both feel when you come back."

Brunsie groaned.

"Too hard, am I?"

"No, sir; kind, as ever. I owe all to you that I am or expect to be; I am not good enough for one of my cousins."

"I don't know that you are," Mr. Braye assented, calmly; "but if Gertie likes you—she's a sensible child ——"

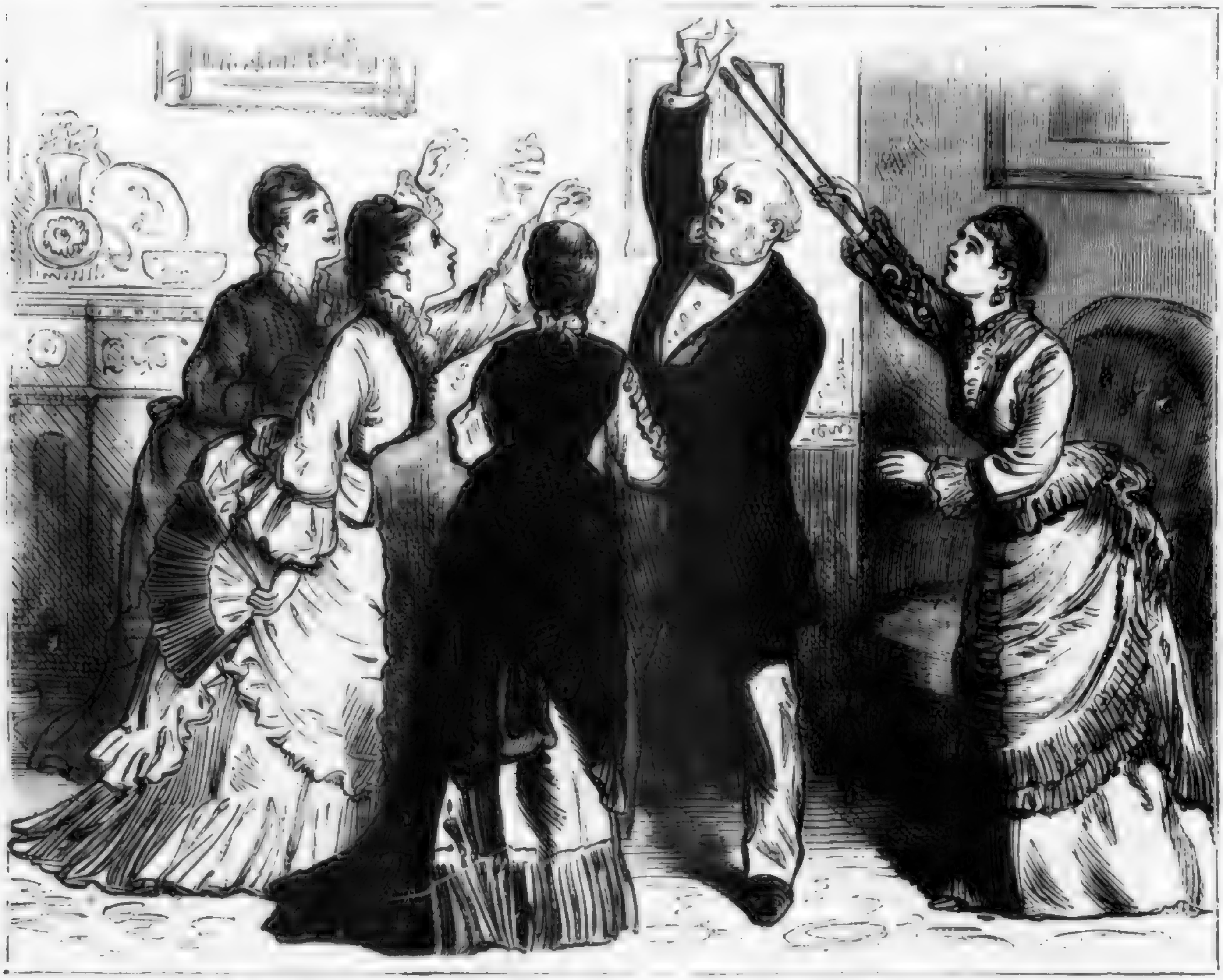
"I don't know that she does; she hasn't answered me, sir. I don't know that she will have anything to do with me."

"In that case," said Mr. Braye, in the midst of a tremendous yawn, "let's go to bed. I think I will let you two manage your own affairs; I can trust you!" with a resounding slap on Brunsie's shoulder.

The young man went into his room as the birds began their singing. A soft breeze of dawn waved the curtains. On the bureau lay half-a-dozen of the white rosebuds that climbed round Gertrude's window, with a shred of a note:

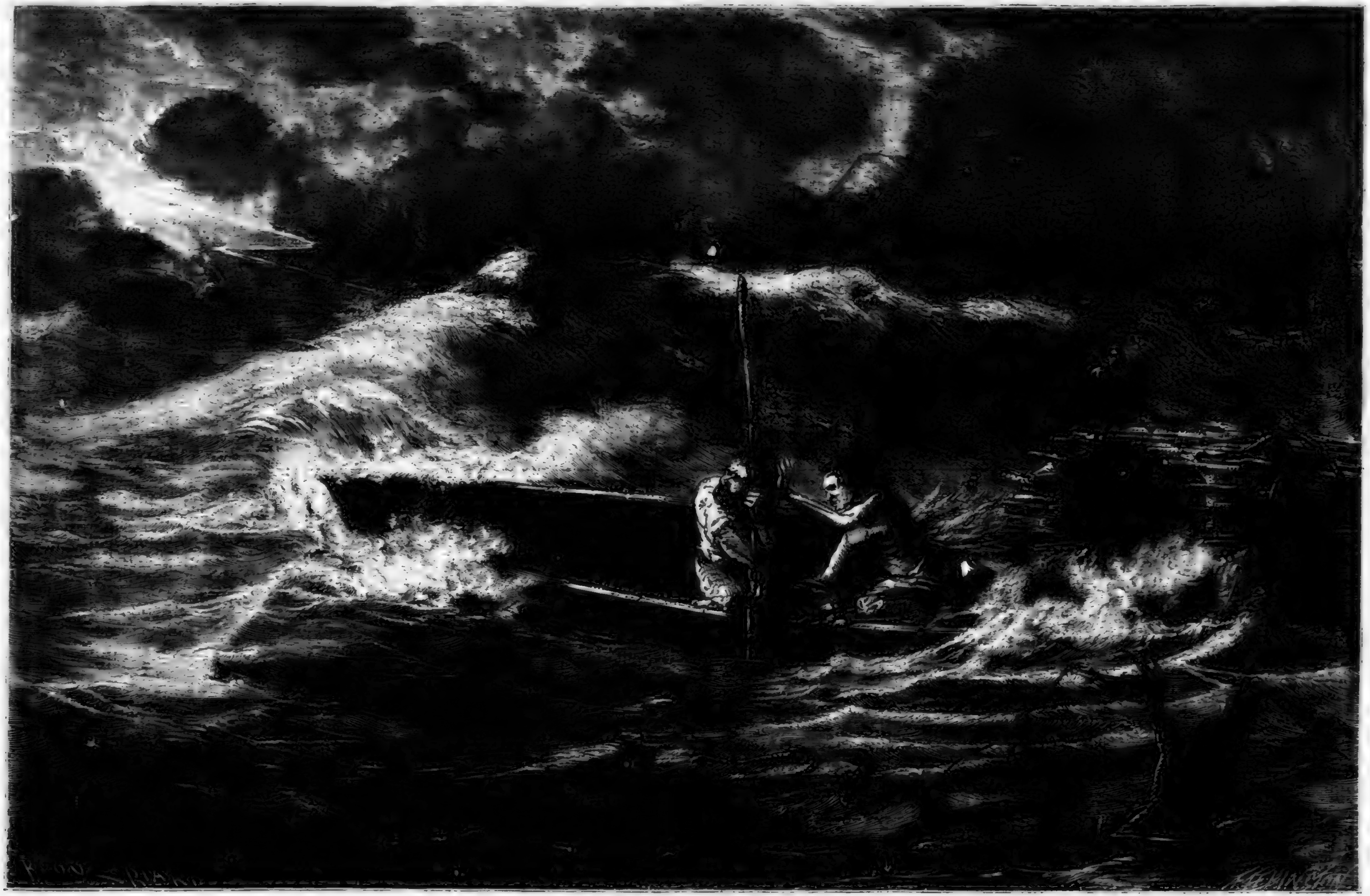
"With Gertie's unchanging love."

And, in my opinion, he was a great deal happier than he deserved.



T'OTHER, OR WHICH?—"HE HOLDS THE MISSIVE ABOVE HIS HEAD. GERTRUDE, NOISELESS AS A CONSPIRATOR, HAS SEIZED A PAIR OF TONGS, AND, STEALING BEHIND, CAPTURES THE TREASURE BY AN UNEXPECTED, MAGNIFICENT SNIP."—SEE PAGE 739.

It is on record that a shoemaker in Edinburgh, Scotland, chanced to leave the door of a lark's cage open, of which the bird took advantage to fly away. About an hour afterward, a cat belonging to the same person made its appearance with the lark in its mouth, held in such a manner that the bird had not received the least injury. After dropping the bird on the floor, she looked up to her master, as if expecting his recognition of her cleverness. The writer himself has observed many instances of a remarkable instinct in cats, and has one which every day knocks at the door—sometimes modestly, sometimes with a sharp double-knock like a postman, occasionally with a series of raps, pianissimo, like a lady or a quiet single gentleman. The door is half glass, and the knocker low. The cat was not taught, but acquired the trick by his own observation.



A STORM ON THE AMAZON.—SEE PAGE 739.

A CHAPTER ON RINGS.

Some of those Ornaments which were Famous, and the Legends Pertaining to Them.

The Indian legend of Jarchus and his seven rings is thus related:

The philosopher was deeply versed in the occult sciences, and was a magician of such power that he is said to have constructed a gold chair for himself, in which he could elevate his body to the highest sphere and hold converse with the planets. In one of these excursions he received from a spirit seven rings of talismanic properties. The first displayed a diamond, denoting brilliancy of mind and purity of heart; the second, a ruby, expressive of the warm glow of benevolence; the third, an emerald, emblem of eternal Spring; the fourth, a sapphire, indicating truth, being the tint of the heavens; the fifth, a topaz, betokening caution and sagacity; the sixth, a chrysolite, depicting a mind receiving its colors from the influence of the times and seasons; the seventh, an amethyst, emblem of piety and dignity.

These rings Jarchus was commanded to take to earth, and by bestowing them on the most worthy, thus disseminate the seeds of virtue among mankind.

The "Navigium" of Eustathius contains some curious allusions to different points of popular belief formerly. One of the parties mentioned therein wishes for a set of rings to endow him with the following qualities and advantages: A never-failing store of health; a person invulnerable, invisible, of irresistible charms, and having the concentrated essence of ten thousand men; a power of flying through the air; of entering every dwelling-house, however strongly secured; and of casting a deep sleep on whom he chooses.

Native historians of Turkey relate a dream of Othman, or Osman (from whom the designation of Ottomans is derived), which prefigured the future greatness of his race. He fancied that he saw a tree sprouting from his own person, which rapidly grew in size and foliage, until it covered with its branches the three continents of Europe, Asia and Africa. Beneath the tree four enormous mountains raised their snowy summits, Caucasus, Atlas, Taurus and Hœmus, apparently supporting, like four columns, the vast leafy tent. From the sides of these mountains issued four rivers, the Tigris, the Euphrates, the Danube and the Nile. Suddenly the branches and leaves of the tree assumed the appearance of a glittering sabre, and, moved together by the breeze, they turned toward Constantinople. That capital, placed at the juncture of two seas and two continents, seemed like a noble diamond set in a ring between two sapphires and emeralds. Othman was about to celebrate his nuptials with the Byzantine city, the capital of the world, by placing the ring on his finger, when he awoke. By dint of the Koran and the sword, the dream of Othman was realized by his successors.

The Koran interdicts the wearing of gold ornaments during prayer, and in order to avoid the trouble of taking off and putting on their rings, the Persians used silver ones on those occasions. Tavernier, the French traveling jeweler, relates that Abbas II. bought a gold ring of him, and then had the stone reset in a silver ring.

In the traditions of the heathen epoch of Swedish history, mention is made of a famous ring called "Swiagris," the greatest treasure which King Adil possessed. This, with other valuable articles, was given by Queen Yrsa to her son, King Rolf, who was in antagonism with Adil, and, meeting him, cast the precious ring out on the road, which, when Adil saw, he said, "Kinder has been to him than to me the person who gave King Rolf the ring;" then bowed himself and stretched forth his lance to recover the ring. Then said King Rolf, "Now I have made the richest man in Sweden bow his back;" and in the meanwhile he struck at King Adil while he was thus stooping, and gave him an ignominious blow, saying, "Keep the shame-scar for a time, and may you learn to know King Rolf, whom you have so sought for."

King Rolf again took up the ring, "Swiagris," and, with his followers, hewed down the Swedes, and pursued his way in peace.

Hjalmar the Bold, the champion of King Ane's court at Upsala, after wonderful adventures, sings his death-song, and in his last moments desires a ring of red gold to be taken off his finger and given to Ingeborg, the daughter of King Ane of Sweden, as a confirmation of the words she had spoken herself at their parting, that they should never meet again. Odd, his foster-brother, promised to fulfill his wish. He took the body of Hjalmar to the palace of Upsala, and laid it without the hall door. He then entered, carrying his friend's helmet and cuirass in his hand. These he laid down before Ane, and related the fall of Hjalmar. Afterward he went to Ingeborg, who was seated in her chair embroidering a mantle for Hjalmar. Odd presented himself before her, and said, "Hjalmar saluteth thee, and sent thee this ring in his dying moments." Ingeborg took the ring, looked at him, answered nothing, and sank down dead at his feet. Then Odd took her up and bore her forth and laid her in Hjalmar's arms, saying, "Now may the dead enjoy that bliss which fate denied the living."

From the legendary let us turn to the historical. At the coronation of Henry IV. of England, the King exhibited the signet-ring of Richard II., delivered to him by that monarch as a token of his will that he should succeed him. A French metrical history of the deposition of the unfortunate Richard (in the British Museum) says, "They (the archbishops) took the costly ring of the realm, wherewith they are wont to espouse their kings, which is, say they, their peculiar right. They bore it between them to the constable, whom they esteem a notable knight, Lord Percy, and when he had taken the ring he showed it openly to all who were there present; then he kneeled down and put it upon the King's right hand, by way of espousal. But I would not give a farthing for it, because this office was performed without right or justice. I do not say that it might not be a worthy thing, were it done as such a thing should have been."

It is curious in connection with this ring, that among the documents and papers belonging to Westminster Abbey (a catalogue of which was prepared by Widmore in the last century) is a grant by Richard II., in the twelfth year of his reign, to the Abbot of Westminster, of a certain ring with a precious ruby inserted therein, for the shrine of the Confessor, with the condition that he might use the said ring when in England, but that it was to be placed on the shrine when the King went abroad, and was to be used at the coronation of the King's successors.

Several ring stories are related in connection with the unfortunate Charles I. In Herbert's narrative of the last days of the monarch, he mentions, "the same evening, January 28th, 1648, two days before his execution, the King took a ring from his finger, having an emerald set therein between two diamonds, and gave it to Mr. Herbert, and commanded him, as late as it was, to go with it from St. James's to a lady living then in Canon Row, on the back side of King Street, in Westminster, and to give it to her without saying anything. The night was exceedingly dark, and guards were set in several places; nevertheless, getting the word from Colonel Matthews Tomlinson, Mr. Herbert passed currently, though in all places where sentinels were he was bid stand till the corporal had the word from him. Being come to the lady's house, he delivered to her the ring. "Sir," said she, "give me leave to show you the way into the parlor," where, being seated, she desired him to wait till she returned. In a little while after she came in, and put into his hands a little cabinet, closed with three seals, two of which were the King's arms, and the third was the figure of a Roman; which done, she desired him to deliver it to the same hand that sent the ring, which ring was left with her. And afterward, Mr. Herbert taking his leave, he gave the cabinet into the hands of His Majesty, who told him he should see it opened next morning.

Morning being come, the bishop (Juxon) was early with the King, and after prayers, His Majesty broke the seals, and showed them what was in the cabinet. There were diamonds and jewels—most part broken—and Georges and Garters.

"You see," said the King, "all the wealth now in my power to give to my children."

The origin of the St. Mark's Ring is thus given in the old chronicles of Venice: Two centuries after the translations of the remains of the saint to Venice, when the Emperor Henry III. made an express pilgrimage to his shrine, the body had disappeared. The priests had recourse to prayers and fasting for its recovery, and the whole city was afflicted to tears, to abstinence, and to supplication. At length the saint relented. One morning, the sacristan whose turn it was to attend the church in which the body ought to have been found, perceived, on entering, a fragrant odor, and a brilliant light which issued from a particular column. The simple priest imagined that there was a fire, and ran up in affright to extinguish it—nor was his alarm diminished when he saw a human arm protruding from the column. He hastened to the doge and announced this marvel; and the bishop and clergy having been summoned, repaired with profound devotion to the church. There, as they knelt before the pillar, the arm dropped a ring from one of the fingers of its hand into the bishop's bosom; and at the same time the column opened and displayed an iron coffin, inclosing the remains of the Evangelist.

It is sad to record that the ring of the saint was stolen in 1585, and that, though his body was deposited in a mysterious receptacle, known only to the doge and certain special custodians named *Provveditori*, it long ago disappeared. Eustace, in his "Classical Tour in Italy," accuses the Doge Carossio of having sold the precious relic. At all events, its present depository is unknown.

With regard to the occult virtues of rings, they were numberless. We only remember reading of one, however, the special virtue of which consisted in directing the wearer the right road to take in traveling—an invaluable *vade mecum*. This useful ring belonged to King Otnit of Lombardy, and was given to him by the queen-mother when he went to gain in marriage the soldan's daughter.

Curious customs are associated with rings. Captain Burnaby, in his famous "Ride to Khiva," says that a favorite amusement in Russia, when several girls are congregated together under the same roof, is to divine, by aid of a cock, which maiden will be married first. Each girl, taking some corn, makes a small heap on the floor, and there conceals a ring. The bird is then introduced and let loose beside the corn. Presently he begins to peck at the heaps of grain. At last one of the rings is exposed to view, when its owner, according to popular belief, will outstrip her companions in the race for matrimony.

The mention of Russia reminds us of a curious incident in connection with a ring, which occurred at Moscow during the reign of the Empress Catherine II. A rich nobleman, a collector of precious stones, met in company a stranger, who wore on his finger a ring of great value and beauty. After a conversation as to its worth, the nobleman offered him a considerable sum for it, which the stranger at first refused, not wishing to part with it. At length, to evade the repeated importunities of the nobleman, he declared he would not sell it, as the stones were not genuine. This declaration filled the company with amazement. The nobleman desired to have the ring for a few days, giving a security for it, and then showed it to several jewelers, who declared the stones to be genuine, and of great value. He brought back the ring to its owner, who put it with great indifference into his waistcoat pocket.

The negotiations began afresh, and the nobleman offered a sum which was near its true value.

"This ring," observed the stranger, "is a token of friendship, but I am not rich enough to reject so large a sum as you offer for it. Yet this high offer is the very reason for my not complying. How can you offer so much money for a ring which the owner himself confesses to be made up of false stones?"

The nobleman replied:

"If your determination depends only on that, take at once the sum; and I call upon the gentlemen here present to witness that I voluntarily pay it."

The stranger took the money, and gave the nobleman the ring, repeating the declaration that the stones were false, and that it was still time to make the purchase void. The ring was afterward found out to be as the seller stated. A false ring had been made exactly similar to the genuine one. The affair was brought before a court of law, but as the seller proved that during the whole business there was no question at all about genuine stones, and that the purchaser had expressly treated for a ring which he was told was false, a judgment was pronounced in his favor.

In a letter (dated February 4th, 1729) from W. Derham, author of "Physico-Theology" and "Astro-Theology," to Ralph Palmer, among the manuscript collections of Sir H. Ingleby, baronet, he alludes to a pebble in a ring formerly belonging to Archbishop Laud, which Palmer had shown to him. At the back of the letter is a seal with "the impression of the natural pebble, formed by nature, whereon the half-moon is as perfect as it could be in sculpture, and as bold."

From marriage to death the practice of wearing "In memoriam" rings, with representations on them of the skull and crossed bones, is well commented on in a sermon by Robinson, Bishop of Bangor: "Many carry Death on their fingers when he is never nigh their hearts." On the same subject a writer in the *Connoisseur* (No. 39) remarks, "If I should not be thought to lay too much stress on the lesser formalities observed in mourning, I might mention the admirable method of qualifying the melancholy hue of the mourning ring, by enlivening it with the brilliancy of a diamond. I knew a young lady who wore on the same finger a ring set round with death's-heads and cross marrow-bones for the loss of her father, and another prettily embellished with burning hearts pierced through with darts, in respect to her lover."

The custom of pledge-money given with rings at marriages, common in ancient times, was practiced at a late period in France. The Dauphin (afterward Louis XVI.) of France, on his marriage with Marie Antoinette, after he had placed the wedding ring on her finger, added, as an "earnest," or pledge, that he endowed her with his worldly wealth, a gift of thirteen pieces of gold, which, as well as the ring, had received the episcopal benediction.

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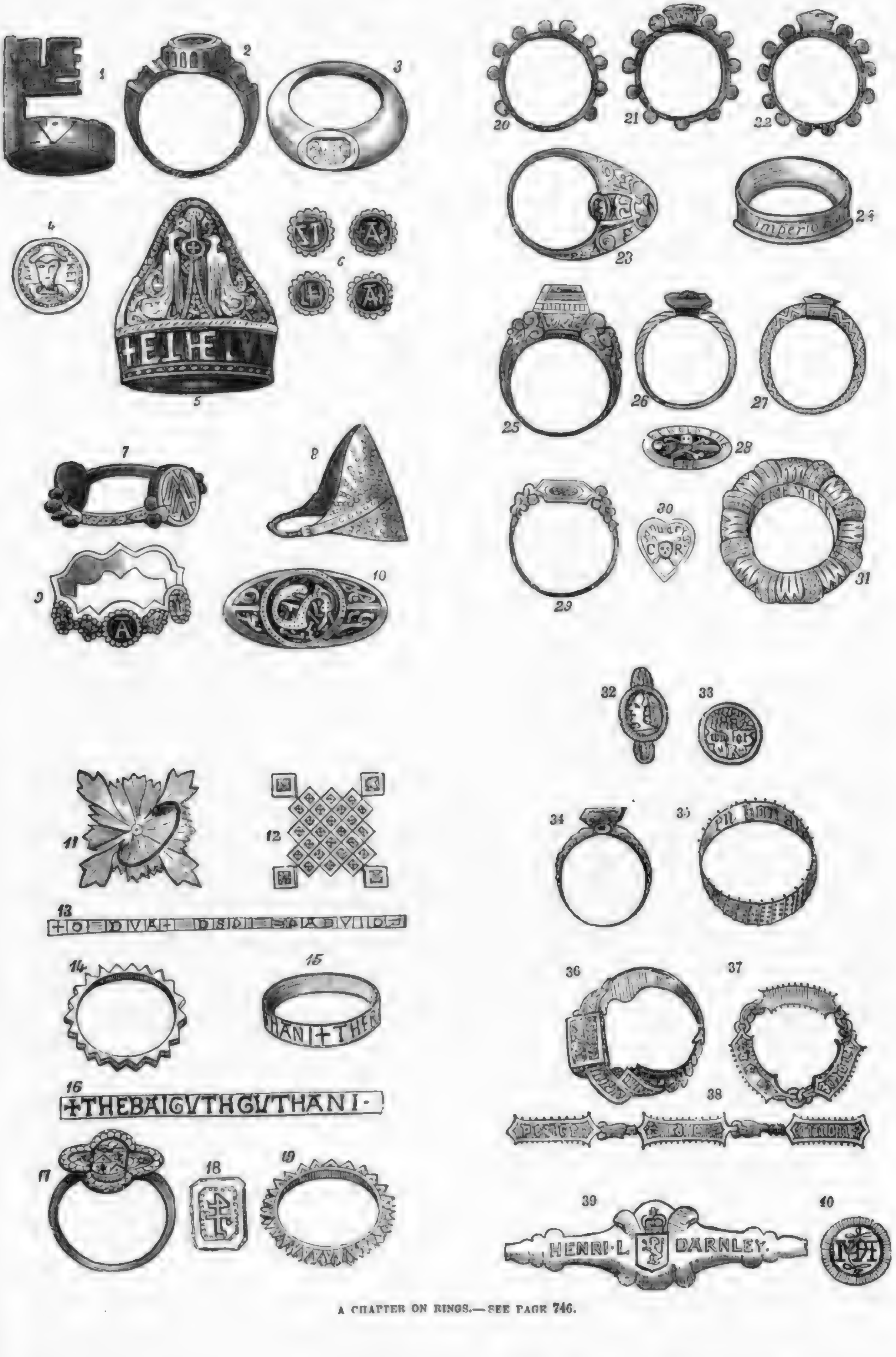
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A CHAPTER ON RINGS.—SEE PAGE 746.

1. Bronze Roman key, found at Chesterfield, now in Lord Braybrook's collection.

2. Bronze Roman ring, with a fictitious gem, found at Chesterfield.

3. Gold Roman ring.

4. Impress of a gold Anglo-Saxon signet, on which is the bust of a man, and the name, "X Averit."

5. Ring of Ethelwolf (Anglo-Saxon), now in the British Museum.

6. Inscription on an Anglo-Saxon ring of the name "X Alhstan," the letter N being represented by a Rune. This is supposed to have been the ring of Alhstan, who was Bishop of Sherborne from A.D. 823 to 837. (A representation of this ring—fig. 9—is given below fig. 6.)

7. Anglo-Saxon ring, with two impresses.

8. Silver ring of Anglo-Saxon date.

9. Ring of the Bishop of Sherborne. (See reference 6.)

10. Ornamentation of North Saxon lacertine work of the eleventh century. This ring, which is silver, was found in the Thames at Chelsea, in 1856, and is now in the collection of Mr. Waterton.

11, 12. Gold ring of ancient date, set with jewels, found in Ireland.

13, 14. Gold talismanic ring, with characters engraved upon it, now in the possession of the Duke of Northumberland.

15, 16. Talismanic ring and inscription.

17. Silver ring, the impress bearing a coat-of-arms.

18. Impress of a merchant's mark on a brass signet-ring.

19. Richly ornamented finger-ring, date uncertain.

20. Decade ring; the ten bosses indicate ten Aves.

21. Decade ring, with eleven bosses, which indicate ten Aves and a Paternoster.

22. Decade ring, with twelve bosses.

23. Gold enameled ring of the sixteenth century, set with a turquoise and surrounded by garnets.

24. A sergeant's ring, with the inscription, "*Imperio regit unis æquo.*" It was the practice of sergeants-at-law to present a number of these rings at the ceremony of their taking the coif.

25. Sir Thomas Gresham's wedding-ring.

26, 27. Charm-rings.

28. Impress of a mourning-ring in memory of Charles I.'s execution; on it are the emblems of mortality, and the words, "Behold the end!"

29. Mourning-ring in memory of Charles I.

30. Device on a mourning-ring, consisting of a skull and crossbones, the initials "C. R.," and January 30, the date of King Charles II.'s death.

31. Mourning-ring in memory of Charles I.; inside the rim is the word "Remember."

32. Gold Italian betrothal ring of the fifteenth century.

33. Gold signet, with the rebus of the Wylmot family. At the foot of the tree there is the letter "R." On one side are the letters "WY," and on the other the letters "OT." Supposing the tree to be an elm, the name would read Wy—elm—ot, or Wylmot. The ring is supposed to be of fourteenth century workmanship.

34. Betrothal ring, with device of a "true-love knot" on the seal.

35. Wedding or betrothal ring, with the inscription.

36. Gold wedding-ring, in the British Museum.

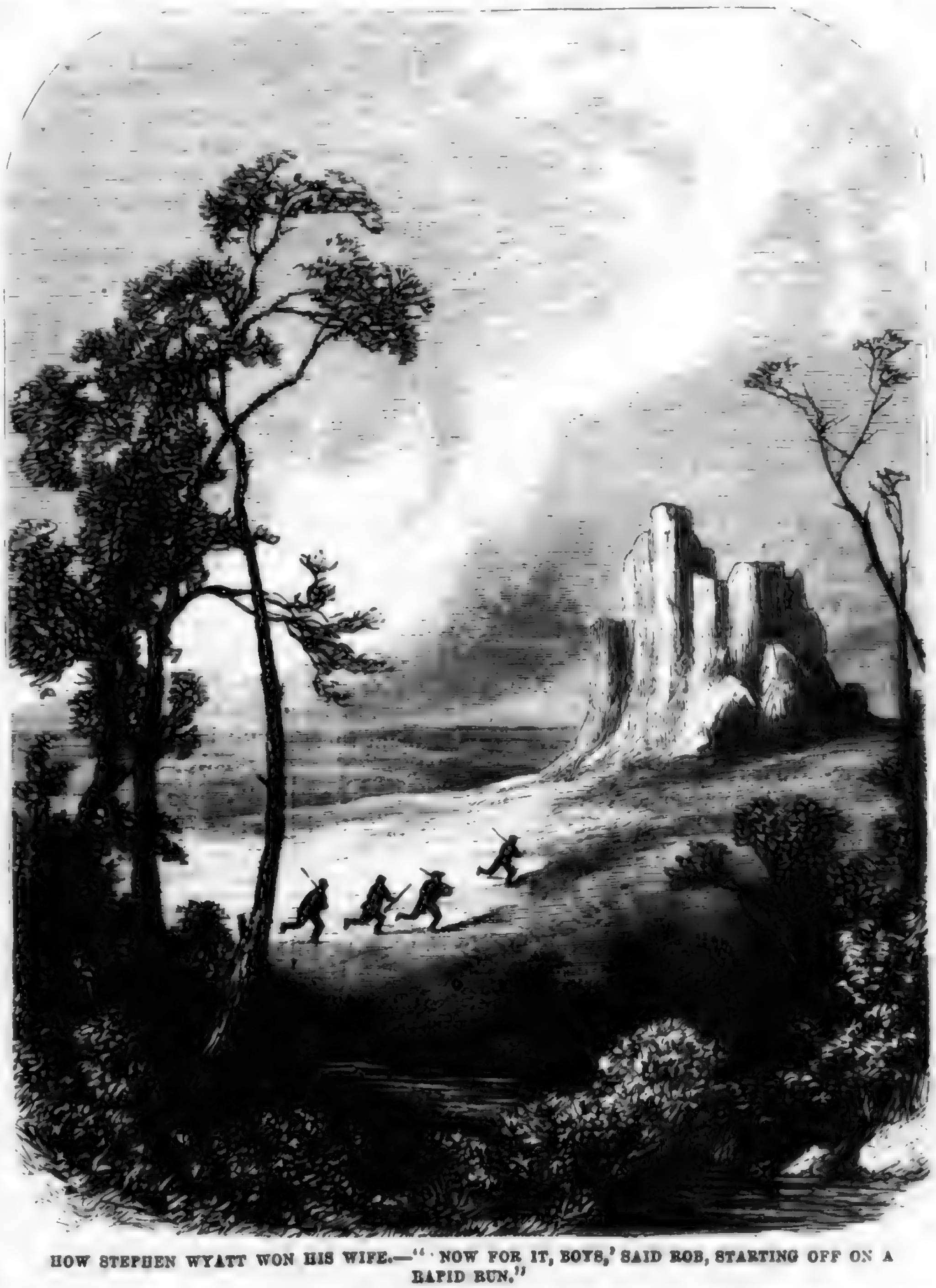
37. Betrothal ring, in the British Museum. 38. Inscription on the ring.

39, 40. Betrothal ring of Mary Queen of Scots and Lord Darnley. Inscription and device on the under side of the ring. Monogram on the impress of the seal.

HOW STEPHEN WYATT WON HIS WIFE.

By Thomas S. Collier.

As a gay party of hunters emerged from the forest, and entered a fertile valley through which ran a broad, deep river, the sharp twang of a bow-string sounded close to them, and an arrow whistled past the head of their leader, and stuck quivering in the trunk of a small tree that grew detached from its brothers.



HOW STEPHEN WYATT WON HIS WIFE.—"'NOW FOR IT, BOYS,' SAID ROB, STARTING OFF ON A RAPID RUN."

This was not an unusual occurrence in Ohio then, for it was just after the close of the Revolution, and so the hunters were not so much surprised as might be supposed.

"Back to the woods—quick, quick!" shouted Rob Ransom, the man who had been so near death, and whose long border experience had made him well versed in Indian warfare; and, obeying his directions, his companions followed him to the forest.

They were none too soon, for just as they reached the cover of the trees several dusky forms rose stealthily from

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among a clump of bushes near the trail leading to the river, and glided toward the place whence the arrow had come, their ready weapons showing that they had thought the whites would fly that way, and not back to the wood.

They had an old and wary foe to deal with, however, and soon the report of Rob's rifle, and the death-shriek of a savage, told that it was dangerous for a redskin to show beyond cover.

The shot was answered by a wild whoop from the throats of over a hundred warriors, and Rob knew that he had fallen into a nest of Shawnees.

"Confound the red devils!" he muttered. "We will have to retreat, and do it fast, for it is the Black Snake's band. They have rifles, too, and the sooner we start the better," he continued, ramming home a bullet, and peering down the dim aisles running between the tough boles of the century-old trees.

Seeing no movement, but knowing the silence boded no good to his companions and himself, he struck into a long, noiseless gait, his friends keeping aside or ahead of him.

"Strike for the Pillar Rocks!" he whispered to the two men next him, and the word was softly passed until all knew the point of destination.

The Pillar Rocks were a huge mass of regular blocks of granite, piled together in a grotesque confusion, forming, however, a strong and systematic fortress. How they had come in their present position, or by whom they had been placed in their defensive attitude, no one could tell.

When they were discovered they were held in superstitious awe by the Indians, who thought them the home of evil spirits. That they had been formed and placed there by man was evident; but by what men, will never be known.

To reach these rocks and use them as a defense was Rob's design, and, though they were some distance away, he felt sure of being able to accomplish this. His experience told him that his shot would cause the savages to be wary, and he knew that the band would gather about their chief to receive directions ere they followed him.

On he went, his companions keeping pace with him, and soon they heard a faint shout echo from far away. It told them that their trail had been discovered, and that now their pursuit would be swift and sure.

"Now for it, boys!" said Rob, starting off on a rapid run; and through the dim shades of the old trees they flitted, and soon reached a purling brook. Beyond this lay an open space wherein rose the Pillar Rocks, and they were soon climbing up these.

They were none too quick, for the whoops and yells of the advancing savages had been coming nearer; and just as Stephen Wyatt, the youngest of the hunters, scrambled into the protected space at the top of the rocks, a rifle-ball chipped the stone where his hand still rested.

But the Indians did not show beyond the trees, though their dusky forms could be seen moving from trunk to trunk, making a circle round the cleared space.

"Ah! you think you have us trapped, do you?" laughed Ransom. "Maybe you have, but you must fight hard to get us—that is sure, is it not, Steph?" addressing the last man who had entered the strange old fort.

"It is," was the answer; for Steph Wyatt never wasted words when there was danger near that demanded thought, though he was ever ready with jest and song at other times.

He was a curious individual, this young man, clad in rough buckskin, but he had proved his courage beyond a doubt, and the sureness of his aim, and his coolness in times of danger, had made him famous among those hardy pioneers.

Still, he was a mystery, for no one knew where he had come from, and there was a refinement in his language and manner that spoke of a gentler breeding than that bestowed by the backwoods. One thing was sure, perfect gentleman as he was, he was also a consummate and wary foe to the Shawnees, and they would have counted his death or capture cheaply bought had the price been the scalps of ten of their bravest warriors.

He had been recognized by the pursuing party, and the Black Snake himself, the best shot in the band, had sent the bullet after him that chipped the rock.

Wyatt never seemed to think death could reach him—that is, death from an Indian's hand—and his adventures often justified this, for his escapes were miraculous. The Black Snake had never missed such a shot before; but, as he stood watching the dark forms flitting among the trees, no one could have told from his face that Steph Wyatt knew that death had passed so close to him.

After having carefully studied the movements of the savages for some time, he turned to Rob Ransom, who was little, if any, his superior in forest warfare, and said:

"They can starve us out. Some one will have to go for help."

"Yes, that's so. I have a big *caché* of provisions and ammunition here—enough to last us a week. But after that they have us—that is, unless aid gets to us. Sandusky is two days' sharp travel from here."

"It will be a risky job, for those redskins do not intend to let us off unless forced to." And, as he ceased speaking, Wyatt's rifle was brought to a level, and a sharp report quickly followed.

The white smoke had scarcely left the rifle's muzzle ere a tall form rose from behind some rank grass that ran away from the brook, stood with its arms wildly tossing a moment, and then sank still and rigid to the ground. A howl of rage sounded from the woods, and several rifle-balls chipped the hard stone about them; but Wyatt only smiled grimly, and said:

"They had better save their powder; they may need it."

"That's so, and we may need ours. But the question is, how to get help from Sandusky. I would do it, but I am in charge, as it seems, and so I cannot go; and it needs some one who knows the redskins, and the paths through the forest."

"I will go," said Wyatt.

"You will? Splendid! I didn't like to ask you, for it's taking your life in your hand; but you are the best one for the job," said Ransom.

"And I will do it, or die."

There was a consultation called, and the provisions and ammunition were examined.

"We have enough for a week," said Ransom. "Now, when will you set out, Wyatt?"

"Early; for the moon rises at twelve, and I could not go after that."

"No, that is so; and you had best take a good meal before you go, for there's no telling when you will get the next."

Wyatt followed this advice, and, after partaking of a hearty meal of venison steak, broiled at a fire that had been lit after the hunters reached the rocks, and for which fuel had been stored in the fort by Ransom, in anticipation of a siege, he prepared for his expedition.

While busy at this, dark masses of cloud came rolling up from the West, foretelling a thunderstorm, and, ere the twilight faded, these had gathered over half the heavens.

"Fortune favors me," said Wyatt to Ransom, as he carefully inclosed his ammunition in a waterproof bag and covered his rifle's lock. "I shall have darkness and noise both to help me."

While he spoke the wind drove the clouds rapidly over the remaining clear sky, and low thunder muttered in the distance. When the clouds had wholly closed out the stars and light, the moaning of the wind sank before the roar of the rain, which came rushing down in huge drops.

"Now I'm off," said Wyatt. "Ransom, here is a letter. In case you get clear, and I am never heard from, put it in a post-office somewhere;" and he handed Rob the little white packet.

"I will, old fellow," answered Ransom, placing the letter inside his buckskin shirt.

"And now," continued Wyatt, "two or three men had best go with me to the brook, and then return in the same track, to hide my trail."

Ransom and two others followed Wyatt as he scrambled silently down the rocks, and as silently stole toward the brook. When they reached this, Wyatt entered the water, and, bidding his friends a whispered good-by, went slowly along with the current of the stream.

His companions returned to the fort, their hearts sending a fervent "God protect you!" after him.

The brook was bordered by reeds mingled with high grass, and this afforded Wyatt some protection, though the roar of the rain and the utter darkness that had settled over the earth were his best friends.

As swiftly as prudence would admit he went on, and soon reached the border of the wood. Here, indeed, the darkness was his safeguard; for, as he passed into the deeper shadows, the sound of his movements drowned by the roar and rush of the storm, he saw a dusky form move close to the trunk of a large tree, and heard this give vent to a dissatisfied grunt.

On he pressed, the darkness growing heavier about him, if that were possible; and, when over an hour had elapsed, he left the stream and struck into the woods. As he did so, the clouds broke away in the west, and a dim light slowly stole in among the dense forest shadows.

Gradually this grew stronger, and, just as he reached a small opening, a bright star shone broadly out, and gave him a chance to note his surroundings.

"By Jove! how lucky!" he muttered. "Why, here I am at the burnt clearing, just as I wish to be, and a good bit on my way, too."

And on he strode, placing a broad sweep of ground between him and the fortress ere he paused to rest.

But he did not rest lon

"I must get the boys help sooner than they said, for Black Snake will not let them be undisturbed more than three or four days at the most," he thought, as he went on.

The light grew stronger, but at intervals the clouds would drive up in dark masses, and fill the forest with impenetrable gloom.

As Wyatt stumbled along during one of these times, his foot struck something that moved, and nearly tripped him.

Springing back, he grasped his rifle firmly, and, as a dimly seen form rose quickly before him, dealt it a heavy blow. As this fell, with a low groan, to the earth, a smaller figure near it started up, and Wyatt was preparing to serve this in the same manner, when a sweet, womanly voice, that thrilled him as would an electric shock, said:

"Spare me, spare me, for I am white!"

"For God's sake! who are you? Speak!" he gaspe

"I am Annie Carter—and you?" a quiver of hope and love in the voice.

"Oh, my lost darling! I am Steph Wyatt!" And, as he spoke, he clasped the lithe figure to his heart.

Only a moment could he give to pleasure, however, for he knew how pressing were the needs of his friends.

"How many guards had you?" he whispered.

"Only one—an old brave. The Black Snake has the rest a little way from here."

"I know. And where were you going?"

"Black Snake was carrying me to his lodge in the Miami Valley. He bought me from my captors, who have held me for ransom during the last five years. I believe Black Snake purposes to make me his squaw."

"He will miss that pleasure. I guess I have settled this old fellow, and I must go on, as I am after aid for the men your captors have penned up in the Pillar Rocks. Can you travel fast?"

"Yes; the Indians have taught me that."

"Come, then, darling." And, giving her another caress, he took her hand, and again hurried on.

All through the night and far into the next day they traveled, resting for a few moments to take food, but it was after twelve ere they stopped to sleep.

Wyatt had learned all the indignities and hardships his little sweetheart had suffered, and, as his blood coursed rapidly through his veins, he said:

"They have paid dearly for these things, my own, but I thank God that they left you free with this. I had feared you would suffer still more."

"No; they spared me from even a threat of the disgrace of being an Indian's wife, until Black Snake saw me. I think they wanted a heavy ransom."

"They should have had it, had I been able to find you. But I have you now, and we'll never be parted again, after the boys in the fort are free."

Thus, telling of their lives since last they saw each other, the time passed rapidly, and they felt no fatigue; and, as they talk, the little that we should know of their histories is soon told.

Stephen Wyatt and Annie Carter were the children of farmers residing in western Pennsylvania. Stephen was inclined to study, and, having means, his father allowed him to follow the bent of his inclination. He had passed through college, and was reading law, when an incident occurred which made him a pioneer and hunter.

Annie and he had been childish lovers, and this had ripened into a betrothal, which was to consummate in marriage when Stephen came home to practice his profession. Before that time arrived, Annie's father, having purchased a large tract of land in Ohio, moved there, carrying Annie with him.

As his farm was on the outskirts of the settled territory, it was open to an easy surprise, and when, returning from the nearest town, where he and his wife had been to make purchases, one warm Autumn day, he found his home a mass of cinders, and his daughter gone. Soon reports of an Indian incursion came, and, heart-broken by their great loss, the Carters returned to the old Pennsylvania home, which was still theirs, arriving at the same time that Stephen Wyatt came back from his law studies.

The news they brought sent him hurriedly to the West, and he had been there during the five years that had passed since Annie's capture.

All this had been told ere the noonday rest was called. They were not more than fifteen miles from their destination now, and signs of civilized life began to appear, so that they felt comparatively safe. Two hours' rest so refreshed them, that they were able to reach the stockade at Sandusky by five o'clock.

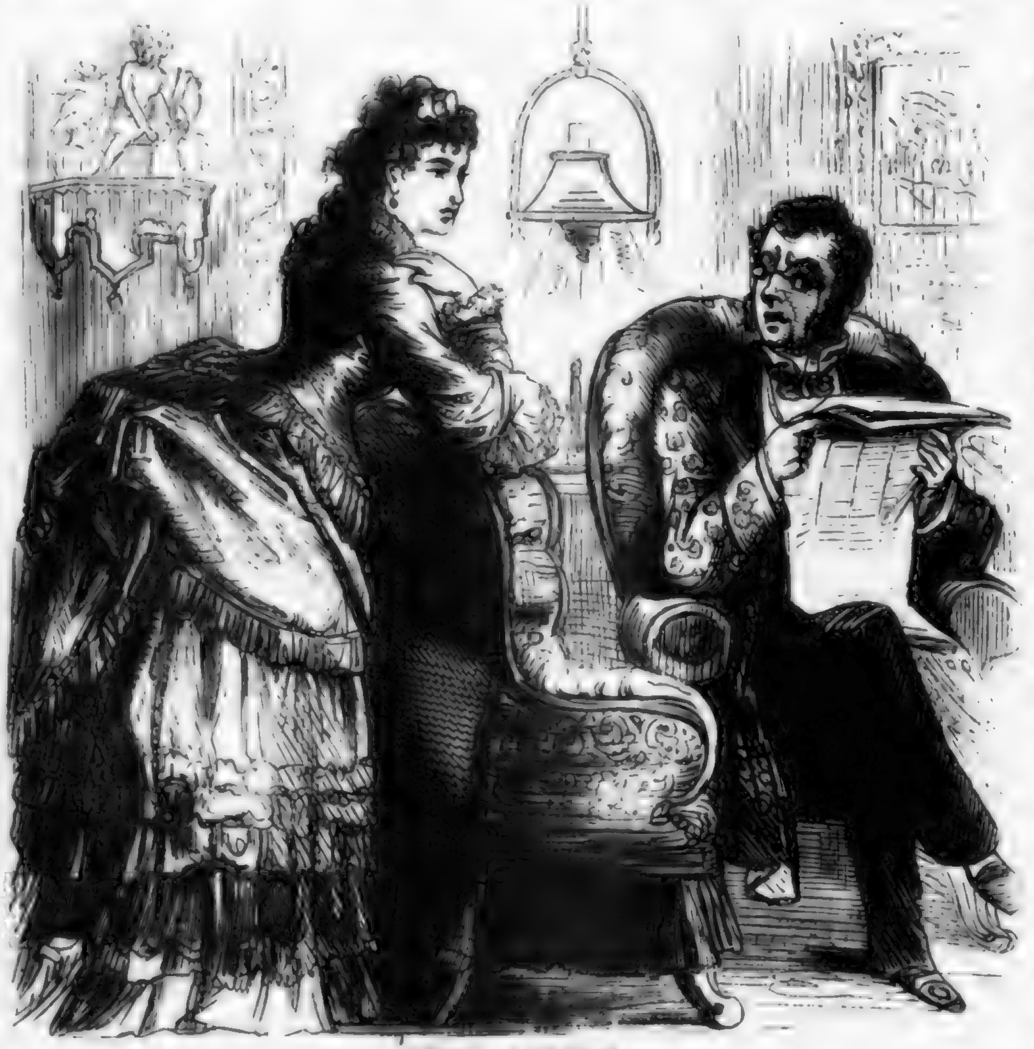
Here Wyatt was warmly greeted, and the story of his companion brought tears of sympathy to many an eye. The women of the place took her in charge, and she was soon arrayed in the old accustomed garments, and, as Steph said, "Was the same Annie as of old."

"I should have known you, or your voice, anywhere, darling," he whispered, as he came to bid her good-by; for the news of Ransom's danger had determined the men to set out that night. "I should have known even your hand-clasp. I shall be back in a week, and then——"

What they meant was told in a kiss; and, having given this, he hurried away, and was soon guiding a hundred stout backwoodsmen toward the Pillar Rocks.

They arrived at the burnt clearing the second morning after they set out, and then slowly and carefully went on. As they neared the place, faintly heard rifle-reports came echoing through the trees.

"I thought so — we are none too soon," said Wyatt to the commander of the men. "Black Snake is not the man to wait long. We must hurry now."



VERY LIKELY.

Wife: "*I am afraid I am going to have a stiff neck.*"
Husband: "*Not at all improbable, my dear; I have seen strong symptoms of it ever since we have been married.*"

They then pressed forward, moving as silently as their rapid pace would admit of, and heard the din grow louder everymoment. Soon they came to the brook, and hurriedly calling a council, Wyatt had the men divided into two parties. Giving directions how they should proceed, he led one party on. The rifle-shots were mingled with shouts and cries now, and all the din of a fierce struggle; and, when Wyatt and his companions reached the edge of the clearing, they saw the cause of the uproar. The Indians were charging on the fort, and though Ransom and his men were fighting desperately, the odds against them were too great; some of the savages had just gained the crest of the rocks, as the two parties from Sandusky appeared in the open space, and, giving a cheer to inspirit Ransom, poured in a volley.

The new enemy recalled the Shawnees from the fort, and as they turned another volley greeted them; still, they were not cowards, and, fighting bravely, strove hard to regain the wood. A few succeeded in doing so, one of these being Black Snake; but, just as he was springing behind a tree, Wyatt saw him.

Like a flash of lightning the charge leapt from his rifle, and the bravest, wiliest and cunningest warrior of the Shawnees rolled over dead.

The fight was won, and the flower of the Indian warriors lay cold and still around the Pillar Rocks. Owing to the surprise, the loss of the whites was light, though ten of the rescuing party and two of Ransom's eight men were laid to sleep in low graves just within the forest.

But the rescue had been accomplished, and in doing this there had come to Stephen Wyatt's life the second installment of love's sweet glory.

After he returned to Sandusky, he carried Annie back to their old Pennsylvania home Great were the rejoicings that followed their arrival, and soon there was a wedding in the village church, and Annie Carter became Annie Wyatt.

As the tract of land owned by Mr. Carter was now in a part of the country quite thickly settled, the newly married pair took possession of it, and, as the morning of their lives had been full of trouble and storm, there came to them as payment for this all the rich glory and sunshine of a happy love.

The Asiatic gambler is the most reckless; it seems to be his second nature, and he will not scruple to stake his wife, children, or, as a last venture, one of his own limbs, his life or liberty, becoming thus the slave of his antagonist. And here we are reminded of a fine point in law once extant among the ancient Hindoos, and touching upon this very question. A warrior, staking his last farthing on chance, finally put up his liberty, upon losing which he bethought him of his beautiful wife. Luck being still against him, she was summoned as a slave before her husband's antagonist, and escaped a life of serfdom by the adroitness of her first query: "Did my husband lose me, or himself, first? For if he played away himself first, he could not stake me."

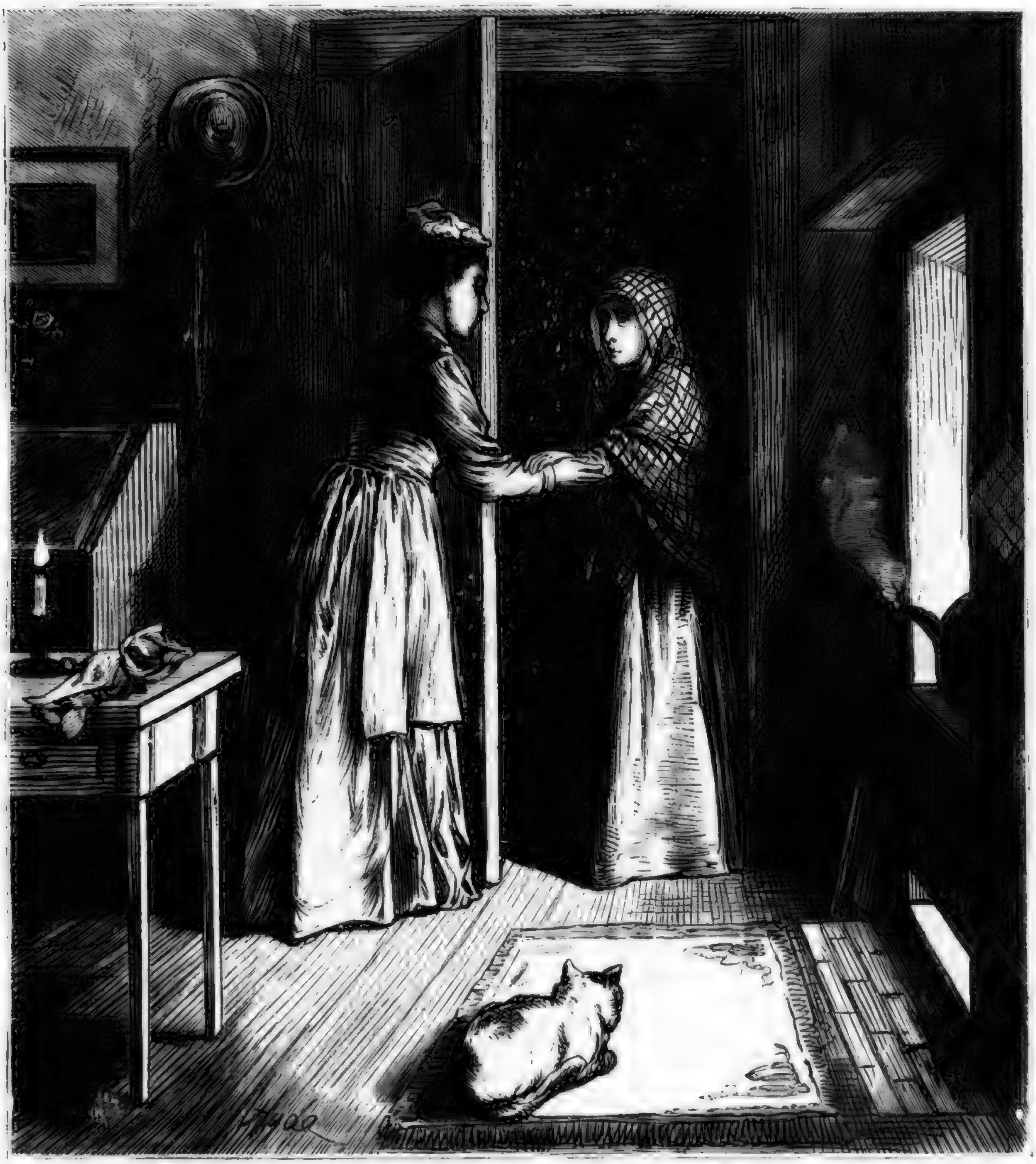
Persons who like to contemplate their own importance should consider that the world got along very well before they were born, and will probably get along equally well after they are dead.

AUNT POLLY'S STORY.

By Mary Grace Halpine.

Mary Sanderson, city born and bred, was on a visit to her mother's aunt, Mrs. Polly Perkins.

One day she entered the house, her cheeks all aglow.



AUNT POLLY'S STORY.—"I OPENED IT, AND THERE STOOD JENNY, WITH NOTHIN' ROUND HER BUT A THIN SHAWL, AN' HER FACE AS WHITE AS THE SNOW AT HER FEET. 'FUR THE LAND'S SAKE!' SEZ I, AS I PULLED HER IN TEW THE FIRE. 'WHAT BRUNG YOU OUT SICH A NIGHT AS THIS?'"

"I met Mr. Tracy and his mother out riding, auntie. What a sweet face she has, and how fond and proud her son is of her!"

Aunt Polly was making pies.

"So he orter be," she said, cutting deftly the superfluous crust from the one she had just covered, the rings of dough falling over the plump bare arm. "There ain't many sich mothers; what she underwent fur him can't be told in words."

"She inquired after you, Aunt Polly. She said you were once the best and only friend she had."

Polly smiled, as she glanced up from the apples she was slicing.

"It's true as Gospel, child, though there wouldn't nobody think it to look at her now. Courted an' sought arter as she is now, the time was when every heart and door in Barberry Green was closed ag'in her but your Aunt Polly's. An' she ain't forgot it, nuther. Grand as she is, an' high as she might carry her head if she was a mind tew, she ain't forgot how I stood by her through all her troubles. She give me the black silk gown I wear

XUM

Sundays, an' the lace cap an' kerchief you was admirin', an' that easy-chair in the square-room, an' carpet an' picturs. There's scarcely a week passes but what she sends me suthin' or ruther, if 'tain't more than some fruit or flowers."

"Tell me all about it, auntie," said Mary, coaxingly; "I know it must be interesting. Do, and I'll help you make the pies. I can pare and slice the apples."

Polly looked rather dubiously at Mary's white dress.

"If you are goin' tew dew that, dear, you'd better put on one of my aprons, so as not tew soil your gown."

Enveloped in one of Polly's gingham aprons, which nearly hid her from view, Mary took the pan of apples and a low seat by the table at which the former stood, rolling-pin in hand.

"Now begin, auntie," she said, "at the very beginning, mind, when you first knew her."

"If I dew that, I'll have tew go back tew when we was girls, an' used tew go tew the deestrict school together.

"Jenny Locke was the darter of Tom Locke, the blacksmith, a big, brawny man, with a voice like the growl of a bear, and an arm like a sledge-hammer. How he ever come tew have sich a sweet, pretty girl as Jenny, passes me. She didn't look a mill like him, nor his wife, nuther. Folks said that she looked like Tom's grandmother, who was an edicated lady, an' who run away to marry his grand'ther. But I never see her. She lived at Barberry Centre, an' died when Jenny was a baby.

"Tom had five other children, all girls, and Jenny was an odd sheep in the flock, looking like a moss-rosebud among hollyhocks, or a violet underneath a hedge.

"They was all nice girls enough, full of fun, an' bound tew have a good time; but Jenny was the flower of the family. There couldn't nobody help loving her that knowed her. It was as nat'ral for her tew be gentle an' sweet an' ladylike as tew breathe.

"An' she was jest as pretty as a pictur, with big black eyes, an' hair jest the same color, as soft an' shiny as silk. I used tew like tew watch the color in her cheeks a-comin' an' goin'—now jest a delicate pink, an' the next minute as red as the heart of a June rose.

"An' there was more than me that used tew love tew watch this. But I hain't come tew that yit.

"Squire Tracy was the richest man in Barberry Green, an' lived in the biggest an' grandest house, an' he felt his oats, you may depend. Not that he was above speakin' tew common folks—he allers spoke tew the poorest on'em—but it was in a grand, paternizin' sorter way that didn't exactly suit some people.

"The old squire wa'n't none tew pleasant tew live with, nuther, not if half the stories told 'bout him was true. He had a terrible temper, an' was as sot in his way as a mule. Everybody said if Mis' Tracy hadn't been one of the peaceablest creturs alive, she never could have got along with him. But as 'twas, she didn't have no trouble, or, if she did, nobody heard on't.

"They had one son. Norman Tracy was liked by everybody in the village, great an' small. He was so brave an' generous, an' had sich pleasant an' winnin' ways! Both the squire an' Mis' Tracy sot their life by him, though they had different ways of showin' it, an' 'twa'n't no wonder, nuther.

"Mis' Tracy hadn't no girls of her own, an' she tuck a fancy tew Jenny when she was a leetle bit of a thing. She used tew often have her up tew her house tew spend the day or arternoon, an' was allers takin' notice on her whenever they met, though she was so modest an' retirin' that it didn't seem to set her up none, as it would most girls.

"Jenny was allers handy with her needle, an' tuck nat'rally to all kinds of fancy work; an' when she was growed up, Mis' Tracy used tew have her tew her house weeks to time sewin' fur her. Sometimes she would go home nights and sometimes she wouldn't, jest as it happened.

"Arter a while Norman came home. He had been tew college. He had growed an' altered wonderful, but he had the same handsome face an' merry, winnin' ways.

"Norman was allers a great mother-boy, an', as Jenny was sewin' fur Mis' Tracy all the time jest then, him an' her was nat'rally throwed a good deal tewgether.

"I had married an' settled down in a home of my own. But John an' me was ambitious tew git ahead. We hadn't paid fur our place, an' so I used tew dew odd jobs at the house fur Mis' Tracy, ironin' an' clear-starchin' her muslins. She was pertic'ler 'bout sich, an' allers said I suited her tew a T. So I was in an' out the house consider'ble.

"Mis' Tracy used the room openin' out of her'n, an' which used tew be the nursery, fur a sewin'-room. Tew my mind 'twas the pleasantest one in the house; the winders was low, lookin' out upon the garden, that was full of flowers an' shrubbery.

"It was warm weather, an' the door was open intew the hall, an' I used tew often see Norman in there mornin's, either talkin', in his merry, pleasant way, or readin' aloud tew his mother, out of some book of po'try. He had a beautiful voice, an' I liked the sound of it, tho' I couldn't make no sense on't.

"Jenny allers sot by the winder, sewin', an' I remember, as if 'twas only yesterday, how pretty she looked, the color a-comin' an' goin' in her cheeks, an' her downcast eyes shinin' through the long lashes. An' I remember how he looked at her, an' how gentle his voice was when he spoke tew her. An' I minded that they used tew often be in the garden an' down by the river tewgether.

"I've often wondered sence what his mother could be thinkin' on. But she seemed tew think that Norman was the boy that he was when they used tew play tewgether, an' then Jenny was so still an' quiet, that she didn't have no suspicions as to what was comin'.

"I was sorter oneasy myself sometimes, when I see how Norman continued tew be allers where Jenny was—an' she seemed no ways averse to it—fur I knowed that the squire would never consent tew his marryin' Tom Locke's darter, an' Mis' Tracy, fond as she was of Jenny, would never think her a fit wife fur him.

"I don't know how it came out, but the squire seed or heard suthin' which roused his suspicions. I wa'n't there and I wa'n't sorry, nuther. Them that was, said that he ript an' raved fit tew take the roof off. The upshot on't was, that Norman went off tew furrin parts, an' Jenny was sent home mighty sudding.

"Sammy was only a few weeks old, then, an' kept me tew home pooty close, so I didn't see nothin' of Jenny 'cept tew meetin', an' then her pale, sad face went right tew my heart. But I thought it was from grievin' arter Norman, an' that arter a spell she'd get over it.

"Arter a while, some ugly stories got afloat. I was mad enough when they was fust told me, fur I didn't believe one word on't. But I made up my mind that I'd see Jenny, an' have a talk with her. But more'n a week passed, an' somehow I didn't git started; suthin' or ruther happened every day tew prevent.

"One cold, stormy evenin' in December—I sha'n't never forgit it the longest day I live—I was sittin' alone by the fire, a-knittin'—husband had gone down intew the milk-suller for suthin'—when I heard a tap at the door.

"I opened it, an' there stood Jenny, with nothin' round her but a thin shawl, an' her face as white as the snow at her feet.

"'Fur the land's sake!' sez I, as I pulled her in tew the fire, 'what brung you out sich a night as this?'

"Twice she tried tew speak, but her voice ended in a sob, I rubbin' her hands all the time, which were jist like ice. Then she said:

"'Polly, I hain't nowhere to go, an' no friend but you!—father's turned me out-of-doors!'

"Then she fell tew the floor in a dead faint.

"I hollered tew yer uncle, an' betwixt us both we got her ontew the bed in my bedroom. Then I built a rousin' fire, while he went fur the doctor.

"Jenny was dretful sick all night, an' all the next day. When the wust was over, she didn't seem tew rally. It almost seemed as if she was goin' tew die from pure weariness and disgust of life. Arter tryin' everything else I could think on, I put her baby in her arms—as fine a boy as I ever laid eyes on. She kissed it an' cried over it, an' from that moment began tew git better.

"Her folks didn't none on 'em come nigh her, an' husband an' me both said she could have a home with us as long as she was a mind tew stay.

"Sich a commotion as it made in Barberry Green I never see yit! The folks in the village made all sorts of errands to come in, so's to see 'Jenny Locke's love-child.'

"A body would ha' thought that she'd sunk tew the floor with shame, tew meet all them pryin', curious eyes; she was allers sich a sensitive thing, coloring tew the ears if a man looked at her harder than common. But she didn't seem tew mind it one speck, but sot like a marble statoo, an' almost as white, holdin' her baby in her arms as if 'twas the most nat'ral thing in the world to have it there.

"Of course they was all cur'us to know who's 'twas, though none on 'em durst ask her outright, she had sich a cold, proud way with her. But they didn't none on 'em get no satisfaction, with all their hints and spyin'. Even to me, Jenny never mentioned its father's name.

"As soon as Jenny got strong enough she went to work sewin' ag'in. She was so handy in makin' and fixin' over that she found plenty tew do.

"Mis' Tracy took her son's absence very hard; her health was very poor, so I heerd. As fur the squire, folks said he was more ca'tankerous an' harder to get along with than ever. I didn't see neither on 'em tew speak tew.

"Miss Tracy never spoke to Jenny but once. It was the Summer arter Norman went off. Jenny an' me sot on the porch sewin' when I see her comin' down the street.

"She sorter hesitated when she reached the gate, and then opened it and walked in.

"I was settin' a leetle back of Jenny. I looked at her, but there was not a bit of change in her face 'cept that it might be a leetle paler than common.

"Georgie, the baby, was playin' at her feet, the very pictur' of what Norman was at the same age, as I heerd Mis' Tracy say arterward.

"Mis' Tracy looked at the child, and then at its mother, layin' a roll of bills on Jenny's knee.

"A proud, almost angry, look came into Jenny's eyes. She handed 'em back, sayin':

"'I can't accept charity from you.'

"Miss Tracy made a motion tew go on, and then stopped, sayin':

"'If my son has wronged you, Jenny, it is not charity.'

"'Your son has not wronged me, madame.'

"Mis' Tracy passed on, though I minded that she kept her eyes on the child so long as it was in sight.

"Not long arterward Squire Tracy dropped down in the street in a fit, of apperplexy, an died afore mornin'.

"Mis' Tracy had the body put in the tomb, telegraphin' fur Norman tew come home immejetly.

"I sha'n't never forget the day he come. Jenny was at the winder when he rode by. See never said a word, but I took notice that her cheeks was as red as the June roses that was growin' outside.

"Not more'n ten minutes arter, a neighbor rushes in, sayin' that he'd been throwed from the kerriage ontew a heap of stuns, an' taken up fur dead.

"Snatchin' up her child, Jenny ran out inter the street, an' I follered. She made a straight bee-line fur the squire's, where a great crowd had collected—up the steps, through the hall, up-stairs tew where the dyin' man lay.

"As she bent over him, he opened his eyes, an' smiled as he saw her.

"'Jenny—my wife!—my child! Mother, for my sake, be kind to them!'

"These was the last words that Norman Tracy ever spoke.

"When Jenny saw he was gone, she gave a sharp cry an' fell tew the floor. An' when they loosened her dress, tew try to bring her tew, they found her marriage certificate, close to her heart, where she allers kept it.

"The father an' son was buried on the same day, an' a sadder house an' funeral I never went tew.

"Howsumever, Jenny was righted, at last, an' them made ashamed who had looked down on her, an' who now repented of their harsh judgment.

"I needn't tell you that Jenny—now Mrs. Norman Tracy—never left the house which she had the best of all rights tew be in. Old Mrs. Tracy never forgot her son's dyin' words. She was as kind to Jenny as an own mother could be, and as for Georgie, her grandson, she fairly worshiped him, an' does tew this day.

"The three live very happy together in the big house on the hill, an' from which nobody that's sick or in trouble is ever turned away uncomforted or empty-handed."

COLOR-BLINDNESS.

By Grant Allen, B.A., Author of "The Color Sense," etc.

A small boy of nine years old, a pupil at a Belgian primary school, was playing one morning with his schoolfellows, when some accident or other led him to talk about the blueness of the tongue. The boys around, taking the remark for a joke, began at once to laugh incessantly. But little Delbœuf—now a learned professor in the University of Liége—persisted with all seriousness in his assertion. "What," he cried out energetically, "do you mean to tell me that your lips and your tongues are not blue? Do you mean to say that Eugene here hasn't got blue cheeks?" And he pointed in triumphant confirmation to the very reddest and rosiest of his companions. "Blue!" shouted all the other boys, in astonishment; "red, you mean." Little Delbœuf was overwhelmed by the authority of others; yet he felt internally convinced that the tongue and the cheeks had for him precisely the same color which he knew in other instances as blue. Going home, he inquired of his family, and found that they corroborated the strange statement of his schoolfellows. There was only one solution of the difficulty: his eyes must evidently be differently constructed from those of ordinary people. In short, he was color-blind.

The peculiarity to which the very inaccurate name of color-blindness is generally given was first noticed by the celebrated chemist Dalton, himself one of the sufferers. He happened once to examine the blossom of a *Geranium zonale*, which has really violet petals, by the light of a

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candle. The flower, which seemed to him blue by daylight, became unexpectedly red when looked at under this artificial illumination. Dalton called the attention of others to the strange phenomenon; but to his surprise they saw the blossom as violet as ever. The incident led him to make a critical study of his own color-perceptions, and he soon learned that they differed in a striking and very definite manner from those of normally constituted persons. Since that time, numerous observations have been published upon this interesting question, but those of Professor Delbœuf are at once the latest and the most scientific.

Whether such a thing as absolute color-blindness—that is to say, total inability to distinguish any one color from another—ever actually occurs in the human eye, is very doubtful. At any rate, most so-called color-blind persons do really distinguish certain colors, and only confuse certain others in a definite order. In ordinary cases, red is the hue which is least perceived, and it is confounded with green. Thus, M. Delbœuf cannot distinguish rosy-cheeked apples upon a tree from the foliage which surrounds them, nor can he perceive any difference between the blossoms of a Japanese pear (*Pyrus japonica*) and the neighboring leaves. As a rule, only two colors are really recognized by such persons, and all others are referred to one of these two. Most people call them blue and yellow; but, as we shall see hereafter, it is wiser not to give them the names of any special hues known to normal eyes.

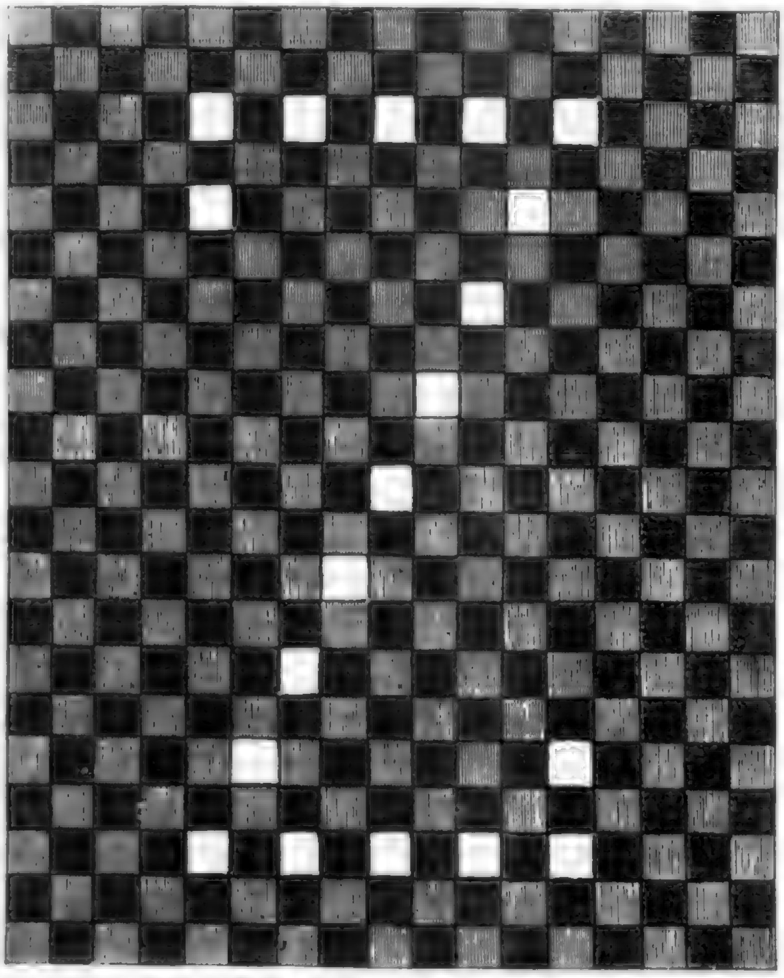

FIG. 1.—TABLE FOR DETECTING COLOR-BLINDNESS.

Dr. Wm. Pole, who is another sufferer from this defect of vision, has given me the following diagram of the solar spectrum as it appears to normal eyes and to his own (Fig. 2). It will be seen that Dr. Pole rightly abstains from identifying either of the two colors which he perceives with those discriminated by ordinary people, calling them only color A and color B.

Since it is not true, therefore, that these persons are absolutely color-blind, it is usual in Europe to speak of them as Daltonists, and of their peculiarity as Daltonism. English writers have strongly objected to the use of these terms, which, they say, tend to make a great man remembered very largely through a personal defect. But on the other hand, no name has ever been substituted for these terms which does not pervert the real facts, and so convey a false impression to hearers and readers.

Accordingly, in this paper we shall generally use these convenient terms, satisfied that Dalton's fame is quite able to take care of itself in other ways, and that it is better to be remembered for having discovered an interesting defect, than to be forgotten for want of ingenuity in perceiving its true nature.

M. Delbœuf made most of his observations in conjunction with a friend, M. Spring, whose eyes were normal. They began by heating a platinum thread in a Bunsen lamp, and examining its spectrum by means of the spectroscope. Platinum heated in this manner yields a light which, when decomposed by a prism, shows belts of color almost resembling those of the ray of sunlight. To make the comparison easy, a graduated scale (Fig. 3) was projected upon the spectrum; and one of its divisions was always brought to the same portion of the image. For this purpose, the fixed dark and bright lines of the spectrum offer a simple means of uniformity; and the experimenters settled that the number 180 should always coincide with the bright yellow band of sodium.

All being properly arranged, the eye of an ordinary person saw the colors as represented in Fig. 3. The luminous belt extended from division 20 to about division 235; but these limits are subject to variation, in accordance with the intensity of the light and the state of the particular eye. The violet seems to end and the blue to begin between 80 and 90. The vague points at which the colors merge into one another are shown in Fig. 3 by the upright lines; while the slanting lines show the parts where they are tolerably uniform. Yellow is not marked in the diagram, because it occurs only in a very small patch of the platinum spectrum, on the line of the sodium. The brightest part of the belt is in the orange; and the shading of the diagram roughly represents the relative brilliancy of the other colors. It will be noticed that the blue end is particularly wanting in brightness.

When M. Delbœuf himself, however, came to examine the spectrum, he found that it yielded him a very different result, which is represented in Fig. 4. The spectrum did not extend so far for his eyes as for those of his friend; he saw nothing at the extreme ends, where M. Spring saw the darkest violet and the darkest red. Midway between these points he saw two colors only, merging into one another about division 123, or very nearly at the same point where blue merges into green for normal eyes. M. Delbœuf calls the two colors which he can distinguish "blue" and "yellow"; but Dr. Pole is doubtless safer in calling them A and B.

To eyes thus constituted, it is clear that all red, orange, yellow and green things will appear nearly alike; the only difference between them will be one of greater or less brilliancy, not one of color properly so-called.

Nevertheless, Daltonists manage very cleverly to use the same language as other people, and to apply it, on the whole, with extraordinary correctness. They learn that bricks are called red, that grass is called green, and that buttercups are called yellow; and they soon make these distinctions in speaking between the various shades of their "color B." Daltonists are generally acutely sensitive to slight variations in the intensity of light, or in its varying shades; just as the blind are acutely sensitive to minute differences in touch, on the principle commonly, though incorrectly, known as compensation. Whenever one set of ordinary senses is denied us, we are compelled to make more diligent use of the remainder, in order to keep up with our fellows; and so people who cannot distinguish all the usual colors have to pay special attention to light and shade. In this way many Daltonists never suspect their own deficiency, because they are enabled by long practice to employ the same language as those who possess normal sight.

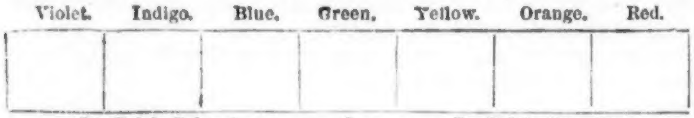

FIG. 2.—COMPARISON OF A NORMAL AND ABNORMAL EYE.

But there are certain employments in which Daltonism is a great drawback; as, for example, amongst pilots and railway servants. A man who only distinguishes a red danger-signal from a green caution-signal by some slight diversity of brightness, is much more likely to help on a collision than a man who sees red and green as extremely unlike colors. Accordingly, the discovery of such an abnormality as Daltonism may be made a means of averting untold calamities by land and by sea. For this purpose many railway companies carefully examine all persons seeking employment in their service, and never admit them if there is any suspicion of Daltonism.

The number of persons found to be thus affected is something truly astounding to those who have always looked upon the perception of color as a common and universal inheritance of our race. M. Favre has calculated that in France alone there are no less than 3,000,000 Daltonists; while Dr. Stilling places the proportion throughout Western Europe generally at 5 per cent. From experiments with 3,080 negroes, Dr. Swan Burnett, of Washington, found that 1.6 per cent. of the males and 0.11 per cent. of the females were color-blind. It would therefore appear that the Africans are less subject to this optical deficiency than the Europeans.

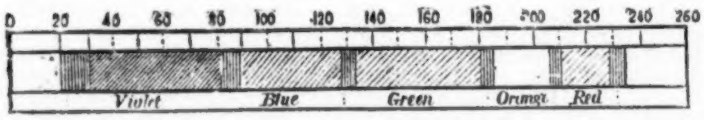

FIG. 3.—PLATINUM SPECTRUM AS SEEN BY NORMAL EYE.

It is not easy, however, to discover whether a particular person is or is not a Daltonist. An intelligent man, accustomed to hear objects described in correct color-terms, learns to apply these with so much accuracy that even a scientific cross-examination often fails to confuse or convict him. The slightest difference in shade or texture will enable him to match pieces of colored silk or paper, which seem identical in all but hue to ordinary eyes. Dr. Stilling has therefore invented an ingenious kind of test for settling the question in the case of railway servants, with whom aberrations on such a subject are so very undesirable. He has constructed a set of colored plates, consisting of little alternate squares, bounded by black lines, each of which contains a letter of the alphabet, or, for the benefit of those who do not read, a conventional figure, such as a cross.

One of these plates is represented in Fig. 1. The squares with upright lines are colored dark-green in the original, while those with horizontal lines are colored a much lighter green, thus making a sort of shepherd's-plaid pattern. The squares left blank in the figure, however, are colored in the original with a shade of red exactly equal in intensity to the lighter green, and they form a letter of the alphabet—in this case Z. Any person with normal eyes who looks at the tables can at once distinguish these red letters; but they utterly baffle the Daltonist. If the colors were not divided by black lines, the point where they overlapped might enable a sharp eye to detect the difference; and if all the green squares were of one shade, the red would very probably betray itself by some slight variation in intensity, quite inappreciable to ordinary eyes; but Dr. Stilling's precautions are so thorough that no Daltonist ever escapes detection by their means; indeed, many persons who never suspected themselves of the smallest deficiency are often shown in this manner to be slightly affected with Daltonism.

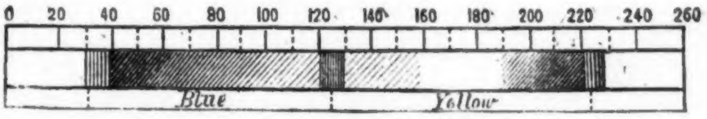

FIG. 4.—PLATINUM SPECTRUM AS SEEN BY COLOR-BLIND EYE.

Stilling's tables also prove that there are many intermediate stages between the most acute color perception and absolute Daltonism. Just as some musical ears can detect differences of pitch as minute as one sixty-fourth of a tone, while others can detect only a semitone, and extremely unmusical persons cannot even distinguish any two notes in the same octave, so some eyes instantly perceive the red letters on the tables, others notice them after a little inspection, and others see them only after they have been pointed out, or not at all.

Can anything be done to correct this defect? Professor Delbœuf has invented an ingenious process for temporarily effecting this purpose. By interposing a transparent purple substance between the eye of a Daltonist and the objects viewed, he finds that they suddenly acquire, if not the normal colors, at least certain colors which the Daltonist has never before seen. In order that the amount of the purple substance should exactly suit the particular eye, he constructed a wedge-shaped glass vessel (Fig. 5), with a graduated scale. This was then filled with a solution of purple fuchsine, and moved up and down between the eye and the platinum spectrum, till the proper thickness of liquid for producing the desired effect was found. At once Professor Delbœuf discovered that the red, the violet, and the other colors which he usually confused, had assumed a totally distinct appearance; while scarlet, which generally seemed to him dull and dingy, shone out with a perfectly astounding and dazzling brilliancy. In all probability, for the first time in his life, he *saw* red as other people see it. Experiments on other Daltonists soon showed him that they were similarly affected by the

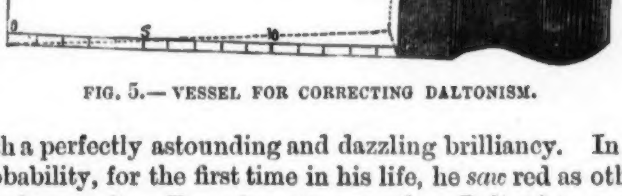

FIG. 5.—VESSEL FOR CORRECTING DALTONISM.

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fuchsine, and that when they had found the proper thickness of a particular solution they could always readily distinguish colors which they had hitherto invariably confounded. Nature suddenly acquired new charms, and clothed itself with a marvelous variety of unknown tints.

On the other hand, M. Delbœuf found that by exactly reversing this process he could produce an artificial Daltonism in normal eyes. A solution of chloride of nickel, which is green, placed in the same vessel, and graduated by means of the scale so as to suit the particular eye, reduced the colors of the spectrum to two, or at most three —blue, green and yellow. The red, the orange and the violet disappeared, and the world probably assumed for awhile the same hues which it always presents to the Daltonist. Everything seemed to be either blue or yellow. For this reason M. Delbœuf is very possibly right in assuming that those colors are really seen by Daltonists as by other people.

What is the cause of these peculiarities? Fully to answer that question would draw us off too far into the region of mere guess-work, for we know too little about the machinery of sight to be able as yet to account for such special facts as those of Daltonism. But we may get a fairly good idea of the case if we suppose that in the Daltonist eye the green rays of light have an excessive influence, while the red and violet rays have too little influence. The green, in other words, seems to produce so much effect that it drowns the other colors, just as a big drum drowns the notes of a small musical instrument in its neighborhood. If so, we might expect to restore the natural balance by stopping a part of the green rays. This is just what the fuchsine does; it lets through the red and the violet, which by their union form purple; but it checks the larger part of the green. Then, for the first time in the Daltonist eye, the red and violet rays are able to act unimpeded, the blue and yellow retain their natural color, and the central green is separately distinguished. The chloride of nickel, on the contrary, acts in precisely the opposite manner. It checks the red and violet rays, allowing the green, and to a less extent the blue and yellow, rays to pass through. Thus the two former colors become so enfeebled that they no longer affect the eye, which is accordingly brought into somewhat the same condition as that of a Daltonist.

By examining each person with the solution of fuchsine in such an instrument as that shown in Fig. 5, it would be possible to discover the exact extent to which his eyes required rectifying, and so to construct purple spectacles of the necessary thickness. A liquid like the fuchsine, solution would be an awkward substance, it is true, for such a purpose, but there can be little doubt, since attention has been so fully directed to the subject, that some means of coloring glass in the needful manner will soon be invented, and that color-blindness will be practically obviated, just as short and long sight have already been corrected by the different kinds of spectacles. Even with the liquid alone Professor Delbœuf exclaims that the whole world has taken a new and enchanting aspect in his eyes. Shut out before from all the enjoyment of that wealth of color which renders Nature so beautiful to our sight, he can now behold, he says, the bright clusters of the red horse-chestnut throw themselves out in vivid masses on the sombre verdure of the foliage; the rich blossoms of the rhododendron change as by miracle from a uniform blue to their natural crimson and violet; and the berries of the mountain-ash, which seemed before like black spots against the green leaves, take in a moment the semblance of glowing bunches. If only these results could be obtained with a solid, color-blindness might become a thing of the past.

RECENT PROGRESS IN SCIENCE.

At no period of the world's history has there been more conspicuous progress in the application of Science to the Arts than at the present time. The recent general depression in trade, owing to causes which we need not seek to trace, has occasioned that necessity which is the mother of inventions, and this need of something new growing out of competition has brought to the surface some of the most startling discoveries and inventions that the world has ever known. We propose, this month, to pass some of these marvels more closely in review:

The Dephosphorization of Iron.—Much of the iron-ore of Europe, especially of the Cleveland district in England, contains so much phosphorus that it cannot be worked into steel according to the Bessemer process. This occasioned an enormous waste of ore and involved the necessity of importing foreign iron, both into Germany and England Soon after the introduction of Bessemer's method of reducing iron by means of the so-called converter, the attention of metallurgists was directed to the difficulty experienced in getting rid of the phosphorus, and experiments have been going forward for many years to obviate the trouble. It is only recently that success has crowned these efforts, and we now hear of an entire revolution in the steel and iron industry, scarcely less important than that produced by the introduction of the Bessemer converter. In the manufacture of steel by the Bessemer process, the impurities are burnt out by blowing a current of air through the molten metal. For this purpose, the iron pot containing the crude metal is perforated with holes, and is provided with a lining of gannister, wholly refractory at the highest temperature. In the new process the character of the lining has been changed, and, so far from being refractory, it is composed of basic material which yields a part of its constituents to help purify the ore when phosphorus is present. The basic lining is made of bricks which contain carbonates of lime and magnesia. To prevent the destruction of the basic lining, which is chiefly due to the corrosive action of the silica resulting from the oxidation of the silicon contained in the crude iron, sufficient lime and oxide of iron are added to combine with the phosphorus and silicon. In case of need, carbon is introduced into the molten iron, in order to insure the whole of the phosphorus being removed. The saving introduced by this invention can be appreciated after a study of the following figures: For the manufacture of a ton of iron, six tons of coal are necessary; to make a ton of Cleveland steel, only three tons of coal are required. Here is a reduction of one half in the consumption of fuel. But this is not all, as ore can be used in the new process which was formerly unavailable; hence the enormous value of the dephosphorization of iron. Not content with removing the phosphorus from the iron, the ingenious inventor has sought to save as much of this valuable constituent as possible. He roasts the cinders obtained in blowing pig, with simultaneous additions of lime and oxide of iron, in a reverberatory furnace, in order to convert the protoxides of iron and magnesia into insoluble peroxides. After calcination, the slag is ground fine, and is treated with cold hydrochloric or sulphuric acid, diluted, or with a cold solution of sulphurous acid, which dissolves the phosphoric acid. Phosphates are thus produced, ready for the market. In order to convey an idea of the enormous quantities of phosphorus which are annually wasted in the manufacture of iron, it may be interesting to cite the fact that the phosphorus contained in the iron annually produced in the Cleveland district of England alone, amounts to 30,000 tons.

Artificial Indigo.—Since the success attending the artificial production of colors formerly exclusively derived from the madder root, the attention of chemists has been drawn to the possibility of making indigo from indifferent substances. As a preliminary to this undertaking, it was necessary to determine what indigo was. Was it a sugar? Was it a ketone? Was it compounded of an acid and a radical? Was it ammonia in disguise? How much nitrogen does it contain? Having determined some of these points, the numerous leguminous plants of Asia, Africa and America which contain it, in greater or less quantity, were carefully studied, and thus our knowledge of the subject was largely increased. Further information was obtained from a source which could scarcely have been anticipated. Some students of physiological chemistry observed the presence of indigo in urine and in the products of the putrefaction of liver. This discovery served as a further clue in determining the probable origin of the coloring matter, and brought investigations a step nearer to its artificial production. Professor Baumann and Dr. Tiemann, of Berlin, have succeeded in making small quantities of indigo from the liver of a horse, and although the discovery has no practical value at the present moment, it is an important step, as it confirms the theoretical views entertained by these chemists of the true composition of indigo, and thus renders the artificial production of it within a short period very probable. The permanence of indigo as a dye has long rendered it a great favorite, and the cheap and ready production of it from waste products will be everywhere hailed with satisfaction, as it implies the restoration to agriculture and to food crops of large tracts of land now devoted to the cultivation of the indigo plant. This is the last fortress to hold out against chemists, but so many breaches have been made in it that its capture cannot be far distant.

The Hollway Process.—The Hollway process is the application of the Bessemer converter to the reduction of sulphides. The enormous heat generated by the rapid oxidation of the sulphur and other mineral substances when the air-blast is blown through them, is economized in the reduction of the furnace charge, thus rendering the process of smelting a self-supporting operation. No extraneous fuel is required, excepting that employed in raising steam for the blowing-engines; where water-power is available, steam can be dispensed with, and no further fuel will be necessary than some kindling to start the furnace. It has long been known that pyritous minerals were readily combustible, but the best means of utilizing the heat of combustion have not been so apparent. The Hollway appears to have overcome the difficulty, and thus to have solved a problem of the utmost importance in metallurgy. By this process thin streams of air are forced through molten sulphide of iron lying on a tuyere hearth, a high temperature is produced by the perfect combustion, and no unburnt gases excepting nitrogen and sulphur escape. The hot nitrogen and sulphur vapors act upon the iron pyrites, converting it into a protosulphide which is subsequently burnt by the oxygen of the air driven in at the lower part of the furnace, thereby producing the heat necessary for continuing the operation. The invention may be defined as a system of fractional oxidation, in which the numerous constituents of a complex furnace-charge can be separated from each other, and concentrated in different parts of the apparatus, the heat necessary for the operation being obtained by the combustion of a portion of the less valuable constituents. Associated with the iron and sulphur in iron pyrites are invariably found small quantities of other metals—notably cobalt, nickel, copper, silver, gold, lead, zinc and arsenic. All of these which have any commercial value can be saved by arresting the oxidation at the proper point. It is believed that Mr. Hollway's invention is destined to work a revolution in the treatment of sulphur ores, and that "Bessemer copper" will become as familiar to us as "Bessemer steel" now is. It has been pronounced to be the most important metallurgical contribution of the year.

Tanning by Mineral Salts.—Another industry closely approaching the manufacture of iron in its importance, is the tanning of leather. The material hitherto employed in this art is the same as that used by the most ancient races, and the only changes to be noticed, as the result of modern invention, refer to the mechanical treatment of the hides and skins, and in the chemical preparation of the tanning liquor. Professor Knapp, of Brunswick, Germany, has long been experimenting to see if certain mineral salts could not be advantageously substituted for the extracts of tan-bark. Recent reports from Germany say that he has finally succeeded in his efforts, and that the chemical salts used by him are more economical than the organic liquors hitherto employed in the trade, while the resulting leather is of the best quality. As soon as the details of the process are published, we shall take pleasure in making them known to our numerous readers.

ENTERTAINING COLUMN.

Sure of their crops. Hens.

Something to be looked into. A mirror.

Ancient way of rocking a man to sleep. Stoning him to death.

Why is a grocer who gives short measure like an ambuscade? Because he lies in weight.

For Smokers.—Wanted to know, if a Havana cigar makes a man ill, will two make a manilla?

"Yes," said Mrs. Goodington, "the place is so sequestrated that we are never annoyed by stray predestinations and people of that sort."

A circular advocating an Autumn resort, calls attention to "numerous cozy seats in forked trees and elsewhere—some of them just large enough for two persons."

Johnnie's View.—*Father* (addressing his little boy, who has brought home a bad mark from school): "Now, Johnnie, what shall I do with this stick?" *Johnnie:* "Why, go for a walk, papa!"

Bedad Again!—Very innocently an Irish newspaper thus concludes its account of an imposing ceremony: "The procession was very fine, being nearly two miles long, as was also the prayer of the Rev. Mr. McFadden."

"Where Ignorance is Bliss," etc.—Flasher, having had his portrait painted, asks the opinion of his friend Dabbs, a retired house painter. *Dabbs:* "Well, it's like you; but, if you've paid twenty-five dollars for it, you've been done. Why, there ain't half a pound of paint on the whole thing!"

"Was he drunk, sergeant?" asked an officer of the sergeant of the barrack-guard, who had put a soldier into confinement. "No, sir." "Was he sober, then?" "No, sir." "How! neither drunk nor sober! what do you mean?" "Well, sir, the man had been drinking, no doubt, but the liquor was just dying out of him."

A countryman, seating himself in a fashionable restaurant with the intention of having a hearty dinner, summoned a waiter and made known his purpose. The latter skipped briskly away, and soon returned with a handsomely-bound bill-of-fare, which he opened and placed before the guest, who, however, pushing it away, scornfully observed, "Oh, come now, I don't want no literature! Vittals is what I want—vittals—and pretty quick, too!"

An Eastern paper alleged that a youth in Connecticut, engaged to a girl, laconically deserted her with the following note: "Money is scarce and girls are plenty. Guess I will give up the contract."

An aristocrat whose family had rather run down, boasted to a prosperous tradesman of his ancestors; the latter remarked, "You are proud of your descent. I am on the opposite tack, and feel proud of my ascent."

How to be Flogged.—A schoolboy being asked by his teacher how he should flog him, replied, "If you please, sir, I should like it upon the Italian system of penmanship—the heavy stroke upward and the down one light."

He was carving at dinner, and thought he must talk to the æsthetic-looking angel on his right. "How do you like Beethoven?" asked he, on a venture. "Well done," replied she, promptly, interested in the business on hand.

"What's your name?" said an officer to a young colored lad, who joined the ship at the Cape. "Algoa Bay, sir." "Where were you born?" "Wasn't born at all, sir." "Wasn't born at all?" "No, sir; was washed ashore in a storm?"

A little wife is leaning over her husband's chair and stroking his beard in the most affectionate manner. "Well, well, Julia," says the husband, "you are very tender to-night. Heigh-ho! I wonder how much it will cost me this time!"

A lamentable mistake was made by a girl in St. Louis not long since. She married a man under the impression that he was her father's coachman, and he turned out to be a Mexican nobleman. She pronounced him a shining fraud, and wants a divorce.

After an enthusiastic lover spends two hours' hard labor on a letter to his girl, and then mars its beauty by spilling a drop of ink on it, he first swears in a scientific manner for a few moments, and then draws a circle around the blot, and tells her it is a kiss.

The late Bishop of Exeter was sitting one day at luncheon with his wife and a lady, when the hostess inquired anxiously of her husband if the mutton was to his liking. "My dear," replied the bishop, with his courteous little bow, "it is like yourself, old and tender."

A witty lady was once told by a gentleman of her acquaintance that "he must have been born with a silver spoon in his mouth." She looked at him carefully, and upon realizing the size of his mouth, replied, "I don't doubt it; but it must have been a soup-ladle!"

Spring is a very pleasant season, with its cool mornings, its balmy days, its wealth of buds and blossoms, its early, fresh vegetables, and all that; but one never can tell when a man with the odor of Spring onions on his breath is going to tackle him and tell a long story.

An Irishman applied to a lady, who had taken a house at Bath for the Summer, for employment. "But, my good man," replied the lady, "I have brought my servants with me. I have nothing for you to do." "Ah, thin, ma'am, if ye only knew how little work it'd take to occupy me!"

One of the wide-awake Fairhaven girls, with visions of a bridal *trousseau* before her eyes, has recently given the gentleman who is paying his addresses to her a gentle hint in the line matrimonial by presenting him with a neatly-worked motto, upon which is inscribed, "I need thee every hour."

An amusing reply was given by an American girl, who, while at a London ball, strayed away from the ballroom. Her mother subsequently discovered her in a remote nook with a gentleman, who had his arm around her waist, while she rested the tips of her pretty little fingers on his manly shoulder. "My dear, what's all this?" exclaimed the irate mamma. "Mamma, allow me to introduce Captain X—— to you. I had promised him a dance, but I was so tired that I couldn't keep my word, and I'm just giving him a sitting-still waltz instead."

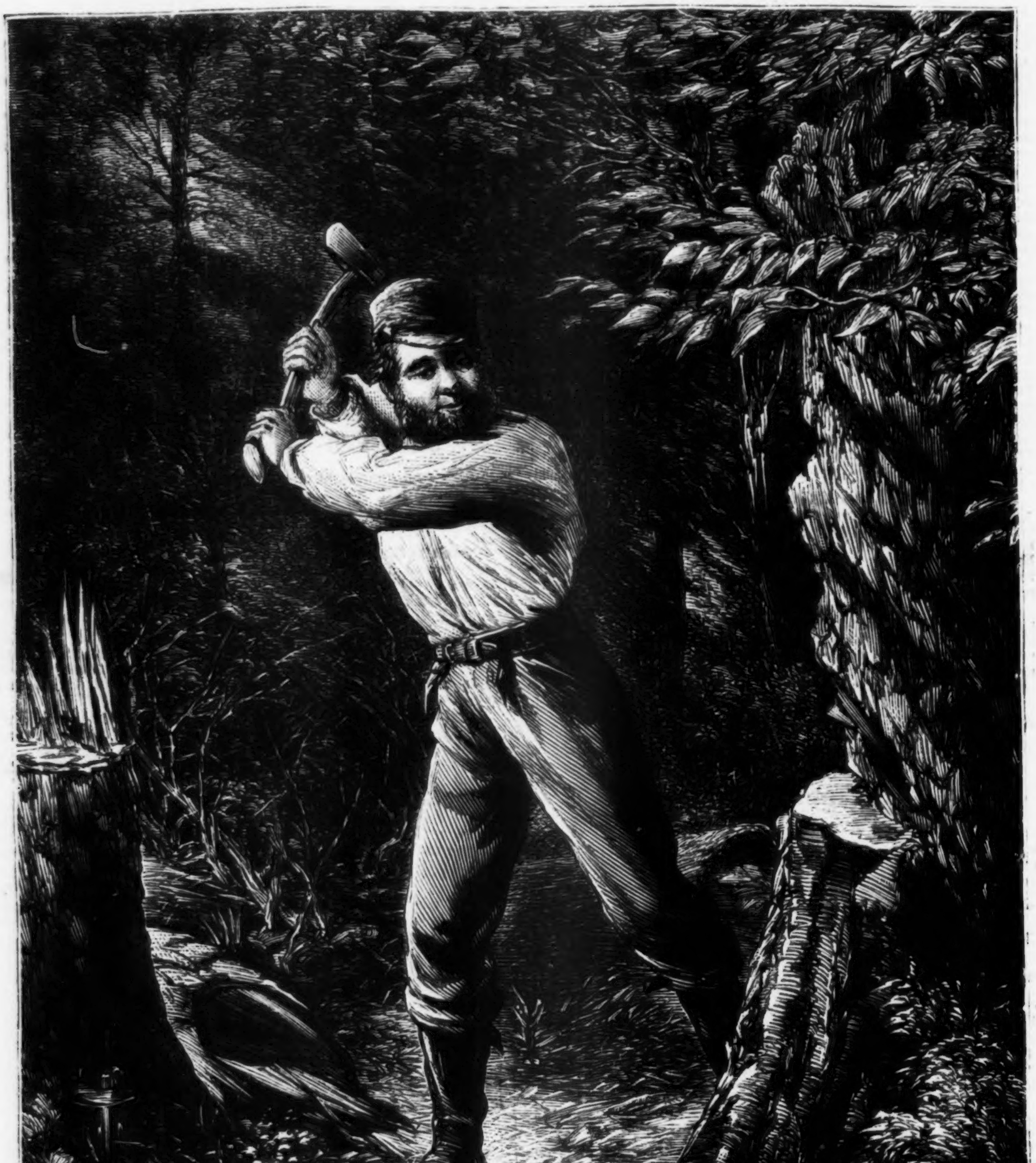
FIRST LOVE.

Down amid the buttercups,
  'Mid the crimson clover,
'Mid the creamy daffodils
  Which the sun shines over,
You and I together met—
  Do you still remember?
Which was it—I quite forget—
  August, or September?

Love at first sight, was it not?
  How we blushed that morning!
And formality despised,
  Introductions scorning.
"What's your name?" you said; and I
  Answered, "Jack. What's yours?"
"Nellie," you then made reply;
  And we happy wooers

Spent an hour in loving looks
  Stolen at one another,
And you told me I was far
  Nicer than your brother.
Sticky candy, too, we ate;
  Adieu, oh youthful heaven!
(Though, 'pon my word, to us 'twas sweet)—
  You eight, and I eleven.

XUM



THE WOODMAN'S AX.